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THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

XI.

I SUPPOSE there would have been even more remarks upon the growing intimacy of the Young Astronomer and his pupil, if the curiosity of the boarders had not in the mean time been so much excited at the apparently close relation which had sprung up between the Register of Deeds and the Lady. It was really hard to tell what to make of it. The Register appeared at the table in a new coat. Suspicious. The Lady was evidently deeply interested in him, if we could judge by the frequency and the length of their interviews. On at least one occasion he has brought a lawyer with him, which naturally suggested the idea that there were some property arrangements to be attended to, in case, as seems probable against all reasons to the contrary, these two estimable persons, so utterly unfitted, as one would say, to each other, contemplated an alliance. It is no pleasure to me to record an arrangement of this kind. I frankly confess I do not know what to make of it. With her tastes and breeding, it is the last thing that I should have thought of,—her uniting herself with this most common-

place and mechanical person, who cannot even offer her the elegances and luxuries to which she might seem entitled on changing her condition.

While I was thus interested and puzzled I received an unexpected visit from our Landlady. She was evidently excited, and by some event which was of a happy nature, for her countenance was beaming and she seemed impatient to communicate what she had to tell. Impatient or not, she must wait a moment, while I say a word about her. Our Landlady is as good a creature as ever lived. She is a little negligent of grammar at times, and will get a wrong word now and then; she is garrulous, circumstantial, associates facts by their accidental cohesion rather than by their vital affinities, is given to choking and tears on slight occasions, but she has a warm heart, and feels to her boarders as if they were her blood-relations.

She began her conversation abruptly. —I expect I'm a going to lose one of my boarders,—she said.

—You don't seem very unhappy about it, madam,—I answered. —We all took it easily when the person who

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sat on our side of the table quitted us in such a hurry, but I do not think there is anybody left that either you or the boarders want to get rid of — unless it is myself, — I added modestly.

— You! said the Landlady — you! No indeed. When I have a quiet boarder that's a small eater, I don't want to lose him. You don't make trouble, you don't find fault with your vit— (Dr. Benjamin had schooled his parent on this point and she altered the word) with your food, and you know when you've had enough.

— I really felt proud of this eulogy, which embraces the most desirable excellences of a human being in the capacity of boarder.

The Landlady began again. — I'm going to lose — at least, I suppose I shall — one of the best boarders I ever had, — that Lady that's been with me so long.

— I thought there was something going on between her and the Register, — I said.

— Something! I should think there was! About three months ago he began making her acquaintance. I thought there was something particular. I did n't quite like to watch 'em very close, but I could n't help overhearing some of the things he said to her, for, you see, he used to follow her up into the parlor, — they talked pretty low, but I could catch a word now and then. I heard him say something to her one day about "bettering her cordin'g," and she seemed to be thinking very hard about it, and turning of it over in her mind, and I said to myself, She does n't want to take up with him, but she feels dreadful poor, and perhaps he has been saving and has got money in the bank, and she does n't want to throw away a chance of bettering herself without thinking it over. But dear me, — says I to myself, — to think of her walking up the broad aisle into meeting alongside of such a homely, rusty-looking creatur' as that! But there's no telling what folks will do when poverty has got hold of 'em.

— Well, so I thought she was wait-

ing to make up her mind, and he was hanging on in hopes she'd come round at last, as women do half the time, for they don't know their own minds and the wind blows both ways at once with 'em as the smoke blows out of the tall chimlies, — east out of this one and west out of that, — so it's no use looking at 'em to know what the weather is.

— But yesterday she comes up to me after breakfast, and asks me to go up with her into her little room. Now, says I to myself, I shall hear all about it. I saw she looked as if she'd got some of her trouble off her mind, and I guessed that it was settled, and so, says I to myself, I must wish her joy and hope it's all for the best, whatever I think about it.

— Well, she asked me to set down, and then she begun. She said that she was expecting to have a change in her condition of life, and had asked me up so that I might have the first news of it. I am sure — says I — I wish you both joy. Merriage is a blessed thing when folks is well sorted, and it is an honorable thing, and the first meracle was at the merriage in Canaan. It brings a great sight of happiness with it, as I've had a chance of knowing, for my — hus —

The Landlady showed her usual tendency to "break" from the conversational pace just at this point, but managed to rein in the rebellious diaphragm, and resumed her narrative.

— Merriage! — says she, — pray who has said anything about merriage? —

— I beg your pardon, ma'am, — says I, — I thought you had spoke of changing your condition, and I — She looked so I stopped right short.

— Don't say another word, says she, but jest listen to what I am going to tell you.

— My friend, says she, that you have seen with me so often lately, was hunting among his old Record books, when all at once he come across an old deed that was made by somebody that had my family name. He took it into his head to read it over, and he found there

was some kind of a condition that if it was n't kept, the property would all go back to them that was the heirs of the one that gave the deed, and that he found out was me. Something or other put it into his head, says she, that the company that owned the property — it was ever so rich a company and owned land all round everywhere — had n't kept to the conditions. So he went to work, says she, and hunted through his books and he enquired all round, and he found out pretty much all about it, and at last he come to me — it's my boarder, you know, that says all this, — and says he, Ma'am, says he, if you have any kind of fancy for being a rich woman you've only got to say so. I did n't know what he meant, and I began to think, says she, he must be crazy. But he explained it all to me, how I'd nothing to do but go to court and I could get a sight of property back. Well, so she went on telling me — there was ever so much more that I suppose was all plain enough, but I don't remember it all — only I know my boarder was a good deal worried at first at the thought of taking money that other people thought was theirs, and the Register he had to talk to her, and he brought a lawyer and *he* talked to her, and her friends *they* talked to her, and the upshot of it all was that the company agreed to settle the business by paying her, well, I don't know just how much, but enough to make her one of the rich folks again.

— I may as well add here that, as I have since learned, this is one of the most important cases of releasing right of re-entry for condition broken which has been settled by arbitration for a considerable period. If I am not mistaken the Register of Deeds will get something more than a new coat out of this business, for the Lady very justly attributes her change of fortunes to his sagacity and his activity in following up the hint he had come across by mere accident.

So my supernumerary fellow-boarder, whom I would have dispensed

with as a cumberer of the table, has proved a ministering angel to one of the personages whom I most cared for.

One would have thought that the most scrupulous person need not have hesitated in asserting an unquestioned legal and equitable claim simply because it had lain a certain number of years in abeyance. But before the Lady could make up her mind to accept her good fortune she had been kept awake many nights in doubt and inward debate whether she should avail herself of her rights. If it had been private property, so that another person must be made poor that she should become rich, she would have lived and died in want rather than claim her own. I do not think any of us would like to turn out the possessor of a fine estate enjoyed for two or three generations on the faith of unquestioned ownership by making use of some old forgotten instrument, which accident had thrown in our way.

But it was all nonsense to indulge in any sentiment in a case like this, where it was not only a right, but a duty which she owed herself and others in relation with her, to accept what Providence, as it appeared, had thrust upon her, and when no suffering would be occasioned to anybody. Common sense told her not to refuse it. So did several of her rich friends, who remembered about this time that they had not called upon her for a good while, and among them Mrs. Midas Goldenrod.

Never had that lady's carriage stood before the door of our boarding-house so long, never had it stopped so often, as since the revelation which had come from the Registry of Deeds. Mrs. Midas Goldenrod was not a bad woman, but she loved and hated in too exclusive and fastidious a way to allow us to consider her as representing the highest ideal of womanhood. She hated narrow ill-ventilated courts, where there was nothing to see if one looked out of window but old men in dressing-gowns and old women in caps; she

hated little dark rooms with air-tight stoves in them ; she hated rusty bombazine gowns and last year's bonnets ; she hated gloves that were not as fresh as new-laid eggs, and shoes that had grown bulgy and wrinkled in service ; she hated common crockery-ware and teaspoons of slight constitution ; she hated second appearances on the dinner-table ; she hated coarse napkins and table-cloths ; she hated to ride in the horse-cars ; she hated to walk except for short distances, when she was tired of sitting in her carriage. She loved with sincere and undisguised affection a spacious city mansion and a charming country villa, with a seaside cottage for a couple of months or so ; she loved a perfectly appointed household, a cook who was up to all kinds of *salmis* and *vol-au-vents*, a French maid, and a stylish-looking coachman, and the rest of the people necessary to help one live in a decent manner ; she loved pictures that other people said were first-rate, and which had at least cost first-rate prices ; she loved books with handsome backs, in showy cases ; she loved heavy and richly wrought plate ; fine linen and plenty of it ; dresses from Paris frequently, and as many as could be got in without troubling the custom-house ; Russia sables and Venetian point-lace ; diamonds, and good big ones ; and speaking generally, she loved dear things in distinction from cheap ones, the real article and not the economical substitute.

For the life of me I cannot see anything Satanic in all this. Tell me, Beloved, only between ourselves, if some of these things are not desirable enough in their way, and if you and I could not make up our minds to put up with some of the least objectionable of them without any great inward struggle ? Even in the matter of ornaments there is something to be said. Why should we be told that the New Jerusalem is paved with gold. and that its twelve gates are each of them a pearl, and that its foundations are garnished with sapphires and em-

eralds and all manner of precious stones, if these are not among the most desirable of objects ? And is there anything very strange in the fact that many a daughter of earth finds it a sweet foretaste of heaven to wear about her frail earthly tabernacle these glittering reminders of the celestial city ?

Mrs. Midas Goldenrod was not so entirely peculiar and anomalous in her likes and dislikes ; the only trouble was that she mixed up these accidents of life too much with life itself, which is so often serenely or actively noble and happy without reference to them. She valued persons chiefly according to their external conditions, and of course the very moment her relative, the Lady of our breakfast-table, began to find herself in a streak of sunshine she came forward with a lighted candle to show her which way her path lay before her.

The Lady saw all this, how plainly, how painfully ! yet she exercised a true charity for the weakness of her relative. Sensible people have as much consideration for the frailties of the rich as for those of the poor. There is a good deal of excuse for them. Even you and I, philosophers and philanthropists as we may think ourselves, have a dislike for the enforced economies, proper and honorable though they certainly are, of those who are two or three degrees below us in the scale of agreeable living.

— These are very worthy persons you have been living with, my dear, — said Mrs. Midas — (the “ My dear ” was an expression which had flowered out more luxuriantly than ever before in the new streak of sunshine) — eminently respectable parties, I have no question, but then we shall want you to move as soon as possible to our quarter of the town, where we can see more of you than we have been able to in this queer place.

It was not very pleasant to listen to this kind of talk, but the Lady remembered her annual bouquet, and her occasional visits from the rich lady, and restrained the inclination to re-

mind her of the humble sphere from which she herself, the rich and patronizing personage, had worked her way up (if it was up) into that world which she seemed to think was the only one where a human being could find life worth having. Her cheek flushed a little, however, as she said to Mrs. Midas that she felt attached to the place where she had been living so long. She doubted, she was pleased to say, whether she should find better company in any circle she was like to move in than she left behind her at our boarding-house. I give the Old Master the credit of this compliment. If one does not agree with half of what he says, at any rate he always has something to say, and entertains and lets out opinions and whims and notions of one kind and another that one can quarrel with if he is out of humor, or carry away to think about if he happens to be in the receptive mood.

But the Lady expressed still more strongly the regret she should feel at leaving her young friend, our Scheherazade. I cannot wonder at this. The Young Girl has lost what little playfulness she had in the earlier months of my acquaintance with her. I often read her stories partly from my interest in her, and partly because I find merit enough in them to deserve something better than the rough handling they got from her coarse-fibred critic, whoever he was. I see evidence that her thoughts are wandering from her task, that she has fits of melancholy, and bursts of tremulous excitement, and that she has as much as she can do to keep herself at all to her stated, inevitable and sometimes almost despairing literary labor. I have had some acquaintance with vital phenomena of this kind, and know something of the nervous nature of young women and its "magnetic storms," if I may borrow an expression from the physicists, to indicate the perturbations to which they are liable. She is more in need of friendship and counsel now than ever before, it seems to me, and I cannot bear to

think that the Lady, who has become like a mother to her, is to leave her to her own guidance.

It is plain enough what is at the bottom of this disturbance. The astronomical lessons she has been taking have become interesting enough to absorb too much of her thoughts, and she finds them wandering to the stars or elsewhere, when they should be working quietly in the editor's harness.

The Landlady has her own views on this matter which she communicated to me something as follows :

— I don't quite like to tell folks what a lucky place my boarding-house is, for fear I should have all sorts of people crowding in to be my boarders for the sake of their chances. Folks come here poor and they go away rich. Young women come here without a friend in the world, and the next thing that happens is a gentleman steps up to 'em and says, "If you'll take me for your pardner for life, I'll give you a good home and love you ever so much besides"; and off goes my young lady-boarder into a fine three-story house, as grand as the governor's wife, with everything to make her comfortable, and a husband to care for her into the bargain. That's the way it is with the young ladies that comes to board with me, ever since the gentleman that wrote the first book that advertised my establishment (and never charged me a cent for it neither) married the Schoolma'am. And I think— but that's between you and me — that it's going to be the same thing right over again between that young gentleman and this young girl here — if she doos n't kill herself with writing for them newspapers, — it's too bad they don't pay her more for writing her stories, for I read one of 'em that made me cry so the Doctor — my Doctor Benjamin — said, "Ma, what makes your eyes look so?" and wanted to rig a machine up and look at 'em, but I told him what the matter was, and that he need n't fix up his peeping contrivances on my account, — anyhow she's a nice young woman as ever

lived, and as industrious with that pen of hers as if she was at work with a sewing-machine, — and there ain't much difference, for that matter, between sewing on shirts and writing on stories, — one way you work with your foot, and the other way you work with your fingers, but I rather guess there's more headache in the stories than there is in the stitches, because you don't have to think quite so hard while your foot's going as you do when your fingers is at work, scratch, scratch, scratch, scribble, scribble, scribble.

It occurred to me that this last suggestion of the Landlady was worth considering by the soft-handed, broad-cloth-clad spouters to the laboring classes, — so called in distinction from the idle people who only contrive the machinery and discover the processes and lay out the work and draw the charts and organize the various movements which keep the world going and make it tolerable. The organ-blower works harder with his muscles, for that matter, than the organ-player, and may perhaps be exasperated into thinking himself a downtrodden martyr because he does not receive the same pay for his services.

I will not pretend that it needed the Landlady's sagacious guess about the Young Astronomer and his pupil to open my eyes to certain possibilities, if not probabilities, in that direction. Our Scheherazade kept on writing her stories according to agreement, so many pages for so many dollars, but some of her readers began to complain that they could not always follow her quite so well as in her earlier efforts. It seemed as if she must have fits of absence. In one instance her heroine began as a blonde and finished as a brunette; not in consequence of the use of any cosmetic, but through simple inadvertence. At last it happened in one of her stories that a prominent character who had been killed in an early page, not equivocally, but mortally, definitively killed, done for, and disposed of, reappeared as if nothing had happened towards the close of her nar-

rative. Her mind was on something else, and she had got two stories mixed up and sent her manuscript without having looked it over. She told this mishap to the Lady, as something she was dreadfully ashamed of and could not possibly account for. It had cost her a sharp note from the publisher, and would be as good as a dinner to some half-starved Bohemian of the critical press.

The Lady listened to all this very thoughtfully, looking at her with great tenderness, and said, "My poor child!" Not another word then, but her silence meant a good deal.

When a *man* holds his tongue it does not signify much. But when a *woman* dispenses with the office of that mighty member, when she sheathes her natural weapon at a trying moment, it means that she trusts to still more formidable enginery; to tears it may be, a solvent more powerful than that with which Hannibal softened the Alpine rocks, or to the heaving bosom, the sight of which has subdued so many stout natures, or, it may be, to a sympathizing, quieting look which says "Peace, be still!" to the winds and waves of the little inland ocean, in a language that means more than speech.

While these matters were going on the Master and I had many talks on many subjects. He had found me a pretty good listener, for I had learned that the best way of getting at what was worth having from him was to wind him up with a question and let him run down all of himself. It is easy to turn a good talker into an insufferable bore by contradicting him, and putting questions for him to stumble over, — that is if he is not a bore already, as "good talkers" are apt to be, except now and then.

We had been discussing some knotty points one morning when he said all at once:

— Come into my library with me. I want to read you some new passages from an interleaved copy of my book. You have n't read the printed part yet.

I gave you a copy of it, but nobody reads a book that is given to him. Of course not. Nobody but a fool expects him to. He reads a little in it here and there, perhaps, and he cuts all the leaves if he cares enough about the writer, who will be sure to call on him some day, and if he is left alone in his library for five minutes will have hunted every corner of it until he has found the book he sent, — if it is to be found at all, which does n't always happen, if there's a penal colony anywhere in a garret or closet for typographical offenders and vagrants.

— What do you do when you receive a book you don't want, from the author ? — said I.

— Give him a good-natured adjective or two if I can, and thank him, and tell him I am lying under a sense of obligation to him.

— That is as good an excuse for lying as almost any, — I said.

— Yes, but look out for the fellows that send you a copy of their book to trap you into writing a bookseller's advertisement for it. I got caught so once, and never heard the end of it and never shall hear it. — He took down an elegantly bound volume, on opening which appeared a flourishing and eminently flattering dedication to himself. — There, — said he, — what could I do less than acknowledge such a compliment in polite terms, and hope and expect the book would prove successful, and so forth and so forth ? Well, I get a letter every few months from some new locality where the man that made that book is covering the fences with his placards, asking me whether I wrote that letter which he keeps in stereotype and has kept so any time these dozen or fifteen years. *Animus tuus oculus*, as the freshmen used to say. If her Majesty, the Queen of England, sends you a copy of her "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," be sure you mark your letter of thanks for it *Private* !

We had got comfortably seated in his library in the mean time, and the Master had taken up his book. I no-

ticed that every other page was left blank, and that he had written in a good deal of new matter.

— I tell you what, — he said, — there's so much intelligence about nowadays in books and newspapers and talk that it's mighty hard to write without getting something or other worth listening to into your essay or your volume. The foolishness of a book is a kind of leaky boat on a sea of wisdom ; some of the wisdom will get in anyhow. Every now and then I find something in my book that seems so good to me, I can't help thinking it must have leaked in. I suppose other people discover that it came through a leak, full as soon as I do. You must write a book or two to find out how much and how little you know and have to say. Then you must read some notices of it by somebody that loves you and one or two by somebody that hates you. You'll find yourself a very odd piece of property after you've been through these experiences. They're trying to the constitution ; I'm always glad to hear that a friend is as well as can be expected after he's had a book.

— You must n't think there are no better things in these pages of mine than the ones I'm going to read you, but you may come across something here that I forgot to say when we were talking over these matters.

He began, reading from the manuscript portion of his book :

— We find it hard to get and to keep any private property in thought. Other people are all the time saying the same things we are hoarding to say when we get ready. (He looked up from his book just here and said, "Don't be afraid, I am not going to quote *Percant*!") One of our old boarders — the one that called himself "The Professor," I think it was — said some pretty audacious things about what he called "pathological piety," as I remember, in one of his papers. And here comes along Mr. Galton, and shows in detail from religious biographies that "there is a frequent correlation between an unusually devout dis-

position and a weak constitution." Neither of them appeared to know that John Bunyan had got at the same fact long before them. He tells us, "The more healthy the lusty man is, the more prone he is unto evil." If the converse is true, no wonder that good people, according to Bunyan, are always in trouble and terror, for he says,

"A Christian man is never long at ease;
When one fright 's gone, another doth him seize."

If invalidism and the nervous timidity which is apt to go with it are elements of spiritual superiority, it follows that pathology and toxicology should form a most important part of a theological education, so that a divine might know how to keep a parish in a state of chronic bad health in order that it might be virtuous.

— It is a great mistake to think that a man's religion is going to rid him of his natural qualities. "Bishop Hall" (as you may remember to have seen quoted elsewhere) "prefers Nature before Grace in the Election of a wife, because, saith he, it will be a hard Task, where the Nature is peevish and froward, for Grace to make an entire conquest while Life lasteth."

"Nature" and "Grace" have been contrasted with each other in a way not very respectful to the Divine omnipotence. Kings and queens reign "by the Grace of God," but a sweet, docile, pious disposition, such as is born in some children and grows up with them, — that congenital gift which good Bishop Hall would look for in a wife, — is attributed to "Nature." In fact "Nature" and "Grace," as handled by the scholastics, are nothing more nor less than two hostile Divinities in the Pantheon of post-classical polytheism.

What is the secret of the profound interest which "Darwinism" has excited in the minds and hearts of more persons than dare to confess their doubts and hopes? It is because it restores "Nature" to its place as a true divine manifestation. It is that it removes the traditional curse from that helpless infant lying in its mother's

arms. It is that it lifts from the shoulders of man the responsibility for the fact of death. It is that, if it is true, woman can no longer be taunted with having brought down on herself the pangs which make her sex a martyrdom. If development upward is the general law of the race; if we have grown by natural evolution out of the cave-man, and even less human forms of life, we have everything to hope from the future. That the question can be discussed without offence shows that we are entering on a new era, a Revival greater than that of Letters, the Revival of Humanity.

The prevalent view of "Nature" has been akin to that which long reigned with reference to disease. This used to be considered as a distinct entity apart from the processes of life, of which it is one of the manifestations. It was a kind of demon to be attacked with things of evil taste and smell; to be fumigated out of the system as the evil spirit was driven from the bridal-chamber in the story of Tobit. The Doctor of earlier days, even as I can remember him, used to exorcise the demon of disease with recipes of odor as potent as that of the angel's diabolifuge, — the smoke from a fish's heart and liver, duly burned, — "the which smell when the evil spirit had smelled he fled into the uttermost parts of Egypt." The very moment that disease passes into the category of vital processes, and is recognized as an occurrence absolutely necessary, inevitable, and as one may say, normal under certain given conditions of constitution and circumstance, the medicine-man loses his half-miraculous endowments. The mythical serpent is untwined from the staff of Esculapius, which thenceforth becomes a useful walking-stick, and does not pretend to be anything more.

Sin, like disease, is a vital process. It is a function, and not an entity. It must be studied as a section of anthropology. No preconceived idea must be allowed to interfere with our investigation of the deranged spiritual func-

tion, any more than the old ideas of demoniacal possession must be allowed to interfere with our study of epilepsy. Spiritual pathology is a proper subject for direct observation and analysis, like any other subject involving a series of living actions.

In these living actions everything is progressive. There are sudden changes of character in what is called "conversion" which, at first, hardly seem to come into line with the common laws of evolution. But these changes have been long preparing, and it is just as much in the order of nature that certain characters should burst all at once from the rule of evil propensities, as it is that the evening primrose should explode, as it were, into bloom with audible sound, as you may read in Keats's *Endymion*, or observe in your own garden.

There is a continual tendency in men to fence in themselves and a few of their neighbors who agree with them in their ideas, as if they were an exception to their race. We must not allow any creed or religion whatsoever to confiscate to its own private use and benefit the virtues which belong to our common humanity. The Good Samaritan helped his wounded neighbor simply because he was a suffering fellow-creature. Do you think your charitable act is more acceptable than the Good Samaritan's, because you do it in the name of Him who made the memory of that kind man immortal? Do you mean that you would not give the cup of cold water for the sake simply and solely of the poor, suffering fellow-mortal, as willingly as you now do, professing to give it for the sake of Him who is not thirsty or in need of any help of yours? We must ask questions like this, if we are to claim for our common nature what belongs to it.

The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge. It requires, in the first place, an entire new terminology to get rid of that enormous load of prejudices with which every term applied to the mal-

formations, the functional disturbances, and the organic diseases of the moral nature is at present burdened. Take that one word *Sin*, for instance: all those who have studied the subject from nature and not from books know perfectly well that a certain fraction of what is so called is nothing more or less than a symptom of hysteria; that another fraction is the index of a limited degree of insanity; that still another is the result of a congenital tendency which removes the act we sit in judgment upon from the sphere of self-determination, if not entirely, at least to such an extent that the subject of the tendency cannot be judged by any normal standard.

To study nature without fear is possible, but without reproach, impossible. The man who worships in the temple of knowledge must carry his arms with him as our Puritan fathers had to do when they gathered in their first rude meeting-houses. It is a fearful thing to meddle with the ark which holds the mysteries of creation. I remember that when I was a child the tradition was whispered round among us little folks that if we tried to count the stars we should drop down dead. Nevertheless, the stars have been counted and the astronomer has survived. This nursery legend is the child's version of those superstitions which would have strangled in their cradles the young sciences now adolescent and able to take care of themselves, and which, having been driven from their nursery, are watching with hostile aspect the rapid growth of the comparatively new science of man.

The real difficulty of the student of nature at this time is to reconcile absolute freedom and perfect fearlessness with that respect for the past, that reverence for the spirit of reverence wherever we find it, that tenderness for the weakest fibres by which the hearts of our fellow-creatures hold to their religious convictions, which will make the transition from old belief to a larger light and liberty an interstitial change and not a violent mutilation.

I remember once going into a little church in a small village some miles from a great European capital. The special object of adoration in this humblest of places of worship was a *bambino*, a holy infant, done in wax, and covered with cheap ornaments such as a little girl would like to beautify her doll with. Many a good protestant of the old puritan type would have felt a strong impulse to seize this "idolatrous" figure and dash it to pieces on the stone floor of the little church. But one must have lived awhile among simple-minded pious Catholics to know what this poor waxen image and the whole baby-house of *bambinos* mean for a humble, unlettered, unimaginative peasantry. He will find that the true office of this *eidolon* is to fix the mind of the worshipper, and that in virtue of the devotional thoughts it has called forth so often for so many years in the mind of that poor old woman who is kneeling before it, it is no longer a wax doll for her, but has undergone a transubstantiation quite as real as that of the Eucharist. The moral is that we must not roughly smash other people's idols because we know, or think we know, that they are of cheap human manufacture.

— Do you think cheap manufactures encourage idleness? — said I.

The Master stared. Well he might, for I had been getting a little drowsy, and wishing to show that I had been awake and attentive, asked a question suggested by some words I had caught, but which showed that I had not been taking the slightest idea from what he was reading me. He stared, shook his head slowly, smiled good-humoredly, took off his great round spectacles, and shut up his book.

— *Sat prata biberunt*, — he said. A sick man that gets talking about himself, a woman that gets talking about her baby, and an author that begins reading out of his own book, never know when to stop. You'll think of some of these things you've been getting half asleep over by and by. I don't want you to believe any-

thing I say, I only want you to try to see what makes me believe it.

My young friend, the Astronomer, has, I suspect, been making some addition to his manuscript. At any rate some of the lines he read us in the afternoon of this same day had never enjoyed the benefit of my revision, and I think they had but just been written. I noticed that his manner was somewhat more excited than usual, and his voice just towards the close a little tremulous. Perhaps I may attribute his improvement to the effect of my criticisms, but whatever the reason, I think these lines are very nearly as correct as they would have been if I had looked them over.

WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-DRIFTS.

VII.

What if a soul redeemed, a spirit that loved

While yet on earth and was beloved in turn,
And still remembered every look and tone
Of that dear earthly sister who was left
Among the unwise virgins at the gate, —
Itself admitted with the bridegroom's
train, —

What if this spirit redeemed, amid the host
Of chanting angels, in some transient lull
Of the eternal anthem, heard the cry
Of its lost darling, whom in evil hour
Some wilder pulse of nature led astray
And left an outcast in a world of fire,
Condemned to be the sport of cruel fiends,
Sleepless, un pitying, masters of the skill
To wring the maddest ecstasies of pain
From worn-out souls that only ask to die, —
Would it not long to leave the bliss of
Heaven,

Bearing a little water in its hand
To moisten those poor lips that plead in
vain

With Him we call our Father? Or is all
So changed in such as taste celestial joy
They hear unmoved the endless wail of
woe,

The daughter in the same dear tones that
hushed

Her cradled slumbers; she who once had
held

A babe upon her bosom from its voice
Hoarse with its cry of anguish, yet the
same?

No! not in ages when the Dreadful Bird
Stamped his huge footprints, and the Fear-
ful Beast

Strode with the flesh about those fossil
bones

We build to mimic life with pigmy hands, —
Not in those earliest days when men ran
wild

And gashed each other with their knives
of stone,

When their low foreheads bulged in ridgy
brows

And their flat hands were callous in the
palm

With walking in the fashion of their sires,
Grope as they might to find a cruel god

To work their will on such as human wrath
Had wrought its worst to torture, and had
left

With rage unsated, white and stark and
cold,

Could hate have shaped a demon more ma-
lign

Than him the dead men mummied in their
creed

And taught their trembling children to
adore!

Made in *his* image! Sweet and gracious
souls

Dear to my heart by nature's fondest names,
Is not your memory still the precious mould
That lends its form to Him who hears my
prayer?

Thus only I behold him, like to them,
Long-suffering, gentle, ever slow to wrath,
If wrath it be that only wounds to heal,
Ready to meet the wanderer ere he reach
The door he seeks, forgetful of his sin,
Longing to clasp him in a father's arms,
And seal his pardon with a mother's tear!

Four gospels tell their story to mankind,
And none so full of soft, caressing words
That bring the Maid of Bethlehem and her
Babe

Before our tear-dimmed eyes, as his who
learned

In the meek service of his gracious art
The tones which like the medicinal balms
That calm the sufferer's anguish, soothe
our souls.

— O that the loving woman, she who sat
So long a listener at her Master's feet,
Had left us Mary's Gospel, — all she heard
Too sweet, too subtle for the ear of man!
Mark how the tender-hearted mothers read
The messages of love between the lines
Of the same page that loads the bitter
tongue

Of him who deals in terror as his trade
With threatening words of wrath that scorch
like flame!

They tell of angels whispering round the
bed

Of the sweet infant smiling in its dream,
Of lambs enfolded in the Shepherd's arms,
Of Him who blessed the children; of the
land

Where crystal rivers feed unfading flowers,
Of cities golden-paved with streets of pearl,
Of the white robes the winged creatures
wear,

The crowns and harps from whose melodi-
ous strings

One long, sweet anthem flows forevermore!

— We too had human mothers, even as
Thou,

Whom we have learned to worship as re-
mote

From mortal kindred, wast a cradled babe.
The milk of woman filled our branching
veins,

She lulled us with her tender nursery-song,
And folded round us her untiring arms,

While the first unremembered twilight year
Shaped us to conscious being; still we feel

Her pulses in our own, — too faintly feel;
Would that the heart of woman warmed
our creeds!

Not from the sad-eyed hermit's lonely
cell,

Not from the conclave where the holy men
Glare on each other, as with angry eyes

They battle for God's glory and their own,
Till, sick of wordy strife, a show of hands
Fixes the faith of ages yet unborn, —

Ah, not from these the listening soul can
hear

The Father's voice that speaks itself divine!

Love must be still our Master; till we learn
What he can teach us of a woman's heart,
We know not His, whose love embraces
all.

There are certain nervous conditions
peculiar to women in which the com-
mon effects of poetry and of music
upon their sensibilities are strangely
exaggerated. It was not perhaps to be
wondered at that Octavia fainted when
Virgil in reading from his great poem
came to the line beginning *Tu Marcellus eris*. It is not hard to believe the
story told of one of the two Davidson
sisters, that the singing of some of
Moore's plaintive melodies would so
impress her as almost to take away the

faculties of sense and motion. But there must have been some special cause for the singular nervous state into which this reading threw the young girl, our Scheherazade. She was doubtless tired with overwork and troubled with the thought that she was not doing herself justice, and that she was doomed to be the helpless prey of some of those corbies who not only pick out corbies' eyes, but find no other diet so nutritious and agreeable.

Whatever the cause may have been, her heart heaved tumultuously, her color came and went, and though she managed to avoid a scene by the exercise of all her self-control, I watched her very anxiously, for I was afraid she would have had a hysteric turn, or in one of her pallid moments that she would have fainted and fallen like one dead before us.

I was very glad, therefore, when evening came, to find that she was going out for a lesson on the stars. I knew the open air was what she needed, and I thought the walk would do her good, whether she made any new astronomical acquisitions or not.

It was now late in the autumn, and the trees were pretty nearly stripped of their leaves. There was no place so favorable as the Common for the study of the heavens. The skies were brilliant with stars, and the air was just keen enough to remind our young friends that the cold season was at hand. They wandered round for a while, and at last found themselves under the Great Elm, drawn thither, no doubt, by the magnetism it is so well known to exert over the natives of its own soil and those who have often been under the shadow of its outstretched arms. The venerable survivor of its contemporaries that flourished in the days when Blackstone rode beneath it on his bull was now a good deal broken by age, yet not without marks of lusty vitality. It had been wrenched and twisted and battered by so many scores of winters that some of its limbs were crippled and many of its joints were

shaky, and but for the support of the iron braces that lent their strong sinews to its more infirm members it would have gone to pieces in the first strenuous northeaster or the first sudden and violent gale from the southwest. But there it stood, and there it stands as yet,—though its obituary was long ago written after one of the terrible storms that tore its branches,—leafing out hopefully in April as if it were trying in its dumb language to lisp “Our Father,” and dropping its slender burden of foliage in October as softly as if it were whispering Amen!

Not far from the ancient and monumental tree lay a small sheet of water, once agile with life and vocal with evening melodies, but now stirred only by the swallow as he dips his wing, or by the morning bath of the English sparrows, those high-headed, thick-bodied, full-feeding, hot-tempered little John Bulls that keep up such a swashing and swabbing and spattering round all the water basins, one might think from the fuss they make about it that a bird never took a bath before, and that they were the missionaries of ablution to the unwashed Western world.

There are those who speak lightly of this small aqueous expanse, the eye of the sacred enclosure, which has looked unwinking on the happy faces of so many natives and the curious features of so many strangers. The music of its twilight minstrels has long ceased, but their memory lingers like an echo in the name it bears. Cherish it, inhabitants of the two-hilled city, once three-hilled; ye who have said to the mountain, ‘Remove hence,’ and turned the sea into dry land! May no contractor fill his pockets by undertaking to fill thee, thou granite-girdled lakelet, or drain the civic purse by drawing off thy waters! For art thou not the Palladium of our Troy? Didst thou not, like the divine image which was the safeguard of Ilium, fall from the skies, and if the Trojan could look with pride upon the heaven-descended form of the Goddess of Wisdom, cannot he who

dwells by thy shining oval look in that mirror and contemplate Himself, — the Native of Boston ?

There must be some fatality which carries our young men and maidens in the direction of the Common when they have anything very particular to exchange their views about. At any rate I remember two of our young friends brought up here a good many years ago, and I understand that there is one path across the enclosure which a young man must not ask a young woman to take with him unless he means business, for an action will hold for breach of promise, if she consents to accompany him, and he chooses to forget his obligations.

Our two young people stood at the western edge of the little pool, studying astronomy in the reflected firmament. The Pleiades were trembling in the wave before them, and the three great stars of Orion, — for these constellations were both glittering in the eastern sky.

“There is no place too humble for the glories of heaven to shine in,” she said.

“And their splendor makes even this little pool beautiful and noble,” he answered. “Where is the light to come from that is to do as much for our poor human lives?”

A simple question* enough, but the young girl felt her color change as she answered, “From friendship, I think.”

— Grazing only as yet, — not striking full, — hardly hitting at all, — but there are questions and answers that come so very near, the wind of them alone almost takes the breath away.

There was an interval of silence. Two young persons can stand looking at water for a long time without feeling the necessity of speaking. Especially when the water is alive with stars and the young persons are thoughtful and impassible. The water seems to do half the thinking while one is looking at it; its movements are felt in the brain very much like thought. When I was in

full training as a *flâneur*, I could stand on the Pont Neuf with the other experts in the great science of passive cerebration and look at the river for half an hour with so little mental articulation that when I moved on it seemed as if my thinking-marrow had been asleep and was just waking up refreshed after its nap.

So the reader can easily account for the interval of silence. It is hard to tell how long it would have lasted, but just then a lubberly intrusive boy threw a great stone, which convulsed the firmament, — the one at their feet, I mean. The six Pleiads disappeared as if in search of their lost sister; the belt of Orion was broken asunder, and a hundred worlds dissolved back into chaos. They turned away and strayed off into one of the more open paths, where the view of the sky over them was unobstructed. For some reason or other the astronomical lesson did not get on very fast this evening.

Presently the young man asked his pupil :

— Do you know what the constellation directly over our heads is ?

— Is it not Cassiopea ? — she asked a little hesitatingly.

— No, it is Andromeda. You ought not to have forgotten her, for I remember showing you a double star, the one in her right foot, through the equatorial telescope. You have not forgotten the double star, — the two that shone for each other and made a little world by themselves ?

— No, indeed, — she answered, and blushed, and felt ashamed because she had said *indeed*, as if it had been an emotional recollection.

The double-star allusion struck another dead silence. She would have given a week's pay to any invisible attendant that would have cut her stay-lace.

At last : Do you know the story of Andromeda ? — he said.

— Perhaps I did once, but suppose I don't remember it.

He told her the story of the unfortunate maiden chained to a rock

and waiting for a sea-beast that was coming to devour her, and how Perseus came and set her free, and won her love with her life. And then he began something about a young man chained to *his* rock, which was a star-gazer's tower, a prey by turns to ambition, and lonely self-contempt and unwholesome scorn of the life he looked down upon after the serenity of the firmament, and endless questionings that led him nowhere, — and now he had only one more question to ask. He loved her. Would she break his chain? — He held both his hands out towards her, the palms together, as if

they were fettered at the wrists. She took hold of them very gently; parted them a little; then wider — wider — and found herself all at once folded, unresisting, in her lover's arms.

So there was a new double-star in the living firmament. The constellations seemed to kindle with new splendors as the student and the story-teller walked homeward in their light; Alioth and Algol looked down on them as on the first pair of lovers they shone over, and the autumn air seemed full of harmonies as when the morning stars sang together.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

NOCTURNE.

IN the soft, starless summer night
 No murmur swims along the air,
 Wrapped in her dim and dusky veil
 Earth seems to slumber everywhere.

All the still dewes in hiding lie,
 With unrobbed sweetness droops the rose,
 Nor up nor down the garden walks
 A slight or stealthy zephyr blows.

Darkness and hush, profoundest peace;
 The falling leaf forgets to float;
 When with one deep and mighty throb
 Along the headland strikes the rote! —

Strikes with the awful undertone
 Of some great storm's tremendous blast,
 That far through white mid-seas ploughs on
 To scream around a broken mast!

But here the swell shall heave to shore
 A muffled music, till it seem
 The trouble of the sea become
 Only the burden of a dream!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

A DINNER-PARTY.

WAS IT A SUCCESS?

"The work of feeding, you must understand,
Was but a fraction of the work in hand."

IN the year of grace 1855 there resided at the fashionable end of one of the largest of our Eastern cities, a person who will be called for the purpose of this article Bernon Burchard. He is not a myth, but a veritable person. For fifteen years he had been a practising lawyer, and had risen to eminence in his profession. His personal appearance was fine and prepossessing. His mind was clear, vigorous, and well stored with varied learning. His sense of honor was pure and discriminating, and like the president of the Jewish Sanhedrim in the days of Caius Cæsar, he "was had in reputation of all the people." He was blessed with a capacious soul, and seemed naturally inclined to acts of benevolence and generosity. In society he held the foremost rank, and was fitted by birthright, education, and taste for the highest social position. His noble nature, his wit and learning and generous flow of spirits, united to complete a most pleasing and model gentleman.

At this time upon the old estate in Lancashire, England, from which the first of the Burchards in this country emigrated in 1630, there resided Winfield Burchard, who dispensed generous hospitality to all the American kindred who made pilgrimage to fatherland. Mr. Bernon Burchard in particular, of all the name, had special occasion for holding the said Winfield in lasting remembrance and esteem for the many and great favors bestowed upon him and his immediate family during a series of years, — favors which were rendered doubly pleasing because it was nearly certain from the age and infirmities of the host that the branch of the family on this side of the Atlantic would never have

the opportunity of reciprocating the favors in kind.

At a certain period in the year first mentioned, when Bernon Burchard's enthusiasm was all aglow for his English namesake, there called upon him the Rev. Mr. Malcolm of Oxford, with a letter of introduction from Winfield, wherein he commended his nephew to the attention of Mr. Bernon for his many virtues and acquirements.

He was cordially received, and Mr. Bernon Burchard at once determined to show his new cousin every mark of consideration and attention, as some slight token of the regard in which he held the writer of the letter.

In personal appearance the Rev. Mr. Malcolm was of average height, of a lymphatic temperament, and of modest and retiring manners. His brown hair shaded bright hazel eyes, which under embarrassment or surprise flew about with remarkable rapidity, and occasionally gave his countenance a wildness of expression. He showed at least a smattering of a variety of knowledge; he had evidently enjoyed the acquaintance of many of the conspicuous men in Europe, and had the air of a man who had seen much of the world.

Among other efforts for the entertainment of the Rev. Mr. Malcolm, and the only one pertinent to the object of this article, was a grand dinner-party which surpassed all others that had ever been given in the city, both for the elegance and sumptuousness of the feast and the wit and learning displayed by the distinguished guests, as well as in another particular which it is our purpose to unfold.

There were present, besides the Rev. Mr. Malcolm, a learned Doctor of Divinity, famous for his proficiency in

the Hebrew language and in Rabbinical lore, and who was at times greatly embarrassed because of his inability to hold what he deemed a proper restraint over his risibles. There was also a professor of Greek literature, who delighted in the tragedies, especially of Euripides and Sophocles, but who had, nevertheless, a keen relish for the humorous. He was accustomed among scholars to quote certain old Latin and Greek authors who were seldom read, and it was a frequent remark among the learned, with a sly wink of the eye, that our professor had access to some books which other less favored literati had never seen. There was present a brace of literary gentlemen of ready memories and wits, who contributed largely to the enjoyment of the occasion, besides several lawyers of distinction, who as a class are always to be relied upon when festivity offers them a retainer; a Senator, who was grave and dignified; a Right Reverend, who was quite the contrary; a physiognomist and expert in handwriting, who was the gravest of all, and naturally so as he was intent on taking rather than making observations; and several others, who, to say the least, were good listeners.

In Vespasian's time entertainments were first given *præcise*, and Mr. Burchard's guests arrived at almost the same moment. As the physiognomist paid his respects to the host the Rev. Mr. Malcolm stood upon his right, and at the same moment the man who had the ordering of the feast, formerly called the butler, stood upon his left offering him a rolled up napkin, which was the mode of announcing the readiness of the repast in the days of the Cæsars. This man with a napkin under his arm led the way to the dining-room, and Mr. Burchard brought up the rear, also an invariable rule for an "amphitriton" in the times of the gourmands.

While the *convives* were passing through the hall, Mr. Sidney, the physiognomist and expert, seemed disinclined to proceed. Mr. Burchard, sup-

posing him to feel somewhat overawed in the presence of so wise a conclave, hurried him along, while Mr. Sidney whispered in his ear, "With all respect, sir, you are more blind than Bartimeus."

Mr. Sidney has been heretofore described in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly** in these words, "His counterpart in personal appearance you may find in the thoroughfares at any hour of the day. There is nothing about him to attract attention. He is nearly forty-five years of age, and weighs perhaps two hundred pounds. His face is florid and his hair sandy. His eyes are small, piercing, and gray. His motions are slow, and none are made without a purpose. The wrinkles in his lips are at right angles with his mouth, and a close observer might detect in his countenance self-reliance, and tenacity of will and purpose."

One of the most important personages present, and one who contributed largely to the success or non-success of the feast, was Mr. Burchard's majordomo Maguire, the same who handed the napkin to Mr. Burchard when Mr. Sidney entered the drawing-room. For eight years he had resided in the family, and had endeared himself to the whole household by the kindness of his heart, his devotion to the interests of his employer, and by his perfection of knowledge in every art which relates to an entertainment and the customs which prevail in refined society. He was small in stature, of dark complexion, smooth face, subdued expression of countenance, very quiet in his manners, and aged about forty-five.

The Rev. Mr. Malcolm, most tastefully attired, was seated on the right of the host, and said grace in the most approved English formula and with distinct enunciation. The Doctor of Divinity sat on the left. Beside his plate was a bill of fare beautifully executed in Hebrew (much to the surprise of the host and to the credit of Maguire). The doctor's attempt at

* No. 62, page 657.

translating the same into English afforded not a little amusement, he being not particularly successful in the effort. Indeed, he was so perplexed thereby when pressed by the Professor of Greek, that he could not conceal his annoyance, and the whole company were equally excited lest the professor should press the Rabbin so far as to mar the harmony of the occasion. It was beginning to be painfully embarrassing when the doctor discovered beside the professor's plate a similar bill of fare equally well executed in Greek, and the doctor begged leave to inquire of him, "What is the difference between *artos* (bread) and *azumos* (biscuit), and in what respect do the *tyrontes* and *dolyres* and *typhes* and *placites* and *melitutes* differ?"

The professor became at once so confused as to put the whole company and the Rabbin in particular in the best of humor and indeed in almost uncontrollable laughter.

"And what, if you please," further inquired the great Hebrew, "were those highly flavored *arlo laganos* and the *escarites* which the Epicureans are said to have relished so highly that they could devour them even after the operation had become distressing?"

The professor's pale face had changed to the color of a lobster's back, and those who had been so painfully perplexed by the discomfiture of the doctor were now carried to the other extreme by beholding him tear the weapon from his own flesh and hurl it with such effect against the attacking party. Again the excitement was becoming too exquisite for enjoyment. Nothing could have been more graceful than the turn that was given to the conversation by the Rev. Mr. Malcolm in sliding it off into a description of the Athenian matrons and maidens vying with each other in the markets in the sale of their seventy-two different kinds of bread and the conventional phrases which they were accustomed to use. As Mr. Malcolm repeated the calls with graceful and descriptive action, and the professor,

who had recovered his equanimity, interpreted readily, the whole company could see in their mind's eye the girls and the matrons in the market of Athens who more than seventeen hundred years ago had called aloud their "*melitutes* sweetened with the delicious honey of Mount Hymettus and *tyrontes* made of flour baked with cheese." If there was any lack of dignity in the reverend gentleman in his vivacious description, or in the change of his voice to distinguish the girl from the woman, it was credited to his sagacity and readiness to turn a bold corner in order to efface the fear and apprehension that had preceded. It also gave our professor an opportunity to translate what a few moments before he had been too much confused to do.

Then came a glowing description of the venders of bread in ancient Rome and of the manners of the *Ædiles* in their daily round among the bakers and bread-stands. Here again Mr. Malcolm was exceedingly happy in his imitations both of the manners of the *Ædiles* and their remarks as they passed along, giving a *tableau vivant* that was quite unique and very descriptive and enjoyable.

The Right Reverend who was present made a historical reference to King Numa, and in the same connection declared that bread-making was as old as the human race. Malcolm smiled, and looked about so queerly that one of our literary friends offered him a penny. He was evidently confused, and seemed in doubt when another offered to make it twopenny.

"I have always supposed," said Malcolm very modestly, "that the Romans for five centuries were pultipha-gists, and that Megalarte and Megalomanze were the first bread-makers," and then, not a little to the gratification of the professor, he quoted from an author whom the professor had before then enjoyed alone, and whom some of the company had thought to have been fictitious. He added that in Numa's time no bread had been made, and he

quoted again from some unheard-of philosopher who declared that "invalids would become numerous in Rome should they cease to be multi-phagists and become eaters of bread."

The countenance of the Right Reverend fell somewhat, and Malcolm and the professor drew closer together, and for a while took the lead of the conversation and in the entertainment of the company. The professor seemed enraptured at finding so proficient a Latin and Greek scholar, and one so familiar with the characters he had hitherto monopolized. Archilus, Aces-tius, Stephanus, and Phisistion were superb. Mithaceus on Hotch-potch, Agis on Pickled Broom-buds, Hege-sippus on Black-pudding, Crito on Souased Mackerel, were joyously hit off in turn, after which Malcolm began a description of the luxury of living in Trajan's reign.

The greatest of all cooks, Apicius, was introduced as the author of several of the dishes which had so graced the pending feast. Then followed the brilliant kitcheners of Rome when foreign luxury was introduced into the empire from Asia, and as the procession passed along in grand review some of the *bon mots* of each were repeated, followed by the hearty laugh of the guests. Of these Pantaleon, Epiricus, Epene-tus, Zophon, Chius, and Tyndaricus whom Pliny styled "the gulf of all youth," received the most attention.

Paulus Æmilius, whose three days' triumph in Rome was graced by the captive monarch of Macedonia, came in for his share of honor for his declaration that "there is equal skill in bringing an army into the field and the setting forth of a feast, inasmuch as one is to annoy your enemy and the other to please your friend."

Many instances of the great men of antiquity being engaged in cooking were recited: the cook of Charlemagne was the leader of his armies, — Patrocles, the geographer and governor of Syria, under Seleucus and Antiochus, peeled onions, — the heroic Ulysses roasted a sirloin of beef, — the god-

like Achilles washed cabbages, — Cincinnatus boiled the turnips upon which he dined, — the great Condé fried pancakes, — Curius Dentatus, who twice enjoyed the honors of a triumph, was found cooking peas in an earthen pot.

Then followed a description of the luxury brought to Rome after the conquest of Asia, with talk of the edicts of Archian, Faunian, Didian, and others for its suppression, — the expense of a single meal being limited by imperial mandate to *centenos asses*, — of the resistance offered to these decrees by Durenus and others, and of bills of fare (first introduced by Vitellius). Most of the company had heard enough of this kind of conversation, and had turned their attention to the professor, who seemed transported with delight, especially when Malcolm quoted from Diocles on sweet-breads, Hicesius on potted pigeons, and Dionysius on sugar sops.

From that day to the present time the professor has not ceased to inquire with profound admiration for that accomplished gentleman and ripe scholar and antiquarian, confidently expecting that he is yet to honor some of the great universities of the Old World, or that he is to be raised to some exalted position in the Church of England.

It would be very agreeable to the writer to be allowed to communicate some of the hits and repartees which were tossed about the table, and which are omitted because unnecessary to the question in hand. There was, however, one other subject discussed which awakened a lively interest and is appropriate to the sequence.

Mr. Malcolm started the inquiry whether it was consistent with the highest virtue and religion for a lawyer to accept a retainer and to act as counsel for a man accused of crime when he knew or had reasonable cause to believe his client guilty of the offence charged. The lawyers, one and all, responded in the affirmative. Mr. Malcolm, as if in doubt, contented himself with inquiries. The Right

Reverend and the Rabbin were decidedly opposed to the opinion of the bar. The subject was well discussed, and the lawyers carried all before them. All had given up the contest except the doctor when Mr. Burchard inquired of him if he believed in capital punishment, and, receiving an affirmative nod, he proceeded: "You are aware that our laws require of every practitioner before he becomes a member of the legal profession that he shall take an oath that he will be faithful to his client?"

"Yes."

"And that our statutes provide that the court shall assign counsel to a criminal when he has not made that provision for himself?"

"Yes."

"And that the state at its own expense compels the attendance of the witnesses for the accused; and you approve these laws?"

"Yes."

"And once more, would you prefer that the court should hang a man accused of murder under a plea of guilty, or that the extreme penalty of the law should be enforced after a full hearing, and proof to the satisfaction of the jury beyond a reasonable doubt?"

After a moment's reflection the doctor replied that he should prefer that the death penalty should be carried into effect *only* after a verdict of guilty and upon the fullest investigation, for, said he, "it may be that the accused has a very imperfect knowledge as to what constitutes the offence charged; or he may be mistaken as to his duties and obligations; or, indeed, he may be laboring under a morbid condition of mind, so as to desire that his life may be legally taken, and I think I have known at least one such."

"Then," said Mr. Burchard, "have you not admitted so much as to make untenable your position, namely, that you approve the law which requires an attorney to be faithful to his client, the law which assigns counsel to the accused, the law which compels the attendance of the witnesses for the crim-

inal at the expense of the state, and provides that the accused shall be executed *only* after the fullest investigation? What is the object of these enactments? Undoubtedly the interest of the state and not primarily of the criminal. The state in its wisdom requires for its own safety, and lest it should commit the crime and the blunder of hanging an innocent man, that the whole truth should be known. How greatly would the government and jurisprudence suffer if a guiltless man should be executed? When, therefore, a lawyer assumes the defence of a known murderer he is complying with the commands of the statutes and is serving the best interests of the government when he compels the prosecuting officer to the proof of the offence; and not only so, he is serving justice itself and not the criminal only. Even the judges have no authority to punish, except these provisions of law are complied with and the offence be proved. Who has not heard of the indictment of the two Bournes in Vermont, and of their having pleaded guilty to the crime of murder, for which they were on the eve of being executed, when the supposed murdered man put in his appearance? How much better would justice have appeared had the defence been conducted by a tenacious, faithful, and conscientious lawyer instead of being conducted in such a bungling manner that the bones of a horse did duty for the bones of the supposed murdered man! That case has done better duty as a bugbear for a century than any other legal decision."

Mr. Burchard became quite warm, and made the assertion that he would never take a retainer, and afterwards, no matter what knowledge he should subsequently acquire, desert a client; and he doubted if a conscientious lawyer had a moral right to refuse to defend a brother mortal accused of crime. "For the refusal," said he, "proceeds upon the ground taken by the doctor, which substantially is that no defence ought to be made but that sentence should be passed upon a real criminal whether the crime

can be proved or not. And I am at a loss to discover how my friend the doctor can approve of the requirements of the statutes which have been referred to, and yet assert that honest, conscientious lawyers alone cannot comply with them."

Mr. Burchard, feeling that he had been somewhat more enthusiastic than the occasion demanded, changed the subject in this wise :—

"You all remember that a certain firm in Philadelphia made a special deposit of eighteen thousand dollars in gold in the Trust Company, and some expert thieves by means of a forged check obtained possession of the money. The manner of accomplishing the feat was peculiar and was most adroitly carried out. The thief drove so sharp a bargain for funds current in New Orleans that the cashier's mind was diverted from the genuineness of the check to the percentage of exchange to be realized by the operation. Many propositions were made on both sides which were not mutually satisfactory. At last the rogue told the cashier that rather than submit to imposition he would take the gold, and the eighteen thousand dollars were handed over to him in twenty-dollar gold-pieces. The forgery was not discovered till thirteen days after, when the depositor called for his special deposit. Immediately detectives were employed. One of them you have all seen. He is a personal friend of mine, and his ability in this department surpasses Vidocq's as much as Vidocq's was superior to that of an ordinary country constable. He judged, by an intuition that none of us can comprehend, that these rogues had carried their plunder to Baltimore, and thither he proceeded. For three months he prowled about that city by night and by day, his mind intent upon the one object of ascertaining some clew that should direct him to the discovery of the robber. At the end of twelve weeks he had made no progress, and returned to Philadelphia. There he continued some ten days, and became discontented and vexed at being

baffled. Asserting that he felt certain that the thieves made Baltimore their head-quarters, he proceeded thither again. After ten days' further search, one evening, as he was walking slowly past a newspaper-stand on the corner of a street, he observed a boy who wore no hat purchase a New York Herald and give in exchange a twenty-dollar gold-piece. He followed the lad into a drinking saloon in the rear of which was a gambling room. He soon ascertained the proprietor's name, and learned that his family occupied the upper part of the house. He became acquainted with the proprietor's wife, and found that she was sister to the wife of C. B., who was that year the president of the association of rogues, he having been elected to that position at M. in the State of Indiana in the month of August. He also learned that her father resided about fifty miles from Baltimore. The detective was aware that this close corporation of rascals had nine directors, and, knowing the position of C. B. in the association and his connection with the proprietor of the saloon, and understanding also the method of distribution, he concluded that two thousand dollars fell in the division to C. B., and a like amount to the proprietor of the saloon. He left the saloon at midnight, and drove immediately to the residence of the father of the proprietor's wife, and arrived there between nine and ten o'clock on the following morning, meeting the old gentleman in his wagon between his house and the main road, from which it was distant about half a mile. The detective was also aware of a rule among these robbers, that any considerable sum of money stolen, less ten per cent, should be buried for two years ; and, having ascertained only what has been above related, he felt sure of the fact that the old gentleman was the keeper of one ninth, at least, of the money stolen. He also felt confident that he had gathered enough of the truth to make a powerful impression upon the man he had gone so far to see, and that if he was

not altogether given over to the service of this band of bad men, he could state facts enough, which the old gentleman knew were profound secrets, to stagger his mind and arouse his conscience. After an interview of less than an hour this detective, by an art of which we cannot conceive, and by a magnetism and eloquence that no other man of my acquaintance ever possessed a tithe of, actually induced the father of these two women to dig up out of his garden two thousand dollars in twenty-dollar gold-pieces and hand them over to — my friend Mr. Sidney, *who sits at the other end of the table*. And not only so, but he prevailed upon the old gentleman to go with him to Baltimore in order to get possession of other two thousand dollars held by the proprietor of the aforesaid saloon, which he also actually accomplished at a little inn about six miles from Baltimore, where the saloon-keeper and his wife met her father and my friend.

“Yesterday in the Supreme Court I had occasion to avail myself of Mr. Sidney’s marvellous ability as an expert in handwriting. The case turned entirely upon his testimony, although some twenty witnesses testified on each side, that they had seen the defendant write and that, in their opinion, the signature was or was not genuine. Mr. Sidney did not arrive till the moment the case was about to be given to the jury, and I had no opportunity of conversing with him, except to ascertain that in his judgment the signature was not a forgery.

“After he took the witness stand and had qualified himself as an expert in handwriting, the note in suit was handed him, and he was requested to state whether or not in his opinion the signature was genuine. It was some minutes before he responded. During the latter portion of the time of his silence his mind seemed intent upon something else. The presiding judge inquired of him if he intended to answer, when he replied: —

“I was considering the matter, not whether the signature was genuine, but

how I could convince the jury of the truth of what I have to say. This signature is genuine. The man who wrote it is a moral and religious man, and has therefore forgotten that he executed it. He is aged forty-seven, stands five feet ten, is broad-shouldered, full-favored, with muscular hands, thick, hard, and small; he is a merchant and a bachelor, and finds it hard to give up when he has been mistaken. I judge that the man who sits at the other end of the table wrote his name to this note, and I think I can convince him of it, for his honest face corresponds to the morality of the signature. The jury will observe that the first letter of the name is written while the quill pen was full of ink which was almost exhausted on the second letter and replenished on the third, and the operation is repeated five times. I think, also, that the writer was in poor health and his muscles relaxed when he wrote his name. I am of the opinion, therefore, that the signature was made while the writer was on his back and the nib of the pen was higher than the tip.’

“At this point of the testimony the face of the defendant against whose interest the witness was testifying became luminous and he at once rose and declared that the statement of the expert was the truth, and that it had altogether passed from his mind till that moment.

“I hope now I shall have the pleasure of giving you such an entertainment that you will remember it for your lifetime; and I know whereof I affirm when I state that my friend here present will, one hundred times in succession and without a mistake, from a single specimen of the handwriting of an individual, give his age within two years, his height within an inch, his weight within ten pounds, his profession, whether married or single, his temperament and peculiarities, his moral character, whether —”

Mr. Sidney was here observed to shake his head in a most determined manner.

“Or if my friend,” proceeded Mr.

Burchard, "will give us the characteristics of some of our neighbors who may be passing, this company will be equally delighted and astonished, for I assert that he will invariably hit off the peculiarity of a man from a single glance better than any of us after ten years of intercourse and acquaintance."

Again Mr. Sidney shook his head, and the subject was not again referred to.

At a late hour the company separated, each asserting that he had never passed a more enjoyable evening.

The reader will understand that only fragments of the conversation are here given, and only such and so much as bear upon the question at the head of the article. The sparkle of the remainder might be somewhat dimmed by a repetition, but so agreeable was the flow of soul, so entertaining the wit, so electric the repartees, and so graceful the turns in the conversation when the joke began to be too practical, that the whole company, without reference to the compliment of the host, declared to each other, as they met for months and years after, that in their lifetime they had never realized such elegant luxury and such unmitigated pleasure in an entertainment.

Mr. Sidney again and again endeavored to speak a word confidentially to Mr. Burchard, but circumstances, and especially his devotion to Malcolm, prevented.

Both Malcolm and Sidney were to take the night train for New York, and the time of its departure was near at hand. At last Mr. Sidney bade the host good night, saying he should see him again before many days, but hoped he would soon recover from the infirmity in his eyes. Mr. Malcolm was the last to leave.

Early on the following morning, while Mr. Burchard was at breakfast, he received the following note.

BERNON BURCHARD, ESQ.: —

MY DEAR SIR, — After leaving your hospitable mansion last night, and while

I was hastening to the station to take the night train for New York, I was accosted by two watchmen who arrested me, as they say, for burglary and have detained me at the police station till now. In order that I may keep my appointment in New York, I have waived a preliminary examination before the magistrate, and desire you will become my bail, that I may be immediately released to the important duties devolving upon me elsewhere. Before many days the occasion of my haste will be ascertained, and that it had no reference to the watchmen; and the prosecution will be voluntarily *not prosed*.

Your friend and servant,

MALCOLM.

Mr. Burchard dropped his cup, and without communicating with his wife, hastened to the assistance of his relative, gave the required bail and released his friend to proceed on his journey, all the while delighted with the thought that Winfield Burchard would sooner or later be informed that his letter of introduction was of some real value to his nephew.

Before his departure, Malcolm handed to Mr. Burchard a draft for one thousand dollars, not to secure him as his bail, as he said, but as a retainer for his defence should such a necessity ever arise, and Mr. Malcolm added with a forced smile, "It is most singular that I, who doubted the propriety, should so soon claim the benefit of your declaration of your duty made last evening, to which I have so suddenly become a convert, but I most devoutly trust that I may rely upon your assistance at a time of so great humiliation and perplexity."

To which Mr. Burchard replied that he should most gladly, to the utmost of his ability, labor incessantly for his guest and relative, but must insist that he should be left to do so of his own free will, without reference to any pecuniary compensation, and out of the high regard in which he held his friend and benefactor Winfield Burchard.

To which Malcolm responded, "It

would be an accommodation to me if you would take charge of the draft and collect the same and pass it to my credit, for I prefer not to carry about my person so large an amount of money."

The result was that Mr. Burchard retained the draft. He then proceeded to the offices of the several daily newspapers and suppressed the report of the arrest, "for," said he to the editors, "by allowing it to appear you will greatly injure the reputation of one of the most pious and accomplished clergymen in the English church, and I am fully aware of the reason of his haste when overtaken by the watchmen, for he had left my house but a few minutes before and was hastening to the train when the real rogues ran past him."

There was one scurrilous little journal among the newspapers at whose office Mr. Burchard neglected to call. In their next issue the following appeared:—

"*Another Robbery.* About two o'clock last night the dwelling of W***** H. B**** on B—— Street was burglariously entered, and a considerable amount of silver plate, jewelry, and other valuables taken and carried away. The loss is estimated at two thousand five hundred dollars. The daughter of Mrs. B—— heard the noise of the robbers as they left the house and gave the alarm. Two watchmen, who were in the immediate vicinity, gave chase, and one of the robbers, who gave his name as George Lathrop, not so swift of foot as the others, was overtaken and carried to the police station, where he waived an examination, gave the required bail of twelve thousand dollars, and is now at large. There were two other participators in the crime who outran the watchmen. Lathrop was observed to throw away something in his flight. A subsequent search discovered it to be a finely wrought mat of curious construction, the handiwork of Miss B——, which sufficiently identifies this one of the thieves with the transaction. The other two were subsequently arrested and held to bail in

like amounts, but no part of the booty has yet been recovered. From the promptness with which bail was given, and the standing of the sureties, it would seem that these burglars are not only men of property, but are protected by men in high social position."

On reading the foregoing Mr. Burchard's indignation knew no bounds. He blamed himself for not having recollected the existence of that scurrilous journal, which now seemed more mean and contemptible than ever. Those persons who understood how great a control Mr. Burchard had over his passions could nevertheless see that an earthquake was pent up in his bosom. He was almost beside himself with rage. When his indignation had somewhat subsided his pride and high sense of honor became equally disturbed. He feared that his guests of the previous evening might hear of the matter, and identify Malcolm with George Lathrop. Vexed almost beyond endurance, dejected and tormented almost beyond the rallying point, he went to his house bewildered, and threw himself upon a lounge, and overcome by exhaustion fell asleep. When he awoke it was evening. He rose from his couch, seated himself before a bright wood fire, and looked intently into the coals. Snow was falling softly upon the pavements till the tramp of passing travellers became muffled and hushed. Maguire came into the library, and entered into conversation with Mr. Burchard concerning the entertainment of the previous evening, and finding that it was considered by him eminently successful, begged Mr. Burchard to give him a certificate which would secure him a similar place should anything ever occur by reason of which he should relinquish his present position. Whereupon Mr. Burchard turned to his writing-table and wrote as follows:—

December, 1855.

This is to certify that M. Maguire has resided in my family for eight years

last past, and during all that period has conducted himself with the most perfect propriety, and has shown consummate skill as a kitchener, and in all matters pertaining to the order and etiquette of a feast has no superior, and I do cordially recommend him, in case he shall ever leave my employment, as an honest, upright, and faithful man, and worthy of my regard,

BERNON BURCHARD.

This he handed to Maguire with the remark that if it was not sufficiently comprehensive he might dictate such an one as he desired and he would sign it. Maguire, perceiving that his employer was not in a talkative mood, quietly left the room. As he left, Mrs. Burchard came into the library and sat down to talk over the dinner-party. Both agreed that it was a great success, and that Maguire was a jewel. Mrs. Burchard began to laugh, and then asked, "Did you observe that pickle, my dear?"

"What about the pickle?"

"Why, the pickle which Mr. Malcolm took happened to have a cut nail extending the full length of it. Now, my dear, do you suppose that nail could have grown in the cucumber? Ha, ha! What an entertaining man he is, and what a fund of anecdote, and how well he tells a story; and yet I don't fancy him. Those bills of fare in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, how did —"

The door-bell rang and Mr. Sidney was announced. "Thank God," exclaimed Mr. Burchard. So rejoiced was he that his whole frame trembled with emotion and tears trickled down his face. Grasping his hand with both his own, he asked, "You received my telegram, then?"

"No."

"Then what brought you here so soon?"

Mrs. Burchard, perceiving the conversation was not free in her presence, quietly left the room, when Mr. Sidney assumed a grave demeanor and said: "Mr. Burchard, I have always believed you eminently an honorable and honest

man, and do so still. Do you grant this of me?"

"Yes, but if you did not receive my telegram, what brought you here to-night, for I am aware of the necessity you are under to be elsewhere?"

"I told you I should soon return," said Mr. Sidney, "for I feared that you might compromise yourself to an unpardonable degree with the scamps by whom you have been surrounded, and the thought of it so weighed upon my mind that when I met the train at New Haven bound eastward I determined to come again to you and inform you of your peril."

"I am not aware that I am in any peril."

"If you were aware of it you would be safe, and your lack of knowledge is the reason of my return."

"Have you any information of what has transpired since last evening?" inquired Mr. Burchard.

"None, whatever."

"Then unburden yourself with the least possible delay, for I have been so harassed and tormented during this day as almost to be overwhelmed; and as you are aware that I hold your judgment in these matters akin to prophecy, I beg you will proceed, for I have pondered over and over again your meaning when you compared me, both at the beginning and ending of the company, to Bartimeus."

"First," said Mr. Sidney, "I wish you to understand that I have never before last night seen or heard of the two or three persons concerning whom I propose to speak, and I feel that I ought first to have your permission to say all that is in my mind for it comes nearer home to you than you suppose."

"You have it; go on."

"If it be true that the heart of a man changeth his countenance, then it is absolutely certain to my mind that your clergyman is a most unmitigated scamp, and it may, with propriety, be said that he has no conscience at all, so perverted has it become. He is a gambler by profession, and a passer of counterfeit money, but his business is

burglary. He has followed it for years, and had his mind not been on it for years, he could not have become so perfect in his craft. The one great quality demanded by his business is *patience*, and he has attained it. The most remarkable thing about him is his assurance. I never knew an instance of so bad a man having the audacity to appear in the company of gentlemen of refinement, and to say grace with a voice that had no heart in it. It is usually the last place that those of his craft seek, and I cannot yet comprehend how he wheedled you."

Mr. Burchard explained, as has been previously stated.

"And that Maguire of yours is as bad a woman as walks the earth."

"Woman!" exclaimed Mr. Burchard; "for eight years he has been one of the most faithful servants and upright men I ever knew."

"*Now, Mr. Burchard!*" said Mr. Sidney, looking him straight in the eye, "do you mean to tell *me* that you don't know Maguire is a woman!"

"I surely do not so suspect even."

"Then the blindness of Bartimeus was nothing to yours. Has she any beard? Has she a man's voice? Has she the figure of a man? Does she make any motions of body or limb like a man? Surely not. She is a woman, and has consummate art, more than any woman I ever saw save one. She consorts continually with thieves and robbers, and if you do not suspect it you ought to know it, and that is what has brought me here. Your house is on fire of hell, and you do not seem to apprehend it. Did you not notice at the table that she spilled some wine on the Reverend (?) Mr. Malcolm's head and white cravat, and do you suppose it was accidental? No, sir, they are better acquainted than you and I, for he did not start when it was done, but was conscious who did it. When I entered your drawing-room and saw you standing between these two graceless villains, I looked around me in order to ascertain how many of that

stripe were present, and finding but one other, I concluded you had been imposed upon and that I would improve the opportunity to study human nature. I *should* like to be informed how it came to pass that that reverend state's-prison bird obtained an invitation from you."

Mr. Burchard explained the method of the introduction by a letter from his kinsman in England as before stated.

"Have you the letter?"

The letter being produced, after a moment's examination he said: "Very well done. *Very* well done. He is better at that than I supposed, yet many of the letters show more than one stroke of the pen. He is an Englishman, but learned to write in Germany. He was once a cook. He does not write Malcolm as if used to it, and that is an assumed name. Great nerve, assurance, self-reliance, and patience. Is fond of children. Has more conceit than his manners indicate, kind-hearted man and even generous in his way, but has no notion of truth or morals. Should say he had spent much of his time in Baden Baden and other like places. Is good at gambling, but burglary is his *forte*. Ah! yes, this specimen of his handwriting, if it is disguised, tells the whole story of his life. That was a pretty crowd, was it not? for me to show off, too, that I could read their characters in their faces."

"Is it possible?" soliloquized Mr. Burchard, "and my admirable Maguire his accomplice!"

Mr. Sidney asked for the last letters which he had received from Winfield Burchard in order to compare the two, but examining his portfolio, all were gone.

Mr. Burchard then stated to Mr. Sidney what had transpired during the day, — Malcolm's arrest, the giving of bail, the suppression of the report in the newspapers, and the report which appeared in one of the journals, his acceptance of the draft of one thousand dollars, and some other particulars, when Mr. Sidney said, —

"Why were your eyes not opened

by the fact that Malcolm did not give the same name to the watchmen as to you? That is an offence against the statute, and you know it, and an honest man, whether clergyman or boot-black, never descends to that. Besides, the robbery was committed, according to this account, more than an hour after the night train had gone to which your supposed relative was hastening. That man also should have convinced you; and what an adept he was to have known enough of the forms of law to have waived a preliminary examination and to have secured you as bail before you had recovered from your dream! He managed well to get your opinion last night of the duty of lawyers to defend rogues. Mr. Burchard, you are harnessed. You must now defend that rascal. Your mouth is closed, you have pocketed a retainer. A thousand dollars' fee does not indicate light work, but seems to imply a strain upon your conscience. I once heard the ex-secretary of President Harrison's Cabinet decline a like amount because it implied too much for his honor."

Mr. Sidney touched a sensitive place. If Mr. Burchard had any reputation or quality as a lawyer, it was for his unsullied integrity and keen sense of honor. The ability of Mr. Sidney in his department had not brought that comfort which Mr. Burchard had hoped for. His distress of mind was so great that Mr. Sidney judged he had gone beyond the limit of safety, and he quoted, "'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.' As your friend, I open to your view the peril from which it is your duty to escape. If you are involved, extricate yourself with honor if you can, and if you cannot, then do no more than honor requires."

A long pause ensued. At length Mr. Burchard broke the silence by inquiring what evidence there was that Maguire was criminal.

"Because she gets the information for Malcolm, and draws plans of the houses which he intends to rob, and locates every piece of furniture in them so that he can enter the house and go

through darkness to his objective point. He passes half his nights in her room. There the schemes are matured, and if you think her less criminal than Malcolm, you are welcome to your opinion."

"But what information can you give me upon which I can act?"

"She has deceived you in passing herself off as a man. She is in fellowship with Malcolm, while it is for her interest to be faithful to you, for by reason of being your man she has access to those houses which may be presumed to be profitable in the plundering. I cannot tell you any particular thing she has done, but I can send a message to the back door by reason of which she will fly from your house and never again show you her face."

"What message will you send?"

"I will write on a card these words, 'All is known, detectives are approaching.'"

"Do it," said Mr. Burchard, "and if he is honest he will show it to me and ask advice, and we will see if he will fly."

The card was delivered, no commotion followed. She was not seen to escape, though watch was set for the purpose. Search was made for her in vain. From the appearance of her room it was evident she had fled. It was months before she was heard from, and then the inquiry came from the chief of police in a Western city, "Did Mary Maguire, alias Sonsie Jane, alias Wily Mary, ever reside with Bernon Burchard? Is his certificate genuine?"

In the mean time Mr. Burchard was intensely excited by conflicting emotions and the discussion within himself concerning his duty. Could he retain the money and give information to the police? No. Did the fraud of Malcolm vitiate his obligation to him? In some particulars, but not in all. Did his oath to be faithful to his client prevent him from withdrawing from the case till at least he had returned what he had received? Yes; but how could he return it, since it was doubtful if Malcolm would ever again appear?

Before Mr. Sidney left town it was arranged that he should ascertain the whereabouts of Malcolm if possible, and, as the attorney of Mr. Burchard as bail, bring him hither at all hazards and confine him in jail to await his trial or till he should procure other sureties. Mr. Sidney stipulated that Mr. Burchard should not on any account telegraph to him or any other person upon the subject, because that the telegram would certainly reach Malcolm, if he was a chief member of the gang of villains, before it did him or the person to whom it should be addressed. This injunction, however, escaped the mind of Mr. Burchard. As the time for Malcolm's trial drew near, he, Mr. Burchard, became nervous and careworn. Learning through a New York detective that Malcolm was in that city, he at once telegraphed to his attorney there to seek out the detective and have Malcolm arrested.

The writer of this article, who was then aware that some great trouble shrouded the mind of Mr. Burchard, without knowing what it was, happened to be conversing with him on the street near his office door when the answer to the telegram arrived, and had the opportunity of reading it all except the signature. Before the message had been delivered to the attorney in New York the answer came from Malcolm at New Orleans, printed upon a long strip of paper as follows:—

“NEW ORLEANS, March —, 1856.

“I never disappoint my bail. My thoughts on awful subjects roll, damnation and the dead, what horrors seize the guilty soul upon a dying bed. Linger about these mortal shores she makes a long delay, till like a flood with rapid force, death sweeps the wretch away. Good for Doctor Watts. I have three weeks yet to spare.”

How it was signed I am not aware. The envelope was marked “paid \$32.75.”

On the afternoon previous to the sitting of the court at which Malcolm was

under bail to appear, he unexpectedly presented himself at Mr. Burchard's office. The conflicting emotions in Mr. Burchard's breast upon beholding him can well be imagined. Indignation for the imposition and forgery was most apparent. Vengeance was secondary, tempered by the fact that he had made his appearance, although not yet safe in jail. His soul burst forth in a holy horror of a man apparently incapable of entertaining a moral sentiment, and so brazen as not to appreciate his guilt. His presence so exasperated Mr. Burchard that he rushed toward the door without any definite intention but to be rid of his visitor. Malcolm calmly placed his back against the closed door and said very coolly:—“All this indignation is well enough before a jury, Mr. Burchard, and I read in your countenance what is passing in your mind, but it is wise to take men as they are and the world as it is and not as it should be. I meet you to-day on equal terms. You claim something of me, and I of you. If you are a man of honor, fulfil your contract. If you are a sneak, do as I should have done had I forfeited my bail. I have shown the estimate I put upon my duty by appearing to discharge you as my bail in the face of the indignity I have put upon you and knowing full well what I was to encounter. Show half my pluck, and it will serve you well. I am not yet your prisoner, and by the Eternal! I will not be till to-morrow when I shall be content with that position. On your peril answer me, Will you fulfil your agreement? Will you be a man or a knave?”

Mr. Burchard answered not, but saw the desperate nature of the man with whom he had to deal, and that he was provided with weapons with which to enforce his argument. Malcolm proceeded, “I never was and never will be a sneak. I am bound by honor as well as you. You are a lawyer and a good one. I am a burglar, sir, and am not ashamed of my jobs. You exalt your profession, and so do I mine. Business is business, and mine

is as honorable as yours. Think you I am less public-spirited than you? Think you I love my wife and children less than you? Come, come, Mr. Burchard; down from your perch! You are a man of principle. I am no sardine. You have taken my money, and you cannot return it if you would, for the bankers upon whom it was drawn have failed, and the draft has not been presented and is your loss. I know what you would like to say. It is true I used dissimulation and procured an invitation to your dinner-party, and here is Winfield Burchard's letter to you (presenting it), whose handwriting I imitated; but it was all in my line. I laid a bet I could do it, and that draft was just the sum I won. Bristol Bill pays up like gentle folks, but then he did n't know my opportunities. What possessed you to dismiss Maguire? but no matter; that is all gone by. During the last eight years I have passed at least six hundred nights in your house, and have been very frequently in your sleeping-room, and have heard your confidential talk with your wife. Doubt it, do you? Yes, your door *was* always bolted on the inside, and no other one opened into your chamber, but I can tell you conversations you had with your wife which will convince you. Do you remember one night when your wife became nervous and fell to crying lest the pain she felt in her breast should prove to be a cancer, and you told her that you would go to Boston with her and consult Dr. Jackson and ask Dr. P. to go with you? Do, eh? And do you remember one night when your niece slept upon the sofa in your room? I had no idea she was there, and needlessly waked her. She screamed, and while you was attending to her fright I slipped out and did n't leave your door bolted. I heard you tell her she was dreaming.

"And do you remember one night telling your wife that you could not imagine how three cigars got out of a new box you had opened the night before? Those cigars were the only

things that either Maguire or I ever took from your house.

"I will make you this proposition, and if you accept it you will do well. By the night train my two accomplices in that job will arrive. I don't intend to be shut up till they come. I will pay for six men to sit up with me here to-night in this office, and you shall select them, and in the morning I will pay their fees and go to jail."

The proposition was accepted, and the chief of police furnished the keepers.

During that night Mr. Burchard's office was the scene of strange revelations. Malcolm furnished money to one of the officers, who brought in a basket of champagne and ordered a supper at one o'clock in the morning, to be the most complete that money could buy and the city furnish. The officers were at liberty to invite in their friends who were reliable. Malcolm distributed to each of his keepers five times the sum of money agreed upon for their wages, and demanded of them a faithful performance of their duty. Some thirty had entered the office, and the door was closed and not to be opened on any account till supper was announced. Malcolm had sent to a neighboring bookstore, and obtained one pack of every edition of playing cards there kept for sale. Some forty packs with different backs were piled up at one end of the table. Malcolm invited some one to take a hand of euchre with him. The captain, who was considered the most expert player, took a chair at the corner of the table, and the rest were to observe the game, but say nothing which they should discover till the game was over. Malcolm took one of the packs from the envelope, and said, "This edition was gotten up by Count — at —, and with it he played twenty-one nights and won — thousand dollars before the markings were discovered. Cut the cards if you please, and mind, if you can, that the ten of spades is not turned." The cards were dealt and the ten of spades was turned.

The two bowers and two aces were given to the captain, who ordered up the ten.

"Now, captain, I have given you the bowers and two aces, and yet you are euchred." And so it was. Malcolm inquired if any one perceived how it was done, and, receiving a negative reply, said, "Very well, he shall do precisely the same thing, and see then if you detect the method. I will cut for a ten to be turned and order it up, and you will observe."

Almost the same cards were put into Malcolm's hand as had been put into the captain's.

"Now," said Malcolm, "I order it up and will make one," and so it was.

"Did any of you see how that was done?"

None could detect. The cards were again shuffled by a looker-on. It was Malcolm's deal. "I must not make too often. This time you shall march. You see I have given you three trumps and a king and an ace of another suit." And so it was.

The cards were shuffled again. "You must make one this time." And so it was.

"Now," said Malcolm, "please say whether I shall make one, or lose one, or go out."

It was the captain's deal, and the company requested Malcolm to go out if he could.

"Very well then, I cut a bower; the left is next above it as they fell in the last hand, and so will not be out."

Malcolm ordered up a queen, took it out with a king, and made three low clubs and won the game.

"Let's take another pack while these gimlet-eyed fellows hunt up the markings. This edition was gotten up by Sunderland for a high-low-jack pack, and was read the first night. The profession never use it, the marks are so apparent. Try it once at all-fours."

The cards were dealt by the captain, and Malcolm said, "I will stand, although I have but one trump, for you have none." And Malcolm made three points.

"Had you detected the manipulation, I should have lost and you would have made three."

"Try another pack. This had a run of three months before it was detected. It is well executed, and only the most sagacious and quick-sighted are never mistaken in the cards. There is not an edition of cards that I cannot read as well by seeing one side as the other. No pack was ever edited in fairness to both parties. A man is a fool who will get out such an edition. I carried two new ones to the B—— house in London, and won thirteen nights with them."

One of the company, who had been out and returned, produced a pack with plain backs, and asked triumphantly if Mr. Malcolm would please to read them by the backs.

"This edition," said Malcolm, "was gotten up in Edinburgh by an Irishman named Mulligan, and was popular for a while, but when he won every night with it suspicions were aroused, and finally a boy twelve years old deciphered it. I can tell each card across the room." And he did.

And so the entertainment went on, Malcolm winning every game till supper was served; not one of the company detecting how it was done.

"Now, boys," said Malcolm, "this is my treat, and please enjoy yourselves, for I shall expect you all to be in court when my case is tried, to laugh on my side. Lawyers don't understand the value of a chuckle in swaying a jury in a doubtful case. Lay to. 'The art of cookery,' says Henry Cornelius Agrippa, 'is very useful if not dishonest.' My appetite is good, and I trust you are all likewise minded, for Beaumont and Fletcher say, 'What an excellent thing God did bestow upon man when he gave him a good appetite.' Mine is almost equal to that of Erisichthon described by Ovid, —

'Thus Erisichthon's profane chops devour
All sorts of food: in him food is the cause
Of hunger: and he will employ his jaws
To whet his appetite.'

"'Tis said that Maximus, the Em-

peror who succeeded Alexander Memneaus, consumed forty pounds of flesh in one day, and drank an amphora of wine containing forty-eight quarts.

"Waiter, pass your wines. No blue ruin or heavy wet. In the days of the great Cæsar all feasts began with eggs and ended with fruits, cream, and apples; hence the proverb, *ab ovo usque ad mala*, and the man who did not crush his eggshell, or put his folded napkin on his left knee, was considered a fool. As we have not the eggs, we will do our best with the napkins. No melancholy subjects at this table. So here's luck." And all drank a bumper.

"Did you ever hear how Pope Julius III. became enraged against his cook for not having saved him a cold peacock for supper, and how he began to blaspheme? Whereupon one of his cardinals said to him, 'Let not your Holiness be so moved with a matter of so little weight.' 'What!' said the pope, 'if God was so angry for one apple that he cast our first parents out of Paradise, why may not I, his vicar, be angry for a peacock, sithers a peacock is greater than an apple?'"

"The oysters from Tarentum, so prized by one of the Cæsars, I forget which, were not to be compared to these. Captain, take a hand at them. Let me give you a song."

And with a sweet melodious voice and a Scotch accent, he sang Burns's Ode on the Haggis.

"'Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the pudding race:
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Paunch, tripe, or thairm;
Weel are ye worthy o' a grace
As lang's my arm.'"

"This bird is excellent; whoever cooked it,

'His name should be enrolled
In Estcourt's book, whose gridiron's framed of gold.'

"Help yourselves, gentlemen, digestion is the business of the stomach and indigestion that of the physicians. It is better to dine late, for one can then concentrate all his thoughts upon his plate, forget business, and only think of eating and drinking and going to

bed. Ha, ha! I should have omitted the bed in quoting from the gourmands, for they would rather fast than be obliged to eat a good dinner in a hurry. Five hours is little enough, provided Mr. Burchard shall not in the mean time appear and drive us away.

"This venison is delicious; none was ever better served. The Roman Senators debated the question how a turbot should be cooked, and the author of this dish deserves a place among such.

"Montmaur is reported to have said that Easter and Christmas were the two best days in the year. Easter because it was farthest from Lent, and Christmas because then you breakfasted at midnight. Who says this is not equal to Montmaur's Christmas breakfast?"

This sort of banter, interspersed with songs and stories, was kept up till a late hour, when all of a sudden the keepers awoke to the fact that Malcolm had flown. The visitors laughed heartily. The company dispersed, not standing upon the order of their going. The table was cleared, and the office put in order. Only one of the keepers remained, who resembled in appearance a cat that had played with her mouse and lost it; the others were out looking for Malcolm. At an early hour in the morning he returned, and seating himself at Mr. Burchard's desk, wrote him this note:—

MR. BUCHARD, — I trust I did not disturb your repose. I found, this morning, in your safe in your house this pretty little casket sent you from your English namesake. I have seen it often before, but wanted another squint at it, and I have brought it to your office lest some burglar might steal it from your house. I noticed your wife's watch lying around loose in your sleeping-room, which is of no great value—to me,—and I contented myself with the charms, which I will put into your steel chest, here in the office, for safe keeping against the time of my need. The putting a yoke on the keys of

your door, so I could not turn them with the nippers, was all useless. The chair poised against your sleeping-room door gave me a deal of trouble, and I could not put it back as I found it. Please excuse me. The thread on the stairs attached to an alarm-bell might as well have been omitted. The old-fashioned fork against the bolt I put back as I found it, and came out by the dining-room window. Your portfolio you will find between the beds on which you were sleeping. It took me half an hour to make you turn over so I could do it. George Waters is my counsel, to whom I have committed my case. He will arrange the evidence. Unless you eat your own words, you will sit beside him and ask the jury if they believe the case is made out beyond a reasonable doubt, for I know better than you the weight of your character. I shall be in jail by break-fast-time.

MALCOLM.

At the bottom of the note was a well-drawn hand with spread fingers at the end of a man's nose.

When all the officers had returned, dropping in one by one, towards morning, they were somewhat surprised and relieved upon beholding Malcolm. He informed them that it would be all right if they would all appear at his trial and laugh for him.

At the trial, Mr. Burchard, careworn and nervous, made his appearance. Mr. Waters conducted the testimony for the defence. Mr. Burchard inquired of him what testimony Malcolm relied upon, and was answered that no testimony whatever was to be introduced, but he would rely altogether upon the lack of testimony on the part of the government. A cold shiver ran down Burchard's backbone. The question of guilty or not guilty turned upon the identity of the mat previously spoken of, which, it was asserted, Malcolm threw away as he ran. The watchman testified positively to the fact, but it was in the night, and he might have been mistaken. Mr. W. H. B. testi-

fied generally as to the robbery, and recognized the mat as probably the one made by his daughter, although he could not positively make oath to the fact. As the case turned upon the testimony of Miss B., I give the whole of the cross-examination.

Question by Mr. Waters. You have said that you *know* this mat to have been the work of your own hands, and that you made it for a particular purpose. If you please, what was that purpose?

Answer. I had presented me on Christmas a fine statuette of Samuel, which I admired so much that I worked this mat with great care upon which to place it.

Q. And did you work it from a pattern?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And have you ever seen others like it?

A. Yes, sir, three, but not in this city.

Q. And where did you get the pattern?

A. From a friend in Philadelphia.

Q. Now, if you have seen other mats like this, how do you know, of your own knowledge, that this is not some other lady's work?

A. I know it is my work because the centre portion of the mat was left plain, which centre is exactly the size of the base of my statuette.

Q. Is there any other reason which you can give?

A. I know it looks like my mat.

Q. Certainly, but would it not look like your mat if it had been wrought by another lady?

A. Perhaps so.

Q. You say *perhaps* so; would it not certainly so look?

A. I think it would.

Q. Have you the statuette now?

A. Yes, sir, it is at our house.

At this point of the trial the statuette was sent for and brought into court by the father of the witness. Mr. Waters took it into his possession. Considerable discussion arose when the prosecuting attorney insisted upon being

allowed to examine it. Mr. Waters became almost violent, and declared he would smash the image rather than be so imposed upon. He was cross-examining the witness with no testimony for the accused, and he insisted upon his rights without interruption. The court ruled in Mr. Waters's favor. He, holding the statuette by the base, walked up to Miss B., and inquired of her if she recognized it as her own.

A. I certainly do.

Q. And how do you know it is certainly your own?

A. It is just like mine.

Q. But are there not other copies so like it as that you cannot tell the difference, nor one from the others?

A. Yes.

Q. How then can you say for a certainty that this is yours?

A. Because my father has just brought it from our house, and I saw him go for it and return with it. I can give no better reason.

Q. Can you say of your own knowledge, from an examination of the image, that it is yours?

A. No, sir.

Q. Have you any more reliable knowledge concerning the mat being yours?

A. Yes, for the space in the middle was made expressly to fit the base of the statuette.

Q. And are you willing to risk your testimony upon that fact alone?

A. I am.

The mat and the statuette were then shown the witness and the jury, and the base of the statuette overlapped the plain surface in the centre of the mat half an inch. The witness became faint, and was carried into the lobby. The jury, without leaving their seats, rendered a verdict of NOT GUILTY.

The captain feasted Malcolm that night, and obtained from him the secret of his defence. Maguire, as a woman, had procured the situation of cook in the house of Mr. W. H. B., and had substituted for the original Samuel another, altogether similar except that its base was half an inch larger.

The captain further inquired what had been Malcolm's occupation in early life, and how he had acquired so much knowledge of the gourmands and feasts.

"I was cook at Baden Baden," said Malcolm, "at the B—— House. There I met Count S., who took a fancy to me. I served also at the tables, after that as waiter in the house, and keeping an eye open I was a great help to the Count. He knew everything about the table, kitchen, and the larder, and I remembered what he used to repeat night after night, when a year or two ago I found Dick Humelbergius's book upon the art of never breakfasting at home and always dining abroad. I found everything recorded there, and that is pretty much the only book I ever read. I can quote Latin, and know where to put it in, but what the —— the meaning of it is, I have no notion."

"Allow me further to inquire by what process or contrivance you can slide a bolt on the opposite side of the door?"

"I paid \$ 3,500 for that information, and don't propose to part with it."

"Then advise me what is best for me to do when I find a burglar in my sleeping-room in the night time?"

"Do nothing, sir, unless you are hunting up a graveyard. We never desire to maim or kill, but we can. I should be poorly provided or skilled if I was not ready for such emergencies. As soon as the burglar leaves your room, rise and light the gas, and he will trouble you no more."

"One other question. Did you rob and then burn the Jenks house?"

"That is not a question to be answered, but I will say that I have a drawing of the house and the location of every piece of furniture in it, which is perfect."

To this day, only two of the persons who were present at the dinner-party are aware of the history of the two worthies, the Reverend Mr. Malcolm of Oxford and Maguire the butler of Mr. Bernon Burchard.

O R I O L E.

O R I O L E on the willow-tree !
 Singing such melodious measures,
 Singest thou of summer pleasures, —
 Crimson fields of honeyed clover,
 Sweet to smell in flying over,
 Nests on breezy branches swinging,
 Carols in the soft air ringing,
 Bluest sky with cloud fleets sailing,
 Food and shelter never failing,
 Life so rapturous in its living,
 Nature never scant of giving,
 Love, or sorrow, or such gladness,
 As is most akin to madness?
 Or for singing, singest thou,
 Swayed on yonder slender bough, —
 In thy song itself delighting
 Sweet beyond all poet's writing,
 Clear and liquid as the river
 Flowing to the sea forever,
 Glad as south-winds come in June
 To the rose asleep at noon?
 Nothing wistful, no way tender,
 Voice of Nature's soulless splendor,
 Some outpouring of the flame
 Burning in thy wing and name,
 Song that doth to heaven aspire
 Even as leaping, quivering fire,
 Oriole on the willow-tree,
 Tell thy fairy tale to me!

Then the oriole laughed again,
 Laughing at my question vain,
 As the brook laughs down the mountain,
 Like the laughter of a fountain;
 Flashing through the willow-tree
 Thus the oriole sang to me: —
 "Restless, sorrowing, weak, and human,
 Most of all a weary woman,
 Can a bird-song on a tree
 Utter any speech to thee?
 Can thy soul receive the gladness
 Of a thing that knows not sadness?
 Canst thou know, insatiate creature,
 All this mighty joy of Nature?
 Joy so rich, so full, so fleeting,
 Scarce it lives beyond the greeting;

Joy the dancing leaves adorning,
Glittering in the dewy morning,
In the soft winds gayly blowing,
In the sparkling waters flowing,
Utterly intact of sorrow,
Careless for the distant morrow;
Joy that burns in grace and beauty,
Darkened with no ghost of duty,
Rapture bright beyond all loving,
Gladness all dismay reproving;
Now a flame through verdure flying,
Now like any swift spark dying;
Nothing tossed by hope or fear,
Shadowed not by smile or tear;
Questioner beneath the tree,
Wouldst thou not an oriole be?"

Underneath the willow-tree
Thus the oriole sang to me.
Ah! what could I give for answer
To this gay and glad romancer?
Dreams that round me love to linger
On my hot lips laid a finger,
Dreams that held me all unwilling,
Dreams most sad in their fulfilling;
Yet I knew them dear and tender
More than all this song of splendor;
Dear as thorns are to the roses,
Dear as graves where love reposes;
Could I lose them out of living,
I, who asked not for thy giving?
I, who on a weary day
Threw my dreaming soul away,
Would I take it back again,
Pure of joy and pure of pain,
Nevermore to thrill or languish,
Nevermore to throb with anguish,
Ne'er earth's dread delight to prove,
Nevermore to live, — or love?
Oriole on the willow-tree,
Still I must a woman be!

Rose Terry.

JEFFERSON'S RETURN FROM FRANCE IN 1789.

MAN proposes, woman disposes. Such is often the way of this world.

In the summer of 1789, James Madison, who was the man of all others most solicitous for the success of the new Constitution of the United States, wrote to Jefferson asking him if he would accept an appointment at home in General Washington's administration. "You know," Jefferson replied, "the circumstances which led me from retirement, step by step, and from one nomination to another up to the present. My object is a return to the same retirement; whenever, therefore, I quit the present, it will not be to engage in any other office, and most especially any one which would require a constant residence from home." A few months after these words were written, he was in New York, Secretary of State; and it was a maiden of seventeen that brought him to it.

His situation in Paris had become too interesting to leave, too pleasant to last. What man was ever more happily placed? In the most delightful city of the earth, he held a post which put all its noblest resources at his command. His mind was occupied with honorable duties which practice had made easy to him; and the circle of his friends was among the most agreeable the world has known since human beings first learned to converse politely with one another. In the houses which he most frequented, — that of the Lafayettes, for example, — he found all that was truly elegant and refined in the ancient manners, joined to the interest in knowledge and in the welfare of man that distinguished the new period. High thinking was, as it were, in vogue. Every man, woman, and child in Paris, Jefferson said, had become a politician; so that wherever he went he met people ardently desirous to listen to him as a master in the science

of human rights. Nobles caught something of the new spirit and rose superior to their rank. Simplicity and sincerity were recognized as the true elevation of manner. Jefferson, without thinking of it, was quite in the fashion when he finished a letter to Lafayette by saying that in America people did not permit themselves to utter even truths when they had the air of flattery, and, therefore, he would say, once for all, "I love you, your wife and children."

He was on happy terms, too, with the diplomatic corps. Little as he had cause to love the realm of Britain, it was nevertheless with the British ambassador, the Duke of Dorset, that he was most intimate; and his daughter struck up a girl's friendship with the Duke's daughter, that lasted beyond the term of their residence in Paris. The officers who had served in America were among the favorites in Paris society, and Jefferson's house was their natural rendezvous. That prince of gossips and story-tellers, Baron Grimm, was among his familiar acquaintances. Madame de Staël, who was married during Jefferson's second year in Paris, he knew only as the daughter of Necker and the brilliant young wife of the Swedish ambassador. Among the lions who flourished in Paris at the time was De la Tude, who had been confined thirty-five years for writing an epigram upon Pompadour. "He comes sometimes," writes Jefferson, "to take a family soup with me, and entertains me with anecdotes of his five-and-thirty years' imprisonment. How fertile is the mind of man, which can make the Bastille and the dungeon of Vincennes yield interesting anecdotes!" That "family soup" of his played a great part in his social life. He lived in the easy, liberal style of Virginia, that harmonized as well with the humor of the time as with his own character and

habits. Few set dinners, but a well-spread table always open and generally filled; no grand parties, but an evening circle that lured and detained the people fullest of the prevalent spirit. He had already the habit of mitigating business with dinner. If he had a difficult matter to conclude or discuss, it was usual with him to invite the parties interested to one of his light, rational, refreshing "family dinners," and, afterwards, under its humanizing influence, introduce the troublesome topic.

There were plenty of Americans in Paris even at that early day; that is, there were perhaps as many individuals as there are thousands now. "I endeavor to show civilities," he once wrote, "to *all* the Americans who come here!" There might have been three or four in a month. Gouverneur Morris was there during the later ferment, shaking his knowing head at the French dream of a millennium, and arguing with Jefferson by the hour against everything that the plenipotentiary most believed; full of talk, self-confidence, and good-humor; apt to be right in his predictions because exempt from the longings to which the heavy-laden and anxious portion of the human race are subject. Hence, all his life, as often as the millennium failed to come to time, he had the noble satisfaction of saying, "I told you so." Poor Mazzei was much in Paris at this time, ruined by his endeavor to serve Virginia with Tuscan crowns during the Revolutionary War, and now often compelled to figure in Jefferson's memorandum-book for French francs borrowed to supply his own necessities. Ledyard, the born traveller of Connecticut, came to the legation, poor and disappointed, incapable of remaining long in a place, plagued even from his boyhood with a mania to roam over the earth. He had sailed with Cook and revealed the tactless barbarity of that navigator; had seen in the western coast of North America the richest of all fur-bearing regions; and had come to Paris to set on foot the enterprise which Astor attempted

twenty-five years after, when Astoria was founded. "But for the war of 1812," Astor used to say, "I should have been the richest man that ever lived"; thus confirming Ledyard's view. Failing in his object, he was helpless in Paris, and Jefferson chalked out a bold scheme for him worthy of his singular genius for travelling.

From his youth up, Jefferson had gazed westward from Monticello, wondering what there might be between his mountain-top and the Pacific Ocean. It was an inherited curiosity; for his own father had felt it, and, indeed, all intelligent Virginians, from the time when Captain John Smith sailed up the Chickahominy in quest of the South Sea. He now proposed to Ledyard to make his way through Russia to Kamtchatka; thence by some chance vessel to Nootka Sound; and so, by one means or another, to what we now call Oregon; and then strike into the wilderness, explore that vast unknown region, and endeavor to reach the western settlements of the United States.

It was an audacious scheme, only fit for Ledyard, only possible to just such a man. He jumped at it. Through Baron Grimm, who was Own Correspondent in Paris to the Empress Catherine, Jefferson tried to obtain the requisite permission, which she, knowing the perils of the route, humanely refused; and Ledyard started without it. Ragged, penniless, hungry, gaunt, undaunted, he kept on, "kicked," as he wrote to Jefferson, "from town to town," and hoping "to be kicked round the world"; until he was within two hundred miles of Kamtchatka, where an order from Catherine arrested him. He was brought back and turned loose in Poland. It was reserved for President Jefferson to get our first knowledge of the boundless prairie world, through the explorations of his neighbor, friend, and secretary, Captain Meriwether Lewis.

Mr. Hawthorne has told us, in his sly, humorous way, something of the odd projects and eccentric characters

that solicit the notice of American representatives in Europe. Jefferson had his share of both. He saw, too, while living in Paris, how far-reaching the influence of the American Revolution was likely to be. He was among the first to hear of the agitation in the Spanish and Portuguese colonies of America, that has since led to their deliverance from all their oppressors, except those twin despots of the tropical world, Indolence and Appetite. A mysterious note reached him in October, 1786, from which he only learned that the writer was a foreigner, who had "a matter of very great consequence" to communicate, and wished him to indicate a safe channel. The plenipotentiary complied with the request. The letter arrived. "I am a native of Brazil," it began. "You are not ignorant of the frightful slavery under which my country groans. This continually becomes more insupportable since the epoch of your glorious independence." The Brazilians meant to *rise*, the writer continued, and they looked to the United States for support; he had come to France on purpose to say so to the plenipotentiary of the United States, because in America he could not act in the matter without exciting suspicion. If Mr. Jefferson desired further information, the writer could give it him.

Meet me at Nismes, Mr. Jefferson replied, in substance, whither he would go "under the pretext of seeing the antiquities of that place." They met and conversed long. Jefferson reminded the Brazilian that he could only give him his ideas on the subject as an individual, having no authority to utter a word on behalf of Congress. Those ideas were, that the United States were not in a condition to take part in any war, and that they particularly wished to cultivate the friendship of Portugal, a country with which they had an advantageous commerce. "But," he added, "a successful revolution in Brazil could not be uninteresting to us"; and "prospects of lucre might possibly draw numbers of

individuals to their aid, and purer motives our officers"; and citizens of the United States were free to leave their country whenever they wished. With this cold comfort the Brazilian was obliged to depart from Nismes, and leave Mr. Jefferson free to gaze with rapture upon the *Maison Quarrée*.

A similar series of mysterious approaches brought him, about the same time, face to face with a Mexican, whose country was also preparing to rise against its oppressors. In dealing with this gentleman, the minister showed that he had picked up in Paris or elsewhere a little of the diplomatist's craft. "I was more cautious," he reports, "with the Mexican than with the Brazilian"; and he threw cold water upon his hopes by saying that he "feared they must begin by enlightening and emancipating the minds of their people." No revolutionist likes to be met with an observation of that nature. "I was led into this caution," Jefferson explains, "by observing that this gentleman was intimate at the Spanish ambassador's," and that he was in the service of the Spanish government at the very time of making the communication. "He had much the air of candor," adds the suddenly formed diplomatist; "but that can be borrowed, so that I was not able to decide about him in my own mind."

All of which was reported at great length to Congress, with the additional intelligence that Peru, which had already lost two hundred thousand men in a failure to eject the hated Spaniards, could easily be roused to rebellion again. In one way, if in no other, Mr. Jefferson served Congress well; he provided them by every packet with long letters which, at that period, when journalism was but an infant art, must have been more interesting than we can now conceive, close packed as they were with information, curious, important, and new.

It was not in far-off Peru, Mexico, or Brazil that he saw the most memorable proofs of the mighty influence of the "glorious Revolution" of which he

had been a part. He witnessed the "glorious" part of the French Revolution, having been present at the Assembly of the Notables in 1787, and at the destruction of the Bastille in 1789. His sympathy with that supreme effort of France to escape the oppression of outgrown institutions was entire and profound, but it was also considerate and wise. Living in the most familiar intimacy with Lafayette and the other leaders of the preliminary movements, he knew everything and influenced everything they did; for, at first, while as yet the king and the nation seemed in harmony, his official position was no restraint upon him; and, to the last, his constant advice was, Save the monarchy; France is not ripe for a republic; get a constitution that will secure substantial liberty and essential rights, and wait for the rest.

I suppose a good many of Mr. Carlyle's readers were a little offended at Buckle's sweeping assertion that no history of the French Revolution exists, and that no man had yet appeared who possessed the knowledge requisite for writing such a work. Mr. Carlyle's French Revolution seems only to lack the form and cadence of poetry to rank with the great poems of all time, the "Iliad," the "Inferno," "Paradise Lost," and "Faust." Dickens might well call it a "wonderful work." Its brevity and pictorial power are wonderful indeed, and a young reader who rises from its perusal penetrated and awe-struck may be pardoned for thinking that among his other acquisitions he has gained some insight into the French Revolution. He has gained everything *but* insight. Mr. Carlyle does not sacrifice the true to the picturesque: he gives us picture in lieu of truth. He has all a poet's love for the picturesque, and is more guided in his selection of events for relation by their effectiveness than by their importance. Hence, as the antidotal Buckle remarks, we have a series of thrilling pictures, instead of that noblest and most difficult of all the

products of the mind, a genuine history.

The narrative of events written by Jefferson in extreme old age, brief, cold, and colorless as it is, taken in connection with his numerous letters, official and private, written at the time, will be prized by the individual who will, at length, evolve the French Revolution from the chaos of material in which it is now involved. Unfortunately, Jefferson went too far in extirpating his egotism. He was not vain enough; he was curiously reticent concerning his own part in important events; he instinctively veiled and hid his personality. But for this, he might have found time, in his busy retirement, to compose a history of the Revolution down to the taking of the Bastille, which would have been of imperishable interest. It was not merely that he knew the men and witnessed the events, but he preserved his incredulity, accepted nothing upon mere rumor, and personally investigated occurrences. If a rumor reached him that "three thousand people had fallen in the streets," he and his secretary, Mr. Short, would go to the spot, and, after minute inquiry, reduce the number to "three." He was unwearied in sitting out the interminable sessions of the various assemblies, and thought little of riding to Versailles "to satisfy myself what has passed there, for nothing can be believed but what one sees or has from an eye-witness."

Occasionally his part in events was conspicuous, usually it was unseen, always it was such as became the representative of the United States. On the gathering of the Notables in 1787, his advice to Lafayette was, Not to attempt too much; to aim at securing a recurrence of the Assembly; to vote the king ample supplies in return for irreclaimable concessions; to make the English constitution their model, not as the best conceivable, but the best attainable. "If every advance," said he, "is to be purchased by filling the royal coffers with gold, it will be gold well employed." In the interval be-

tween the Assembly of the Notables of 1787, and the National Assembly of 1789, he was guide, philosopher, and friend to the liberal leaders; giving them numberless dinners and sound instruction in constitutional government; furnishing them with American precedents and English law-books, as well as with summaries and elucidations of his own. One darling object of the Lafayette party was to introduce trial by jury. It was Jefferson who supplied them with a list of works on the subject, and added a brief discourse, in which juries were justified on two grounds: 1. Because in every branch of government, legislative, executive, and judicial, an infusion of the people was necessary to the preservation of purity; 2. The chance of getting justice from a biassed judge was not as good as from a cast of the dice, but from a jury the chance was something better than from a cast of the dice. Hence, trial by jury was a good thing.

The frightful winter of 1788-89, when the mercury in Paris fell to twenty below zero, and the government was obliged to keep vast fires burning in the streets to preserve the poor from freezing, and every family that had anything to spare was called upon for a weekly contribution for the purchase of food, and long *queues* of hunger-stricken women and children besieged every baker's shop, and on cards of invitation to dinner guests were requested to bring their own bread, and the king himself was self-limited to his proper number of ounces, — this fearful season Jefferson was so happy as to be the means of mitigating to the people of France. In the autumn of 1787 it became known to the government that the supply of food was insufficient, and M. Necker asked the American minister to make the fact known in the United States, in order to stimulate the exportation of grain to France. Jefferson wrote to Mr. Jay on the subject, and Mr. Jay caused the letter to be inserted in the newspapers. The result was that France received from America many thousand barrels of flour, —

about thirty-five thousand, as it appears, — enough sensibly to lessen the distress, because the bulk of it arrived late, when the scarcity was extreme.

Wild Mirabeau, acting upon imperfect information, and eager to make a point against the Ministry, charged M. Necker, in one of his harangues, with having refused an *offer* of American flour made by the American minister. Jefferson hastened to defend the government, and contrived to set M. Necker right with the public, without offending Mirabeau. The orator read Jefferson's exculpatory letter to the Assembly, and apologized for the error.

We have seen how susceptible Jefferson was to the spell of oratory, from the time when as a boy he had listened in rapture to the moonlight oration of an Indian chief in the Virginia woods, to the period when the eloquence of Patrick Henry charmed and amazed him in the House of Burgesses. And now in Paris he owned the resistless power of Mirabeau, of whose singular fascination he retained the liveliest recollection as long as he lived. William Wirt and Henry Clay both testified to having heard Mr. Jefferson speak of the peerless sway of that strange being over the minds of men of every class. "He spoke of him," says Wirt, "as uniting two distinct and perfect characters in himself, whenever he pleased: the mere logician, with a mind apparently as sterile and desolate as the sands of Arabia, but reasoning at such times with a Herculean force which nothing could resist; at other times, bursting out with a flood of eloquence more sublime than Milton ever imputed to the cherubim and seraphim, and bearing all before him."

At the supreme moment of the Revolution in July, 1789, the National Assembly paid unique homage, at once to the American people and to their representative. They appointed a committee to draft a constitution, the chairman being the Archbishop of Bordeaux; and this committee formally invited the American minister

to assist at their sessions and favor them with his advice. But, as it was to the king that the plenipotentiary was accredited, he was obliged to decline. He was not, however, to escape so easily. When the constitution was under discussion in the Assembly, article by article, differences of opinion arose which debate could not reconcile, because the opinion of one powerful faction was prompted and supported by interest. Two questions rent the Assembly, at length, into hostile parties: 1. Shall the king have a veto? 2. Shall there be hereditary legislators in France? The nobility put forth all their energies and used all their arts to have both these vital questions answered affirmatively. The popular party were not united on either question; and hence there was widespread fear that the solid, small phalanx of the aristocracy would wrest the constitution to the perpetuation of their power.

In the midst of this alarm, Jefferson received a note from Lafayette, informing him that he should, the next day, bring a party of six or eight friends to dine with him. The hospitable Virginian replied that they would be welcome; and at the time named the party arrived, — just eight in all, including Lafayette. They proved to be leaders on the popular side, devoted to the cause, but unable to agree on the two dividing questions; and Lafayette, taking a hint from the usual tactics of Jefferson, and forgetting his official character, had brought them together in this way for a friendly conference. The dinner passed. The cloth being removed, wine, according to the custom of old Virginia, was for the first time placed upon the table. First eat, then drink, appears to have been the Virginian order. Lafayette introduced the subjects upon which an interchange of opinion was desired, reminded them of the state of things in the Assembly, and dwelt upon the deadly peril of the new-born liberty of France so long as the enemies of liberty were united and its friends

divided. "I have my opinion," said he, "but I am ready to sacrifice it to that of my brethren in the same cause." Some common conclusion, he said, they *must* reach and stand to, or the nobility would carry all before them; and whatever they might now agree upon, he pledged himself to maintain at the head of the National Guard.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Lafayette ceased to speak, and it was ten in the evening when the conference ended. During those six hours, Jefferson says, "I was a silent witness to a coolness and candor of argument unusual in the conflicts of political opinion; to a logical reasoning and chaste eloquence, disfigured by no gaudy tinsel of rhetoric or declamation, and truly worthy of being placed in parallel with the finest dialogues of antiquity." The expedient was successful. Under the happy influence of Jefferson's early, rational dinner, not wholly vitiated by the light wines which he had personally sought among the vineyards of France and Italy, and with minds at once calmed and exalted by his silent, sympathetic presence, the deputies, at last, discovered ground upon which they could all stand. They agreed that the king should have a suspensive veto, and that there should be no hereditary legislators. France should be governed, thenceforth, by a constitutional king, and by one legislative body; the latter elected by the people. Rallying upon these two principles, the liberal party presented a solid front to the aristocrats, and thus controlled the Revolution as long as it was controllable.

During this conference the plenipotentiary had sat "silent" at the head of his table; nor had he had any part in causing the meeting to be held in his house. Nevertheless, he felt that the etiquette of his position had been violated; and, consequently, the next morning, he went to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and explained the circumstances. The information was superfluous. The minister, who, as Jefferson intimates, was in the confidence

of the patriots, had already learned what had passed, and had approved the conference before it was held. He said that, so far from taking umbrage at the use to which Jefferson's house had been put, he earnestly wished that he would habitually attend such conferences, because he was sure he would moderate the warmer spirits and promote attainable reforms only. Jefferson replied that he knew too well the duties he owed to the king, to France, and to the United States to meddle with the internal affairs of the country, and he should preserve carefully the attitude of a neutral and passive spectator, except that his heart's desire would ever be for the prevalence of measures most beneficial to the nation.

During these intense weeks, Jefferson had a foretaste of what he was to experience soon in New York and Philadelphia. He discovered that a man might be an American, a patriot, and a person of great ability and worth, and yet not sympathize at all with this mighty and hopeful movement. Almost every day or two Gouverneur Morris dropped in at the legation for a dinner and a chat with the minister; differing from him in opinion, in sentiment, in sympathy, yet glad of the information he obtained from him, and well affected toward him personally. Mark the difference between the humane and the tory mind! Morris instinctively took sides with the hated aristocrats, associated chiefly with them, lamented their downfall, sympathized deeply with them in all their alarms and sorrows. When he saw the queen of France pass unsaluted by a single voice, he could not help calling upon the bystanders to give her a cheer, and only refrained himself from raising the cry because he remembered in time that he was not a Frenchman. He honestly bewailed the spectacle of the "high Austrian spirit" abased to the point of the queen's bowing low in acknowledgment of one faint cheer. He exulted when the king showed for a moment the *fiercé*

which he deemed proper to "the Bourbon blood." He sent a letter of advice to the queen; and, at a later day, pressed upon the exiled Duke of Orleans a loan of fifteen hundred pounds. Such men as he are so constituted that the brief and shallow distress of a wealthy and picturesque family brings tears to their eyes, while they can calmly accept as inevitable doom the desolation and hopeless anguish of whole provinces of unornamental people. Their sympathies are genuine and acute, but limited. Burke, doubtless, was sorry that France was unhappy; but the downfall and death of one picturesque woman tore his heart and unsettled his mind.

"What is the queen disposed to do in the present situation of things?" Jefferson supposes some one to ask in this same summer of 1789. He answers the question thus: "Whatever rage, pride, and fear can dictate in a breast which never knew the presence of one moral restraint." Again he writes: "The queen cries and sins on." That is, as Madame Campan explains, she had a woman's passion for deep play, and there was no one in France who could stay her hand, no one who could keep her from squandering thousands at a sitting. Ministers lamented that, at such a crisis, France for the first time in ages should be cursed with a king who had the mania to live without a mistress,—a thing extremely inconvenient in a despotic court, because it makes the queen king. A virtuous man has no chance whatever with such a wife as that. Let him be neglectful, contemptuous, dissolute; let him put upon her the ignominy of an avowed mistress; let him be a Louis XV., instead of a Louis XVI.; and she is as submissive as a lamb. "This angel, as gaudily painted in the rhapsodies of Burke," wrote Jefferson, forty years after, "with some smartness of fancy, but no sound sense, was proud, disdainful of restraint, indignant at all obstacles to her will, eager in the pursuit of pleasure, and firm enough to hold to her

desires, or perish in their wreck. Her inordinate gambling and dissipations, with those of the Count d'Artois, and others of her *clique*, had been a sensible item in the exhaustion of the treasury, which called into action the reforming hand of the nation; and her opposition to it, her inflexible perverseness and dauntless spirit, led herself to the guillotine, drew the king on with her, and plunged the world into crimes and calamities which will forever stain the pages of modern history. I have ever believed that, had there been no queen, there would have been no Revolution. No force would have been provoked or exercised." He adds that he would not have voted for the execution of the sovereign. He would have shut the queen up in a convent, and deprived the king only of irresponsible and arbitrary power.

Morris, on the contrary, throws the blame of the subsequent horrors — including both Robespierre and Bonaparte — upon the destruction of the nobility; and in this opinion he lived and died. He wrote thus in his diary, after getting home one evening from Jefferson's house: "Mr. Jefferson and I differ in our systems of politics. He, with all the leaders of liberty here, is desirous of annihilating distinctions of order. How far such views may be right respecting mankind in general is, I think, extremely problematical. But with respect to this nation, I am sure it is wrong, and cannot eventuate well." On the 4th of July, Mr. Jefferson entertained a large party of Americans at dinner, among whom and of whom were M. and Madame de Lafayette. Morris, after dinner, urged Lafayette to preserve, if possible, some constitutional power to the body of nobles, "as the only means of preserving any liberty for the people." Happy the Morris who records in his diary such a remark as this, on the eve of such a period as France was entering in the summer of 1789!

Placed in the midst of all this stir and effervescence, while as yet every-

thing wore a hopeful aspect, — the Bastille in ruins, the people easily triumphant everywhere, and the aristocrats acquiescent, submissive, or in flight, — we cannot wonder that Jefferson found his situation, as he said, too interesting to abandon. He had no thought of abandoning it. Nevertheless, an event had occurred in his household which made it necessary for him to visit Virginia for a short time; and while the Bastille was tumbling, he was impatiently waiting for the arrival of a six months' leave of absence for which he had applied. And there was a member of his family who was waiting for it, perhaps, more impatiently than himself.

When he left Virginia, in 1784, he had three children, — Martha, twelve years of age; Mary, six; and Lucy, two. The eldest he took with him to Paris, where he placed her at a convent school; and the two others he left in Virginia under the care of their aunt, Mrs. Eppes. A few weeks after his arrival in Paris, the intelligence reached him that his youngest daughter, Lucy, a strangely interesting child, had died of whooping-cough, after a week of acute suffering. After this cutting stroke he began to long for the coming of her sister, whom he wished to have educated in Paris. But she was one of the most clingingly affectionate of all children; resembling those vines that we sometimes find in the woods, which cast adhesive tendrils round every object they touch, and can scarcely be disengaged without breaking. She could not hear of leaving her Virginia home without such distress as made her aunt shudder at the thought of sending her away. Her father tried to accustom her mind to the idea of leaving; telling her that he and her sister Martha could not live without her, and that he would soon bring her back to her uncle, aunt, and cousins, whom she was so sorry to leave. "You shall be taught here," he wrote, "to play on the harpsichord, to draw, to dance, to read and talk French, and such other things as will make you more worthy of

the love of your friends." To this he added a temptation more alluring: "You shall have as many dolls and playthings as you want for yourself, or to send to your cousins." He concludes with all the good advice that tender and thoughtful fathers give, with some items less usual: "Never beg for anything," and, "Remember, too, as a constant charge not to go out without your bonnet, because it will make you very ugly, and then we shall not love you so much."

The little girl could not be tempted. She scrawled a brief reply, in which she said that she longed to see her father and her sister, but, "I am sorry you have sent for me. I don't want to go to France; I had rather stay with Aunt Eppes." In two postscripts she strove to impress the same lesson upon her father's mind: "I want to see you and sister Patsy, but you must come to Uncle Eppes's house." The father, however, insisted, because, as he said, his reason told him that the dangers were not great, and the advantages to the child would be considerable. But she must not sail till just the right vessel offered, a good ship, not too new and not too old; nor until the right person was found to take charge of her. "A careful negro woman, as Isabel, for instance, if she has had the small-pox, would suffice under the patronage of a gentleman." When he had mentioned every precaution that the most anxious fondness could suggest, he was still tormented with visions of new dangers. His long and fruitless negotiations with the Algerines called up the most horrible of all his numberless apprehensions. Suppose she were taken into captivity by those pirates, who had already driven the American flag from the Mediterranean, and menaced American commerce in every part of the ocean! The thought preyed upon his mind to such a degree, that he wrote one letter to Mr. Eppes for no other purpose than to beg him once more not to confide the child to an American ship, but "to a French or English vessel having a Mediterranean pass." The possible

peril of his daughter was a stimulant to his diplomatic exertions, and he told Mr. Eppes that if a peace were concluded with the Algerines, *he* should be among the first to hear it. "I pray you," he added, "to believe it from nobody else."

These precautions were not needless; for while the child was upon the ocean, in the spring of 1787, a Virginia ship going to Spain was attacked by a corsair. After an action of an hour and a quarter, the Virginians boarded and took her, bound the pirates with the shackles themselves would have worn if the battle had gone the other way, and so carried them to Virginia. Well might the father say, when he knew that she had sailed, "I shall try not to think of Polly till I hear that she has landed."

He did think of her, however, constantly, and he endeavored to prepare his elder daughter for the duties which the coming of so young a sister would devolve upon her. "She will become," he wrote to her, "a precious charge upon your hands. The difference of your age, and your common loss of a mother, will put that office upon you. Teach her, above all things, to be good, because without that we can neither be valued by others, nor set any value on ourselves." In his advice to his children and nephews, this truth is often repeated: "If ever you find yourself in any difficulty, and doubt how to extricate yourself, *do what is right*, and you will find it the easiest way of getting out of the difficulty." And, again, to his nephew, Peter Carr: "Give up money, give up fame, give up science, give the earth itself, and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act. And never suppose that, in any possible situation or any circumstances, it is best for you to do a dishonorable thing."

She was really coming at length, though to the last moment she clung with all her little heart to her home. No promises, no stratagems, availed to reconcile her to going away. The ship lay at anchor in the river. Her cousins all went on board with her, and re-

mained a day or two, playing about the deck and cabins, and making the ship seem like another home. Then, using the device by which Pocahontas had been taken prisoner in the same waters a hundred and seventy years before, they all left the ship one day while she was asleep; and she awoke to find the sails spread, the familiar shore vanished, her cousins gone, and only her negro maid left of the circle of her home. Her affections then gathered about the captain of the vessel, to whom she became so attached that parting with him, too, was agony. Mrs. Adams received her in London, where she remained two weeks, and won the heart of that estimable lady. "A finer child of her age I never saw," wrote Mrs. Adams. "So mature an understanding, so womanly a behavior, and so much sensibility united, are rarely to be met with. I grew so fond of her, and she was so much attached to me, that, when Mr. Jefferson sent for her, they were obliged to force the little creature away."

It was a strange meeting in Paris between father and child, and between sister and sister. Martha, then a tall and elegant girl of fifteen, had a week's holiday from the convent to meet her sister. The little girl did not know either of them, nor would they have known her. But they were both enchanted with her. Besides being a girl of singular and bewitching beauty both of form and face, she was one of the most artless, unselfish, and loving creatures that ever blessed and charmed a home. Her father was abundantly satisfied with "her reading, her writing, and her manners in general"; and he poured forth eloquent gratitude to Mrs. Eppes for the patient goodness which had borne such fruit in the character and mind of his child. During the week's holiday, Martha took her sister occasionally to the convent, showed her its pleasant gardens and inviting apartments, familiarized her with the place which, as they all thought, was to be her abode for some years. At the end of the week the new-comer went

to the convent to reside, where as "Mademoiselle Polie" she soon became a universal favorite.

Both sisters learned to speak French almost immediately, and soon spoke it as easily as they did English; while the three adult members of the family, Humphries, Short, and Jefferson, when they had been two years in Paris, got on in speaking French not much better than when they landed. So, at least, Jefferson says in one of his letters. It *does* require about two years to begin to be at home in a foreign language; but when you have reached a certain point, familiarity seems to come all at once.

The parent who keeps a daughter at a good specimen of a convent school for more than two years, may count upon her having a fit of desire to become a nun; unless, indeed, the girl has much more or much less understanding than the average. These daughters of Mr. Jefferson were conscientious, affectionate, and sympathetic, lovers of tranquillity, of strong local attachments; but they were not exceptionally endowed with intellect. One day in the spring of 1789, he received a letter from Martha, in which she informed him of her wish to pass her days in the convent in the service of religion. At any time this would have been a startling announcement to such a father; but particular circumstances greatly increased its effect upon him.

Among the young Americans who had been studying in European universities during Jefferson's residence in Paris, was a cousin of his own, Thomas Mann Randolph, known to the public in later years as member of Congress and governor of Virginia. In 1788 he left the University of Edinburgh, and, before returning to Virginia, made the usual tour of Europe, lingering several weeks at the legation in Paris, where he renewed his acquaintance with Martha Jefferson. The little playmate of his boyhood had grown to be a beautiful girl of sixteen; and she, on her part, saw the black-haired boy of her

early recollections transformed into a tall, alert young man, fluent in conversation, and of distinguished bearing. From slight indications in Jefferson's letters of this year, I infer that the youth proposed to the father for the hand of the daughter, and that Jefferson, while approving the match and consenting to it, had not disturbed the school-girl's mind by making the offer known to her. Young Randolph sailed for Virginia in the fall of 1788, and the plenipotentiary, a few weeks after, applied for leave of absence, for the purpose of taking his daughters home. But at home the old government was going out and a new government was coming in; and this was the reason why the leave asked for in November, 1788, did not reach Paris till late in the summer of 1789. During this interval it was that Mr. Jefferson received the letter from his daughter which notified him of her desire to espouse the Church.

He managed this difficult case with prompt and successful tact. He allowed a day or two to pass without noticing the letter. He drove to the convent on the third morning, and after explaining and arranging the matter with the Abbess, asked for his daughters. He received them with somewhat more warmth and tenderness than usual. Without uttering a word of explanation, he simply told them that he had come to take them away from school. As soon as they were ready, they entered the carriage, and were driven home, where they continued their education under masters; and neither then nor ever did a word pass between father and daughter on the subject of her letter. The dream of romantic and picturesque self-annihilation was soon dissipated in the healthy air and honest light of her father's house. She accepted her destiny with the joyous blindness of youth; and instead of the self-abnegation of the convent, so easy and so flattering, she led a life of self-denial which was not romantic nor picturesque, but homely and most real.

Late in August, 1789, the tardy leave of absence arrived, and the family hastened to conclude their preparations for the voyage. There was not much to do. Everything at the legation was to be left unchanged, in the care of Mr. Short, who was to be the official *chargé* till Mr. Jefferson returned. To the last hour of his stay, this most zealous, faithful, and vigilant of ministers continued to render timely and fortunate services to his country's commerce with France, which had grown under his fostering touch from next to nothing to something considerable. It had been happy for him, perhaps, if he had not gone to America then. In Paris, he was in harmony with the prevailing tone. In Paris, his fitness for his place was curiously complete. In Paris, he was sole of his kind; admired, believed in, trusted, liked, beloved. In Paris, with an ocean between him and New York, he might have said *No* to the invitation the acceptance of which changed the current of his life. But it was in his destiny to go, and go he must.

His five years' life in Paris had done much for his general culture, and more for his particular training as a public man. He had become a swift, cool, adroit, thoroughly trained, and perfectly accomplished minister; and this, without ceasing to be a man and a citizen, without hardening and narrowing into the professional diplomatist, without losing his interest or his faith in mankind. We have seen how deeply he was moved, on his arrival in Europe, by the condition of the people; nineteen twentieths of the whole population, as he rashly computed, being more wretched and more hopeless than the most miserable being who could be found in all the length and breadth of America. These first impressions were never effaced. When he had spent years in Europe, his disapproval of its political system — hereditary rank and irresponsible power — remained passionate and unspeakable. Whenever, in his letters or other writings of the time, he touches *that* theme, his style

risers, intensifies, warms ; his words become short and simple, his similes homely and familiar, every phrase betrays heart-felt conviction.

In his numerous contributions of material for the *Encyclopédie* and similar works, he had evidently tried to get into them as much of the genuine republican essence as the censor could be expected to admit. It had been his delight to explain the state of things in America, where, as he said, no distinction between man and man had ever been known, except that conferred by office ; where "the poorest laborer stood on equal ground with the wealthiest millionaire, and generally on a favored one whenever their rights seemed to jar" ; where "a shoemaker or other artisan, removed by the voice of his country into a chair of office, instantly commanded all the respect and obedience which the laws ascribe to his office" ; where, "of distinction by birth or badge, the people had no more idea than they had of the mode of existence in the moon or planets" ; having merely heard there were such, and knowing they must be wrong. Hence, he said, that due horror of the evils flowing from that barbaric system could only be excited in Europe, where "the dignity of man is lost in arbitrary distinctions, where the human species is classed into several stages of degradation, where the many are crushed under the weight of the few, and where the order established can present no other picture than that of God Almighty and his angels trampling under foot the host of the damned."

Such utterances as these — and they abound in his Paris letters — were penned before Buncombe County in North Carolina had been "laid off." They grew from the native elevation of his mind. They attest his high-breeding, as well as his humanity and good sense. The gentleman speaks in them, as well as the citizen ; for to be an American citizen and not feel so, is to be of the Vulgar.

But, in those days, no American could boast of his country's freedom,

without laying himself open to a taunt. Did Jefferson forget that the laborers of his own State were slaves, when he vaunted the equality of its people ? Not always. He confessed the shame of it ; he foretold the ruin enclosed within it. "What an incomprehensible machine is man !" he exclaims, "who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and, the next moment, be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow-men a bondage one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose !" But, then, he threw the burden of delivering the slaves of Virginia upon that convenient resource of self-indulgent mortals, "Providence." An "overruling Providence," he thought, would at length effect what the masters of Virginia ought at once to do. When the measure of the slaves' tears should be full, then, "a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and by diffusing light and liberality among their oppressors, or, at length, by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to the things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of a blind fatality."

To the moment of his departure from Europe, we find him still a warm lover of France, and devoted to the alliance between the two countries. The last letter which he wrote to Madison in Paris contains a passage on the alliance which, coming from the placid Jefferson, we may almost call fiery : —

"When, of two nations, the one has engaged herself in a ruinous war for us, has spent her blood and money to save us, has opened her bosom to us in peace, and received us almost on the footing of her own citizens ; while the other has moved heaven, earth, and hell to exterminate us in war, has insulted us in all her councils in peace, shut her doors to us in every port where her interests would admit it, libelled us in foreign nations, endeavored to poison them against the recep-

tion of our most precious commodities, —to place these two nations on a footing is to give a great deal *more* to one than to the other, if the maxim be true that to make unequal quantities equal, you must add more to one than to the other. To say, in excuse, that gratitude is never to enter into the motives of national conduct, is to revive a principle which has been buried for centuries with the kindred principles of the lawfulness of assassination, poison, and perjury. . . . I know but one code of morality for men, whether acting singly or collectively."

Such was his feeling with regard to France and England in 1789, before there were "Gallicans" or "Anglicans," still less "Gallomaniacs" or "Anglomaniacs," among his countrymen.

And since I am endeavoring to show what manner of mind Thomas Jefferson brought back with him to his native land in 1789, I must allude to another matter. He carried his view of the rights of the individual mind to an extreme which, in that age, had few supporters in his own country. His moral system was strict; his "doxy" was startlingly lax. The advice he gave his nephews on these points when they were college students might be summed up in words like these: Perfect freedom of thinking, but no other freedom! To do right and feel humanely, we are *bound*; it is an honorable bondage, and he is noblest who is most submissive to it; but in matters of opinion it is infamy not to be free. These sentences, among others, he addressed to Peter Carr in college in 1787: —

"Religion. In the first place, divest yourself of all bias in favor of novelty and singularity of opinion. Indulge them on any other subject rather than that of religion. On the other hand, shake off all the fears and servile prejudices under which weak minds are servilely crouched. Fix Reason firmly in her seat, and call to her tribunal every fact, every opinion. Question with boldness even the existence of a God; because,

if there be one, he must more approve of the homage of reason than of blindfolded fear. You will naturally examine, first, the religion of your own country. Read the Bible, then, as you would Livy or Tacitus. For example, in the Book of Joshua we are told the sun stood still for several hours. Were we to read that fact in Livy or Tacitus, we should class it with their showers of blood, speaking of statues, beasts, etc. But it is said that the writer of that book was inspired. Examine, therefore, candidly, what evidence there is of his having been inspired. The pretension is entitled to your inquiry, because millions believe it. On the other hand, you are astronomer enough to know how contrary it is to the law of nature. You will next read the New Testament. It is the history of a personage called Jesus. Keep in your eye the opposite pretensions: 1. Of those who say he was begotten by God, born of a virgin, suspended and reversed the laws of nature at will, and ascended bodily into heaven; and, 2. Of those who say he was a man of illegitimate birth, of a benevolent heart, enthusiastic mind, who set out with pretensions to divinity, ended in believing them, and was punished capitally for sedition by being gibbeted, according to the Roman law, which punished the first commission of that offence by whipping, and the second by exile, or death *in furea*. See this law in Digest, lib. 48, tit. 19, ¶ 28, 3, and Lipsius, lib. 2, de cruce, cap. 2. Do not be frightened from this inquiry by any fear of its consequences. If it ends in a belief that there is no God, you will find incitements to virtue in the comfort and pleasantness you will feel in its exercise, and the love of others which it will procure you. If you find reason to believe there is a God, a consciousness that you are acting under his eye, and that he approves you, will be a vast additional incitement; if that Jesus was also a God, you will be comforted by a belief of his aid and love. Your own reason is the only oracle given you by Heaven, and you are an-

swerable, not for the rightness, but uprightness, of the decision."

Such sentiments as these, which he cherished as long as he lived, were familiar enough then to the educated class of the United States, as of Christendom generally, but they were seldom stated with such uncompromising bluntness as in the passage from which these sentences are selected. He disposed of subtler questions in the same letter with equal abruptness: "Conscience is as much a part of a man as his leg or arm. It is given to all human beings in a stronger or weaker degree, as force of members is given them in a greater or less degree. It may be strengthened by exercise, as may any particular limb of the body."

His long residence in a metropolis had not freed his mind from some provincial prejudices. He shared the common opinion of that age, that virtue was a product of the country, rather than the town, and that farmers were better citizens than mechanics or merchants. He spoke occasionally of mechanics as a class disposed to turbulence, as if he had derived his knowledge of them from Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, rather than from the workshops of his own time. He hoped the period was remote when many of his countrymen would be employed in manufactures; which he evidently regarded, with Franklin, as a kind of necessary evil, or last resource of an over-populated country. But his special aversion was merchants. "Merchants," he wrote, "are the least virtuous citizens, and possess the least *amor patriæ*." The reason why Rhode Island was so difficult, and Connecticut so easy, to be brought to consent to reasonable measures, he thought was this: In Connecticut there was scarcely a man who was not a farmer, and in Rhode Island almost every one was a merchant. All this, which savors of the country gentleman, seems to us of the present day crude and erroneous. Rhode Island might well pause, in 1787, before surrendering control over the business to which she owed her

whole subsistence. Observe a one-eyed man, when splinters are flying, with what anxious vigilance he guards the organ which alone saves him from a lifetime's darkness. Rhode Island's commerce was like that last charge in David Crocket's rifle, when he and the bear were eying one another across the brook.

Such a man was Thomas Jefferson on his departure from France. He had his limits, of course; he had his foibles; he had his faults. But the sum of his worth as a human being was very great, and he had more in him of that which makes the glory and hope of America than any other living creature known to us. American principles he more than believed in: he loved them, and he deemed their prevalence essential to the welfare of man.

What a plague it was to get across the sea eighty years ago! With trunks packed (and their trunks, as Jefferson intimates, were of American number and magnitude), the little family sat at home waiting a whole month for a ship; and, after all, they could do no better than charter one in London to take them in at the Isle of Wight. It was a month of alarm in Paris. The harvest had not relieved the scarcity of food; long *queues* of hungry people streamed still from every baker's shop; and the government itself, perishing of inanition, was obliged to spare a million a week to keep down the price of bread in Paris. Even in that dire extremity, the Protective System shut the ports of France against the food for want of which Frenchmen were dying; and Jefferson spent his last days, and even his last hours, in Paris, in trying to persuade the Ministry to *permit* the importation of salted provisions from the United States! Salt beef, objected the Count de Montmorin, will give people the scurvy. No, replied Jefferson; we eat it in America, and don't have the scurvy. The salt tax will fall off, said the minister. Jefferson could not deny that it might a little; but, on the other hand, it would relieve the government from the ne-

cessity of keeping the price of bread below its value. But, resumed the Count, the people of France will not buy salt meat. Then, replied Jefferson, the merchants won't import it, and no harm will be done. And you cannot make a good soup of it, urged the Count. True, said Jefferson, but it gives a delightful flavor to vegetables. Besides, it will cost only half the price of fresh meat. He convinced the Count de Montmorin, who requested him to propose the measure to M. Necker. But, as he was summoned to join the ship, he could only argue it briefly in a letter to M. Necker, which he left for Mr. Short to deliver and enforce. August 26th, the day on which this letter was written, he and his daughters left Paris for Havre.

He might as well have waited awhile longer. They were detained at Havre ten days, during which he was so fortunate as to effect another practicable breach in the Protective System. American ships bringing cargoes to Havre found nothing to take from France, sometimes, except salt; but salt could only be bought "at a mercantile price," at places on the Loire and Garonne, away round on the Biscay side of France, involving six or eight hundred miles of difficult and perilous coasting. He now obtained from the farmers-general a concession by which American ships could load with salt at Honfleur, opposite Havre, paying only mercantile rates. It made a nice finish to his diplomatic career, this valuable service to the merchants and mariners of his country.

Ten days' further detention at Cowes gave the young ladies an opportunity to ride about the Isle of Wight, to peep into the deep well at Carisbrooke Castle, and stare at the window in the ruins out of which Charles I. looked when he was a prisoner there; perhaps, with comments on the character of the decapitated from their father. Mr. Pitt, it appears, had the politeness to send an order to Cowes exempting the baggage of the voyagers from search; an attention which Miss Jefferson re-

membered with gratitude, she being the member of the party who was most obliged.

Twenty-three days of swift sailing and perfect autumn weather brought the ship into a dense fog off the coast of Virginia. For three days the thick November mist clung to the shore, preventing the captain from getting a glimpse of either cape. At length, trusting only to his calculations, in which, doubtless, a mathematical plenipotentiary had taken part, he stood in boldly, and escaped into Chesapeake Bay, with only a graze and a scare, just in time to avoid a storm that kept some companion vessels a month longer at sea. This, however, was but the beginning of mishaps. In beating up to Norfolk against the rising gale, they were run into by a vessel rushing seaward before the wind, and lost part of their rigging. At Norfolk, two hours after the passengers had landed, and before any of their effects had been taken ashore, the ship caught fire. The flames gained such headway, that the captain was on the point of scuttling the vessel. But, at last, through the exertions of every sailor in port, the fire was got under, without damage to the papers of the minister or the daintier effects of his daughters. Nothing saved them but the thickness of the trunks, for the heat was so great in the state-rooms that the powder in a musket standing in one of them was silently consumed.

Norfolk, which had been burned to the last house during the war, was little more than a village of shanties, when Jefferson and his daughters landed there, November 18, 1789. They would have been puzzled to find shelter, as the only inn in the town was full, but for the generosity of its inmates, who insisted on giving up their rooms to them. On the very day of his landing Jefferson read in a newspaper that President Washington had appointed him Secretary of State. "I made light of it," he wrote soon after to a lady in Paris, "supposing I had only to say *No*, and there would be an end of it."

In all Virginia, there was scarcely such a thing at that time as a public conveyance. Friends, however, lent the party horses, and they journeyed homeward in the delightfully slow, easy, social manner of the time, stopping at every friend's house on and near their road. They were ten days or more in getting as far as Richmond. The Legislature was in session, many of Jefferson's old colleagues being present. They could not let him pass through the capital of his native State without some mark of their regard. On the 7th of December, 1789, the House of Delegates appointed a committee of THIRTEEN members,—sacred number!—with Patrick Henry for chairman, to congratulate him on his return, and to assure him of their esteem for “his character and public services.” The committee waited upon him and communicated the resolution of the House. His reply was in the taste of the period:—

“I RECEIVE, with humble gratitude, gentlemen, the congratulations of the Honorable the House of Delegates on my return; and I beg leave, through you, to present them my thanks and dutiful respects. Could any circumstance heighten my affection to my native country, it would be the indulgence with which they view my feeble efforts to serve it, and the esteem with which they are pleased to honor me. I shall hope to merit a continuance of their goodness, by obeying the impulse of a zeal of which public good is the first object, and public esteem the highest reward. Permit me, gentlemen, for a moment, to separate from my general thanks the special ones I owe to you, the organs of so flattering a communication.”

Resuming their journey, they arrived early in December at the mansion of Uncle Eppes in Chesterfield County, the happy home of Mary Jefferson's childhood. Here they halted for many days. It was at this place that Jefferson received the official announcement of his appointment as Secretary of State. A gentleman from New York

overtook him at Eppington, bearing his commission signed by the President; also a letter from the President cordially inviting him to accept the place, yet giving him his choice to return to Paris if he preferred to do so. It was evident that General Washington expected him to accept. Mr. Jefferson's reply was such as became the citizen of a Republic. He told the President that he preferred to remain in the office he then held, the duties of which he knew and felt equal to, rather than undertake a place the duties of which were more difficult and much more extensive. “But,” he added, “it is not for an individual to choose his post. You are to marshal us as may be best for the public good.” Therefore, if the President, after learning his decided preference to return to France, still thought it best to transfer him to New York, “my inclination must be no obstacle.”

They were six weeks in reaching home. Two days before Christmas—a joyful time of year everywhere, but nowhere, perhaps, quite so hilarious as in the Virginia of that generation—all was expectation at Monticello. The house had been made ready. The negroes, to whom a holiday had been given, all came in from the various farms of the estate, dressed in their cleanest attire, and the women wearing their brightest turbans, and gathered early in the day about the house. Their first thought was to meet the returning family at the foot of the mountain, and thither they moved in a body, men, women, and children, long before there was any reason to expect them. As the tedious hours passed, the more eager of the crowd walked on, and these being followed by the rest, there was a straggling line of them a mile or two in length. Late in the afternoon, the most advanced descried a carriage at Shadwell, drawn by four horses, with postilions, in the fashion of the time. The exulting shout was raised. All ran forward, and soon the whole crowd huddled round the vehicle, pulling, pushing, crying, cheering,

until it reached the steep ascent of the mountain, where the slackened pace gave them the opportunity they desired. In spite of the master's entreaties and commands, they took off the horses and drew the carriage at a run up the mountain, and round the lawn to the door of the house.

It was no easy matter to alight. Mr. Jefferson swam in a tumultuous sea of black arms and faces from the carriage to the steps of the portico. Some kissed his hands, others his feet; some cried, others laughed; all tried at least to touch him. Not a word could be heard above the din. But when the young ladies appeared, when Martha, whom they had last seen a child of eleven, stepped forth a woman grown, in all the glorious lustre of youth, beauty, and joy, and when Mary followed, a sylph in form, face, and step, they all fell apart, and made a lane for them to pass, holding up their children to see them, and uttering many a cry of rapturous approval. The father and daughters entered the house at length; the carriage rolled away; the negroes went off chattering to their quarters; and there was quiet again at Monticello. "Such a scene," wrote Martha Jefferson, long after, "I never witnessed in my life." As late as 1851, Mr. Randall heard a vivid description of it at Monticello from an aged negro who was one of the boys of the joyful crowd.

The merry Christmas passed. One of the first visitors from beyond the immediate neighborhood was James Madison, who was about starting for New York to attend Congress. General Washington, it seems, had requested him to call at Monticello and ascertain more exactly the state of Mr. Jefferson's mind with regard to the appointment. "I was sorry," Madison wrote to the President, January 4, 1790, "to find him so little biassed in favor of the domestic service allotted him, but was glad that his difficulties seemed to result chiefly from what I take to be an erroneous view of the kind and quantity of business." To

the foreign department alone he felt equal; but he dreaded the new and unknown duties which had been annexed to that. Upon receiving this information, the President wrote again to Jefferson. The new business he thought, would not be arduous, and if it should prove so, doubtless Congress would apply a remedy. The office, in the President's opinion, was very important on many accounts, and he knew of no one who could better execute it. He added a remark sure to have great weight with Jefferson, as, indeed, it ought: "In order that you may be better prepared to make your ultimate decision on good grounds, I think it necessary to add one fact, which is this, that your late appointment has given very extensive and very great satisfaction to the public." Still the President would not urge acceptance. He merely said, with regard to his own feelings, "My original opinion and wish may be collected from my nomination." Jefferson yielded without further parley. "I no longer hesitate," he wrote, February 11, "to undertake the office to which you are pleased to call me." So Mr. Short had to break up the establishment at Paris, and send home the accumulated treasures of five years' haunting of Paris bookstalls and curiosity-shops.

The day after accepting office, a committee of his old constituents of Albemarle arrived at Monticello, and presented an address of congratulation and commendation. It was unusually cordial and interesting. They sketched his whole public career with approval, and felicitated themselves upon the fact that it was they who had introduced him to public life. Above all his other services they extolled "the strong attachment he had always shown to the rights of mankind, and to those institutions that were best calculated to preserve them." Much as they should like to enjoy his services again, they assured him that they were too much attached to the common interests of their country, and too sensible of his

merit, not to unite with the general voice that called him "to continue in her councils." In his reply, he again seized the opportunity to recall attention to first principles. The favor of his neighbors, he said, was indeed "the door through which he had been ushered on the stage of public life"; and, after becoming reference to this circumstance, he added these words, which contain the chief article of his political creed:—

"We have been fellow-laborers and fellow-sufferers; and Heaven has rewarded us with a happy issue from our struggles. It rests now with ourselves alone to enjoy in peace and concord the blessings of self-government, so long denied to mankind; to show by example the sufficiency of human reason for the care of human affairs; and that the will of the majority, the natural law of every society, is the only sure guardian of the rights of man. Perhaps even this may sometimes err; but its errors are honest, solitary, and short-lived. Let us then, my dear friends, forever bow down to the general reason of the society. We are safe with that, even in its deviations, for it soon returns again to the right way."

The lovers, meanwhile, were improving their time. February 23, 1790, the wedding occurred at Monticello. The clergyman who performed the ceremony was Mr. Maury, son of Jefferson's schoolmaster. Young Randolph was heir to large estates, and the pair, after living awhile at Monticello, settled on land in the neighborhood. For a single week Jefferson witnessed and shared the happiness of his children; and then, in obedience to General Washington's urgent desire, he set out for New York. The President had already kept the office six months for him; business was accumulating; he might well be a little impatient to see his Secretary of State.

What a journey Jefferson had of it in the wet and stormy March of 1790! Twenty-one days of hard travel, including brief rests at Richmond, Alexan-

dria, Baltimore, and Philadelphia! Delightful as old-fashioned travel may have been to a home-returning plenipotentiary, leisure being abundant and the season propitious, it was misery to a Secretary of State overdue, in chill and oozy March, at a point four hundred miles distant. He sent his carriage round to Alexandria in advance, intending to go in it the rest of the way. At that ancient and flourishing port, where he paused one day, he received an address from the mayor and citizens; from which we learn that his labors in behalf of commerce had become known to parties interested. The Alexandrians, besides approving his exertions in "the sacred cause of freedom," had a word of thanks for "the indulgences which his enlightened representations to the court of France had secured to their trade"; adding these words: "You have freed commerce from its shackles, and destroyed the first essay made in this country towards establishing a monopoly." The last remark was aimed, probably, at British merchants and their resident agents, who still had a tight grip upon Virginia estates, and did not want any Virginia ships to go to Havre. Jefferson waived this compliment with his usual excess of modesty, but did not refrain from a sentence or two upon general politics:—

"Convinced that the republican is the only form of government which is not eternally at open or secret war with the rights of mankind, my prayers and efforts shall be cordially contributed to the support of that we have so happily established. . . . It is, indeed, an animating thought that, while we are securing the rights of ourselves and our posterity, we are pointing out the way to struggling nations, who wish, like us, to emerge from their tyrannies also. Heaven help their struggles, and lead them, as it has done us, triumphantly through them!"

All this was cordial to the people of that day, who had scarcely heard, as yet, that there were Americans who felt otherwise. No one could say, in

March, 1790, that it was the partisan who spoke such words.

During the night of his stay at Alexandria, a late winter storm covered the ground with snow to the depth of eighteen inches. He therefore left his carriage to be sent round by sea, and took a place in the stage, his horses being led and ridden after him by his servants. So bad were the roads that the lumbering vehicle, as he wrote back to his son-in-law, "could never go more than three miles an hour, sometimes not more than two, and in the night but one." During the few hours of his stay at Philadelphia, he had his last interview with Dr. Franklin, who was then on the bed from which he was to be borne, a month after, to his coffin. The old man, whose mental faculties seemed to remain undiminished to the last, listened with flushed face to Jefferson's narrative of all that had occurred lately in France. He asked eagerly what part his friends there had taken, what had been their course amid the torrent of events, and what their fate. Jefferson had volumes to impart to him, and Franklin was almost exhausted by the

intensity of his interest in what he heard.

Sunday, March 21, 1790, "after as laborious a journey as I ever went through," Jefferson reached New York. A paragraph of a line and a half in the principal newspaper of the town announced his arrival; but, as he attacked immediately the accumulated business of his office, his name soon begins to appear at the end of public documents below that of "G. Washington." The amount of work in prospect was a little alarming. Finding no suitable house vacant in "the Broadway," he hired a small one, No. 57 Maiden Lane, while he could look about him; for it was his habit and intention to keep house in comfortable style. Hamilton lived in Pine Street, where so many lawyers still labor, but not live; and Colonel Aaron Burr was plodding at the law in Nassau Street, near Wall, where he had a large garden and grapery. Jefferson appears to have startled mankind by continuing at first to wear his French clothes, even red breeches and red waistcoat, the fashion in Paris.

James Parton.

IDLENESS.

AND slow and slower still, day after day,
 Come the sad hours with beauteous upturned eyes
 Gleaming with hopes I may not realize,
 And seeming in their earnestness to say
 Entreatingly: "O send us not away
 All empty-handed as we came: arise,
 Give us at least, some promise we shall prize
 To be fulfilled though after long delay."
 And I, although I weep to see them pass
 With lingering pace and disappointed look,
 Am lifeless as a statue bound with brass,
 And listless as an open, loose-leaved book,
 Turned by the wind; yea, passive as the grass,
 Weak as the wavelet of a summer brook.

J. Logie Robertson.

GUEST'S CONFESSION.

IN TWO PARTS: PART SECOND.

IV.

MY situation, as I defined it to Crawford, was not purely delightful. Close upon my perception of the state of my heart followed an oppressive sense of the vanity of my pretensions. I had cut the ground from under my feet; to offer myself to Miss Guest would be to add insult to injury. I may truly say, therefore, that, for a couple of days, this manifest passion of mine rather saddened than exalted me. For a dismal forty-eight hours I left the two ladies unvisited. I even thought of paying a supreme tribute to delicacy and taking a summary departure. Some day, possibly, Miss Guest would learn with grief and scorn what her father had to thank me for; and then later, as resentment melted into milder conjecture, she would read the riddle of my present conduct and do me justice, — guess that I had loved her, and that, to punish myself, I had renounced her forever. This fantastic magnanimity was followed by a wholesome reaction. I was punished enough, surely, in my regret and shame; and I wished now not to suffer, but to act. Viewing the matter reasonably, she need never learn my secret; if by some cruel accident she should, the favor I had earned would cover that I had forfeited. I stayed, then, and tried to earn this precious favor; but I encountered an obstacle more serious, I fancied, than even her passionate contempt would have been, — her serene and benevolent indifference. Looking back at these momentous days, I get an impression of a period of vague sentimental ferment and trouble, rather than of definite utterance and action; though I believe that by a singular law governing human conduct in certain cases, the very modesty and humility

of my passion expressed itself in a sort of florid and hyperbolical gallantry; so that, in so far as my claims were inadmissible, they might pass, partly as a kind of compensatory homage, and partly as a jest. Miss Guest refused to pay me the compliment of even being discomposed, and pretended to accept my addresses as an elaborate device for her amusement. There was a perpetual assurance in her tone of her not regarding me as a serious, much less as a dangerous, man. She could not have contrived a more effective irritant to my resolution; and I confess there were certain impatient moods when I took a brutal glee in the thought that it was not so very long since, on a notable occasion, my presence had told. In so far as I *was* serious, Miss Guest frankly offered to accept me as a friend, and laughingly intimated, indeed, that with a little matronly tuition of her dispensing, I might put myself into condition to please some simple maiden in her flower. I was an excellent, honest fellow; but I was excessively young and — as she really wished to befriend me, she would risk the admonition — I was decidedly frivolous. I lacked “character.” I was fairly clever, but I was more clever than wise. I liked overmuch to listen to my own tongue. I had done nothing; I was idle; I had, by my own confession, never made an effort; I was too rich and too indolent; in my very good-nature there was nothing moral, no hint of principle; in short, I was — boyish. I must forgive a woman upon whom life had forced the fatal habit of discrimination. I suffered this genial scepticism to expend itself freely, for her candor was an enchantment. It was all true enough. I had been indolent and unambitious; I had made no effort; I had lived in vulgar ignorance and ease;

I had in a certain frivolous fashion tried life at first hand, but my shallow gains had been in proportion to my small hazards. But I was neither so young nor so idle as she chose to fancy, and I could at any rate prove I was constant. Like a legendary suitor of old, I might even slay my dragon. A monstrous accident stood between us, and to dissipate its evil influence would be a fairly heroic feat.

Mr. Guest's absence was prolonged from day to day, and Laura's tone of allusion to her father tended indeed to make a sort of invincible chimera of her possible discovery of the truth. This fond filial reference only brought out the more brightly her unlikeness to him. I could as little fancy her doing an act she would need to conceal as I could fancy her arresting exposure by a concession to dishonor. If I was a friend, I insisted on being a familiar one; and while Mrs. Beck and her cousin floated away on perilous waters, we dabbled in the placid shallows of disinterested sentiment. For myself, I sent many a longing glance toward the open sea, but Laura remained firm in her preference for the shore. I encouraged her to speak of her father, for I wished to hear all the good that could be told of him. It sometimes seemed to me that she talked of him with a kind of vehement tenderness designed to obscure, as it were, her inner vision. Better—had she said to herself?—that she should talk fond nonsense about him than that she should harbor untender suspicions. I could easily believe that the poor man was a most lovable fellow, and could imagine how, as Laura judged him in spite of herself, the sweet allowances of a mother had grown up within the daughter. One afternoon Mrs. Beck brought forth her photograph-book, to show to her cousin. Suddenly, as he was turning it over, she stayed his hand and snatched one of the pictures from its place. He tried to recover it and a little tussle followed, in the course of which she escaped, ran to Miss Guest, and thrust

the photograph into her hand. "You keep it," she cried; "he's not to see it." There was a great crying out from Crawford about Mrs. Beck's inconstancy and his *right* to see the picture, which was cut short by Laura's saying with some gravity that it was too childish a romp for a man of forty and a woman of—thirty! Mrs. Beck allowed us no time to relish the irony of this attributive figure; she caused herself to be pursued to the other end of the garden, where the amorous frolic was resumed over the following pages of the album. "Who is it?" I asked. Miss Guest, after a pause, handed me the card.

"Your father!" I cried precipitately.

"Ah, you've seen him?" she asked.

"I know him by his likeness to you."

"You prevent my asking you, as I meant, if he does n't look like a dear good man. I do wish he'd drop his stupid business and come back."

I took occasion hereupon to ascertain whether she suspected his embarrassments. She confessed to a painful impression that something was wrong. He had been out of spirits for many days before his return to town; nothing indeed but mental distress could have affected his health, for he had a perfect constitution. "If it comes to that," she went on, after a long silence, and looking at me with an almost intimate confidence, "I wish he would give up business altogether. All the business in the world, for a man of his open, joyous temper, does n't pay for an hour's depression. I can't bear to sit by and see him imbibed and spoiled by this muddle of stocks and shares. Nature made him a happy man; I insist on keeping him so. We are quite rich enough, and we need nothing more. He tries to persuade me that I have expensive tastes, but I've never spent money but to please him. I have a lovely little dream which I mean to lay before him when he comes back; it's very cheap, like all dreams, and more practicable than most. He's to give up

business and take me abroad. We're to settle down quietly somewhere in Germany, in Italy, I don't care where, and I'm to study music seriously. I'm never to marry; but as he grows to be an old man, he's to sit by a window, with his cigar, looking out on the Arno or the Rhine, while I play Beethoven and Rossini."

"It's a very pretty programme," I answered, "though I can't subscribe to certain details. But do you know," I added, touched by a forcible appeal to sympathy in her tone, "although you refuse to believe me anything better than an ingenuous fool, this liberal concession to my interest in your situation is almost a proof of respect."

She blushed a little, to my great satisfaction. "I surely respect you," she said, "if you come to that! Otherwise we should hardly be sitting here so simply. And I think, too," she went on, "that I speak to you of my father with peculiar freedom, because — because, somehow, you remind me of him." She looked at me as she spoke with such penetrating candor that it was my turn to blush. "You are genial, and gentle, and essentially honest, like him; and like him," she added with a half-smile, "you're addicted to saying a little more than it would be fair to expect you to stand to. You ought to be very good friends. You'll find he has your own *jeunesse de cœur*."

I murmured what I might about the happiness of making his acquaintance; and then, to give the conversation a turn, and really to test the force of this sympathetic movement of hers, I boldly mentioned my fancy that he was an admirer of Mrs. Beck. She gave me a silent glance, almost of gratitude, as if she needed to unburden her heart. But she did so in few words. "He does admire her," she said. "It's my duty, it's my pleasure, to respect his illusions. But I confess to you that I hope this one will fade." She rose from her seat and we joined our companions; but I fancied, for a week afterwards, that she treated me with a

certain gracious implication of deference. Had I ceased to seem boyish? I struck a truce with urgency and almost relished the idea of being patient.

A day or two later, Mr. Guest's "illusions" were put before me in a pathetic light. It was a Sunday; the ladies were at church, and Crawford and I sat smoking on the piazza. "I don't know how things are going with you," he said; "you're either perfectly successful or desperately resigned. But unless it's rather plainer sailing than in my case, I don't envy you. I don't know where I am, anyway! She will and she won't. She may take back her word once too often, I can tell her that! You see, she has two strings to her bow. She likes my money, but she doesn't like *me*. Now, it's all very well for a woman to relish a fortune, but I'm not prepared to have my wife despise — my *person*!" said Crawford with feeling. "The alternative, you know, is Mr. Guest, that girl's father. I suppose he's handsome, and a wit, and a dandy; though I must say an old dandy, to my taste, is an old fool. She tells me a dozen times an hour that he's a fascinating man. I suppose if I were to leave her alone for a week, I might seem a fascinating man. I wish to heaven she was n't so confoundedly taking. I can't give her up; she amuses me too much. There was once a little actress in Galveston, but Clara beats that girl! If I could only have gone in for some simple wholesome girl who does n't need to count on her fingers to know the state of her heart!"

That evening as we were gathered in the garden, poor Crawford approached Laura Guest with an air of desperate gallantry, as if from a desire to rest from the petty torment of Mrs. Beck's sentimental mutations. Laura liked him, and her manner to him had always been admirable in its almost sisterly frankness and absence of provoking arts; yet I found myself almost wondering, as they now strolled about the garden together, whether there was

any danger of this sturdy architect of his own fortunes putting out my pipe. Mrs. Beck, however, left me no chance for selfish meditation. Her artless and pointless prattle never lacked a purpose; before you knew it she was, in vulgar parlance, "pumping" you, trying to pick your pocket of your poor little receipt for prosperity. She took an intense delight in imaginatively bettering her condition, and one was forced to carry bricks for her castles in the air.

"You need n't be afraid of my cousin," she said, laughing, as I followed his red cigar-tip along the garden-paths. "He admires Laura altogether too much to make love to her. There's modesty! Don't you think it's rather touching in a man with a million of dollars? I don't mind telling you that he has made love to me, that being no case for modesty. I suppose you'll say that my speaking of it is. But what's the use of being an aged widow, if one can't tell the truth?"

"There's comfort in being an aged widow," I answered gallantly, "when one has two offers a month."

"I don't know what you know about my offers; but even two swallows don't make a summer! However, since you've mentioned the subject, tell me frankly what you think of poor Crawford. Is he at all presentable? You see I like him, I esteem him, and I'm afraid of being blinded by my feelings. Is he so dreadfully rough? You see I like downright simple manliness and all that; but a little polish does no harm, even on fine gold. I do wish you'd take hold of my poor cousin and teach him a few of the amenities of life. I'm very fond of the amenities of life; it's very frivolous and wicked, I suppose, but I can't help it. I have the misfortune to be sensitive to ugly things. Can one really accept a man who wears a green cravat? Of course you can make him take it off; but you'll be knowing all the while that he pines for it, that he would put it on if he could. Now that's a symbol of that dear, kind,

simple fellow, — a heart of gold, but a green cravat! I've never heard a word of wisdom about that matter yet. People talk about the sympathy of souls being the foundation of happiness in marriage. It's pure nonsense. It's not the great things, but the little, that we dispute about, and the chances are terribly against the people who have a different taste in colors."

It seemed to me that, thus ardently invoked, I might hazard the observation, "Mr. Guest would never wear a green cravat."

"What do you know about Mr. Guest's cravats?"

"I've seen his photograph, you know."

"Well, you do him justice. You should see him in the life. He looks like a duke. I never saw a duke, but that's my notion of a duke. Distinction, you know; perfect manners and tact and wit. If I'm right about it's being perfection in small things that assures one's happiness, I might — well, in two words, I might be very happy with Mr. Guest!"

"It's Crawford and soul, then," I proposed, smiling, "or Guest and manners!"

She looked at me a moment, and then with a toss of her head and a tap of her fan, "You wretch!" she cried, "you want to make me say something very ridiculous. I'll not pretend I'm not worldly. I'm excessively worldly. I always make a point of letting people know it. Of course I know very well my cousin's rich, and that so long as he's good he's none the worse for that. But in my quiet little way I'm a critic, and I look at things from a high ground. I compare a rich man who is simply a good fellow to a perfect gentleman who has simply a nice little fortune. Mr. Guest has a nice property, a very nice property. I should n't have to make over my old bonnets. You may ask me if I'm not afraid of Laura. But you'll marry Laura and carry her off!"

I found nothing to reply for some

moments to this little essay in "criticism"; and suddenly Mrs. Beck, fancying perhaps that she was indiscreetly committing herself, put an end to our interview. "I'm really very kind," she cried, "to be talking so graciously about a lover who leaves me alone for a month and never even drops me a line. It's not such good manners after all. If you're not jealous of Mr. Crawford, I am of Miss Guest. We'll go down and separate them."

Miss Guest's repose and dignity were decidedly overshadowed. I brought her the next afternoon a letter from the post-office, superscribed in a hand I knew, and wandered away while she sat in the garden and read it. When I came back she looked strangely sad. I sat down near her and drew figures in the ground with the end of her parasol, hoping that she would do me the honor to communicate her trouble. At last she rose in silence, as if to return to the house. I begged her to remain. "You're in distress," I said, speaking as calmly and coldly as I could, "and I hoped it might occur to you that there is infinite sympathy close at hand. Instead of going to your own room to cry, why not stay here and talk of it with me?"

She gave me a brilliant, searching gaze; I met it steadily and felt that I was turning pale with the effort not to obey the passionate impulse of self-denunciation. She began slowly to walk away from the house, and I felt that a point was gained. "It's your father, of course," I said. It was all I could say. She silently handed me his unfolded letter. It ran as follows:—

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER:—I have sold the house and everything in it, except your piano and books, of course at a painful sacrifice. But I needed ready money. Forgive your poor blundering, cruel father. My old luck has left me; but only *trust me*, and we shall be happy again."

Her eyes, fortunately, were wandering while I read; for I felt myself blushing to my ears.

"It's not the loss of the house," she said at last; "though of course we were fond of it. I grew up there,—my mother died there. It's the trouble it indicates. Poor dear father! Why does he talk of 'luck'? I detest the word! Why does he talk of forgiving him and trusting him? There's a wretched tone about it all. If he would only come back and let me look at him!"

"Nothing is more common in business," I answered, "than a temporary embarrassment demanding ready money. Of course it must be met at a sacrifice. One throws a little something overboard to lighten the ship, and the ship sails ahead. As for the loss of the house, nothing could be better for going to Italy, you know. You've no excuse left for staying here. If your father will forgive me the interest I take in his affairs, I strongly recommend his leaving business and its sordid cares. Let him go abroad and forget it all."

Laura walked along in silence, and I led the way out of the garden into the road. We followed it slowly till we reached the little chapel. The sexton was just leaving it, shouldering the broom with which he had been sweeping it for the morrow's services. I hailed him and gained his permission to go in and try the organ, assuring him that we were experts. Laura said that she felt in no mood for music; but she entered and sat down in one of the pews. I climbed into the gallery and attacked the little instrument. We had had no music since our first meeting, and I felt an irresistible need to recall the circumstances of that meeting. I played in a simple fashion, respectably enough, and fancied, at all events, that by my harmonious fingers I could best express myself. I played for an hour, in silence, choosing what I would, without comment or response from my companion. The summer twilight overtook us; when it was getting too dark to see the keys, I rejoined Miss Guest. She rose and came into the aisle.

"You play very well," she said, simply; "better than I supposed."

Her praise was sweet; but sweeter still was a fancy of mine that I perceived in the light gloom just the glimmer of a tear. "In this place," I said, "your playing once moved me greatly. Try and remember the scene distinctly."

"It's easily remembered," she answered, with an air of surprise.

"Believe, then, that when we parted, I was already in love with you."

She turned away abruptly. "Ah, my poor music!"

The next day, on my arrival, I was met by Mrs. Beck, whose pretty forehead seemed clouded with annoyance. With her own fair hand she buttonholed me. "You apparently," she said, "have the happiness to be in Miss Guest's confidence. What on earth is going on in New York? Laura received an hour ago a letter from her father. I found her sitting with it in her hand as cheerful as a Quakeress in meeting. 'Something's wrong, my dear,' I said; 'I don't know what. In any case, be assured of my sympathy.' She gave me the most extraordinary stare. 'You'll be interested to know,' she said, 'that my father has lost half his property.' Interested to know! I verily believe the child meant an impertinence. What is Mr. Guest's property to me? Has he been speculating? Stupid man!" she cried, with vehemence.

I made a brief answer. I discovered Miss Guest sitting by the river, in pale contemplation of household disaster. I asked no questions. She told me of her own accord that her father was to return immediately, "to make up a month's sleep," she added, glancing at his letter. We spoke of other matters, but before I left her, I returned to this one. "I wish you to tell your father this," I said. "That there is a certain gentleman here, who is idle, indolent, ignorant, frivolous, selfish. That he has certain funds for which he is without present use. That he places them at Mr. Guest's absolute

disposal in the hope that they may partially relieve his embarrassment." I looked at Laura as I spoke and watched her startled blush deepen to crimson. She was about to reply; but before she could speak, "Don't forget to add," I went on, "that he hopes his personal faults will not prejudice Mr. Guest's acceptance of his offer, for it is prompted by the love he bears his daughter."

"You must excuse me," Laura said, after a pause. "I had rather not tell him this. He would not accept your offer."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I should n't allow him."

"And why not, pray? Don't you, after all, like me well enough to suffer me to do you so small a service?"

She hesitated; then gave me her hand with magnificent frankness. "I like you too well to suffer you to do me just that service. We take that from *les indifferents*."

V.

Before the month was out, Edgar had quarrelled with the healing waters of L—. His improvement had been most illusory; his old symptoms had returned in force, and though he now railed bitterly at the perfidious spring and roundly denounced the place, he was too ill to be moved away. He was altogether confined to his room. I made a conscience of offering him my company and assistance, but he would accept no nursing of mine. He would be tended by no one whom he could not pay for his trouble and enjoy a legal right to grumble at. "I expect a nurse to *be* a nurse," he said, "and not a fine gentleman, waiting on me in gloves. It would be fine work for me, lying here, to have to think twice whether I might bid you not to breathe so hard." Nothing had passed between us about John Guest, though the motive for silence was different on each side. For Edgar, I fancied, our interview with him was a matter too solemn for frequent allusion; for me it

was a detestable thought. But wishing now to assure myself that, as I supposed, he had paid his ugly debt, I asked Edgar, on the evening I had extorted from Miss Guest those last recorded words of happy omen, whether he had heard from our friend in New York. It was a very hot night; poor Edgar lay sweltering under a sheet, with open windows. He looked pitifully ill, and yet somehow more intensely himself than ever. He drew a letter from under his pillow. "This came to-day," he said. "Stevens writes me that Guest yesterday paid down the twenty thousand dollars in full. It's quick work. I hope he's not robbed Peter to pay Paul."

"Mr. Guest has a conscience," I said; and I thought bitterly of the reverse of the picture. "I'm afraid he has half ruined himself to do it."

"Well, ruin for ruin, I prefer his. I've no doubt his affairs have gone to the dogs. The affairs of such a man must, sooner or later! I believe, by the way, you've been cultivating the young lady. What does the papa say to that?"

"Of course," I said, without heeding his question, "you've already enclosed him the — the little paper."

Edgar turned in his bed. "Of course I've done no such thing!"

"You mean to keep it?" I cried.

"Of course I mean to keep it. Where else would be his punishment?"

There was something vastly grotesque in the sight of this sickly little mortal erecting himself among his pillows as a dispenser of justice, an appraiser of the wages of sin; but I confess that his attitude struck me as more cruel even than ludicrous. I was disappointed. I had certainly not expected Edgar to be generous, but I had expected him to be just, and in the heat of his present irritation he was neither. He was angry with Guest for his excessive promptitude, which had given a sinister twist to his own conduct. "Upon my word," I cried, "you're a veritable Shylock!"

"And you're a veritable fool! Is it set down in the bond that I'm to give it up to him? The thing's mine, to have and to hold forever. The scoundrel would be easily let off indeed! This bit of paper in my hands is to keep him in order and prevent his being too happy. The thought will be wholesome company, — a *memento mori* to his vanity."

"He's to go through life, then, with possible exposure staring him in the face?"

Edgar's great protuberant eyes expanded without blinking. "He has committed his fate to Providence."

I was revolted. "You may have the providential qualities, but you have not the gentlemanly ones, I formally protest. But, after a decent delay, he'll of course demand the document."

"Demand it? He shall have it then, with a vengeance!"

"Well, I wash my hands of further complicity! I shall inform Mr. Guest that I count for nothing in this base negation of his right."

Edgar paused a moment to stare at me in my unprecedented wrath. Then making me a little ironical gesture of congratulation, "Inform him of what you please. I hope you'll have a pleasant talk over it! You made rather a bad beginning, but who knows, if you put your heads together to abuse me, you may end as bosom friends! I've watched you, sir!" he suddenly added, propping himself forward among his pillows; "you're in love!" I may wrong the poor fellow, but it seemed to me that in these words he discharged the bitterness of a lifetime. He too would have hoped to please, and he had lived in acrid assent to the instinct which told him such hope was vain. In one way or another a man pays his tax to manhood. "Yes, sir, you're grossly in love! What do I know about love, you ask? I know a drivelling lover when I see him. You've made a clever choice. Do you expect John Guest to give the girl away? He's a good-natured man, I know; but really, considering your

high standard of gentlemanly conduct, you ask a good deal."

Edgar had been guilty on this occasion of a kind of reckless moral self-exposure, which seemed to betray a sense that he should never need his reputation again. I felt as if I were standing by something very like a death-bed, and forbearingly, without rejoinder, I withdrew. He had simply expressed more brutally, however, my own oppressive belief that the father's aversion stood darkly massed in the rear of the daughter's indifference. I had, indeed, for the present, the consolation of believing that with Laura the day of pure indifference was over; and I tried hard to flatter myself that my position was tenable in spite of Mr. Guest. The next day as I was wandering on the hotel piazza, communing thus sadly with my hopes, I met Crawford, who, with his hands in his pockets and his hat on the bridge of his nose, seemed equally a sullen probationer of fate.

"I'm going down to join our friends," I said; "I expected to find you with them."

He gave a gloomy grin. "My nose is out of joint," he said; "Mr. Guest has come back." I turned pale, but he was too much engaged with his own trouble to observe it. "What do you suppose my cousin is up to? She had agreed to drive with me and I had determined to come home, once for all, engaged or rejected. As soon as she heard of Guest's arrival, she threw me overboard and tripped off to her room, to touch up her curls. Go down there now and you'll find her shaking them at Mr. Guest. By the Lord, sir, she can whistle for me now! If there was a decently good-looking woman in this house, I'd march straight up to her and offer myself. You're a happy man, my boy, not to have a d—d fool to interfere with you, and not to be in love with a d—d fool either."

I had no present leisure to smooth the turbid waters of poor Crawford's passion; but I remembered a clever remark in a French book, to the effect

that even the best men — and Crawford was one of the best — are subject to a momentary need not to respect what they love. I repaired alone to the house by the river, and found Laura in the little parlor which she shared with Mrs. Beck. The room was flooded with the glow of a crimson sunset, and she was looking out of the long window at two persons in the garden. In my great desire to obtain some firm assurance from her before her father's interference should become a certainty, I lost no time. "I've been able to think of nothing," I said, "but your reply to that poor offer of mine. I've been flattering myself that it really means something, — means, possibly, that if I were to speak — here — now — all that I long to speak, you would listen to me more kindly. Laura," I cried, passionately, "I repent of all my follies and I love you!"

She looked at me from head to foot with a gaze almost strange in its intensity. It betrayed trouble, but, I fancied, a grateful trouble. Then, with a smile, "My father has come," she said. The words set my heart a beating, and I had a horrible fancy that they were maliciously uttered. But as she went on I was reassured. "I want him to see you, though he knows nothing of your offer."

Somehow, by her tone, my mind was suddenly illumined with a delicious apprehension of her motive. She had heard the early murmur of that sentiment whose tender essence resents compulsion. "Let me feel then," I said, "that I am not to stand or fall by *his* choice."

"He's sure to like you," she answered; "don't you remember my telling you so? He judges better of men than of women," she added sadly, turning away from the window.

Mr. Guest had been advancing toward the house, side by side with Mrs. Beck. Before they reached it the latter was met by two ladies who had been ushered into the garden from the front gate, and with whom, with an air of smothered petulance, perceptible

even at a distance, she retraced her steps toward the summer-house. Her companion entered our little parlor alone from the piazza. He stepped jauntily and looked surprisingly little altered by his month's ordeal. Mrs. Beck might still have taken him for a duke, or, at least, for an earl. His daughter immediately introduced me. "Happy to make your acquaintance, sir," he exclaimed, in a voice which I was almost shocked to find how well I knew. He offered his hand. I met it with my own, and the next moment we were fairly face to face. I was prepared for anything. Recognition faltered for a mere instant in his eyes; then I felt it suddenly leap forth in the tremendous wrench of his hand, "Ah, you — *you* — *YOU*!"

"Why, you know him!" exclaimed Laura.

Guest continued to wring my hand, and I felt to my cost that he was shocked. He panted a moment for breath, and then burst into a monstrous laugh. I looked askance at Laura; her eyes were filled with wonder. I felt that for the moment anger had made her father reckless, and anything was better than that between us the edge of our secret should peep out. "We have been introduced," I said, trying to smile. Guest dropped my hand as if it burned him, and walked the length of the room.

"You should have told me!" Laura added, in a tone of almost familiar reproach.

"Miss Guest," I answered, hardly knowing what I said, "the world is so wide —"

"Upon my soul, I think it's damnable narrow!" cried Guest, who had turned very pale.

I determined then that he should know the worst. "I'm here with a purpose, Mr. Guest," I said; "I love your daughter."

He stopped short, fairly glaring at me. Laura stepped toward him and laid her two hands on his arm. "Something is wrong," she said, "very wrong! It's your horrible

money-matters! Were n't you really then so generous?" and she turned to me.

Guest laid his other hand on hers as they rested on his arm and patted them gently. "My daughter," he said solemnly, "do your poor father a favor. Dismiss him forever. Turn him out of the house," he added, fiercely.

"You wrong your daughter," I cried, "by asking her to act so blindly and cruelly."

"My child," Guest went on, "I expect you to obey!"

There was a silence. At last Laura turned to me, excessively pale. "Will you do me the very great favor," she said, with a trembling voice, "to leave us?"

I reflected a moment. "I appreciate your generosity; but in the interest of your own happiness, I beg you not to listen to your father until I have had a word with him alone."

She hesitated and looked, as if for assent, at her father. "Great heavens, girl!" he cried, "you don't mean you love him!" She blushed to her hair and rapidly left the room.

Guest took up his hat and removed a speck of dust from the ribbon by a filip of his finger-nail. "Young man," he said, "you waste words!"

"Not, I hope, when, with my hand on my heart, I beg your pardon."

"Now that you have something to gain. If you respect me, you should have protested before. If you don't, you've nothing to do with me or mine."

"I allow for your natural resentment, but you might keep it within bounds. I religiously forget, ignore, efface the past. Meet me half-way! When we met a month ago, I already loved your daughter. If I had dreamed of your being ever so remotely connected with her, I would have arrested that detestable scene even by force, brother of mine though your adversary was!"

Guest put on his hat with a gesture of implacable contempt. "That's all very well! You don't know me, sir, or

you'd not waste your breath on *ifs*! The thing's done. Such as I stand here, I've been *dishonored*!" And two hot tears sprang into his eyes. "Such as I stand here, I carry in my poor, sore heart the vision of your great, brutal, staring, cruel presence. And now you ask me to accept that presence as perpetual! Upon my soul, I'm a precious fool to talk about it."

I made an immense effort to remain calm and courteous. "Is there nothing I can do to secure your good-will? I'll make any sacrifice."

"Nothing but to leave me at once and forever. Fancy my living with you for an hour! Fancy, whenever I met your eyes, my seeing in them the reflection of—of that piece of business! And your walking about looking wise and chuckling! My precious young man," he went on with a scorching smile, "if you knew how I hated you, you'd give me a wide berth."

I was silent for some moments, teaching myself the great patience which I foresaw I should need. "This is after all but the question of our personal relations, which we might fairly leave to time. Not only am I willing to pledge myself to the most explicit respect—"

"Explicit respect!" he broke out. "I should relish that vastly! Heaven deliver me from your explicit respect!"

"I can quite believe," I quietly continued, "that I should get to like you. Your daughter has done me the honor to say that she believed you would like me."

"Perfect! You've talked it all over with her?"

"At any rate," I declared roundly, "I love her, and I have reason to hope that I may render myself acceptable to her. I can only add, Mr. Guest, that much as I should value your approval of my suit, if you withhold it I shall try my fortune without it!"

"Gently, impetuous youth!" And Guest laid his hand on my arm and lowered his voice. "Do you dream that if my daughter ever so faintly sus-

pected the truth, she would even look at you again?"

"The truth? Heaven forbid she should dream of it! I wonder that in your position you should allude to it so freely."

"I was prudent once; I shall treat myself to a little freedom now. Give it up, I advise you. She may have thought you a pretty young fellow; I took you for one myself at first; but she'll keep her affection for a man with the bowels of compassion. She'll never love a coward, sir. Upon my soul, I'd sooner she married your beautiful brother. *He*, at least, had a grievance. Don't talk to me about my own child. She and I have an older love than yours; and if she were to learn that I've been weak—Heaven help me!—she would only love me the more. She would feel only that I've been outraged."

I confess that privately I flinched, but I stood to it bravely. "Miss Guest, doubtless, is as perfect a daughter as she would be a wife. But allow me to say that a woman's heart is not so simple a mechanism. Your daughter is a person of a very fine sense of honor, and I can imagine nothing that would give her greater pain than to be reduced to an attitude of mere compassion for her father. She likes to believe that men are strong. The sense of respect is necessary to her happiness. We both wish to assure that happiness. Let us join hands to preserve her illusions."

I saw in his eye no concession except to angry perplexity. "I don't know what you mean," he cried, "and I don't want to know. If you wish to intimate that my daughter is so very superior a person that she'll despise me, you're mistaken! She's beyond any compliment you can pay her. You can't frighten me now; I don't care for things." He walked away a moment and then turned about with flushed face and trembling lip. "I'm broken, I'm ruined! I don't want my daughter's respect, nor any other woman's. It's a burden, a mockery, a snare! What's a woman worth who

can be kind only while she believes? Ah, ah!" and he began to rub his hands with a sudden air of helpless senility, "I should never be so kissed and coddled and nursed. I can tell her what I please; I sha' n't mind what I say now. I've ceased to care,—all in a month! Reputation's a farce; a pair of tight boots, worn for vanity. I used to have a good foot, but I shall end my days in my slippers. I don't care for anything!"

This mood was piteous, but it was also formidable, for I was scantily disposed to face the imputation of having reduced an amiable gentleman, in however strictly just a cause, to this state of plaintive cynicism. I could only hope that time would repair both his vanity and his charity, seriously damaged as they were. "Well," I said, taking my hat, "a man in love, you know, is obstinate. Confess, yourself, that you'd not think the better of me for accepting dismissal philosophically. A single word of caution, keep cool; don't lose your head; don't speak recklessly to Laura. I protest that, for myself, I'd rather my mistress should n't doubt of her father."

Guest had seated himself on the sofa with his hat on, and remained staring absently at the carpet, as if he were deaf to my words. As I turned away, Mrs. Beck crossed the piazza and stood on the threshold of the long window. Her shadow fell at Mr. Guest's feet; she sent a searching glance from his face to mine. He started, stared, rose, stiffened himself up, and removed his hat. Suddenly he colored to the temples, and after a second's delay there issued from behind this ruby curtain a wondrous imitation of a smile. I turned away, reassured. "My case is not hopeless," I said to myself. "You *do* care for something, yet." Even had I deemed it hopeless, I might have made my farewell. Laura met me near the gate, and I remember thinking that trouble was vastly becoming to her.

"Is your quarrel too bad to speak of?" she asked.

"Allow me to make an urgent request. Your father forbids me to think of you, and you, of course, to think of me. You see," I said, mustering a smile, "we're in a delightfully romantic position, persecuted by a stern parent. He will say hard things of me; I say nothing about your believing them, I leave that to your own discretion. But don't contradict them. Let him call me cruel, pusillanimous, false, whatever he will. Ask no questions; they will bring you no comfort. Be patient, be a good daughter, and—wait!"

Her brow contracted painfully over her intensely lucid eyes, and she shook her head impatiently. "Let me understand. Have you really done wrong?"

I felt that it was but a slender sacrifice to generosity to say Yes, and to add that I had repented. I even felt gratefully that whatever it might be to have a crime to confess to, it was not "boyish."

For a moment, I think, Laura was on the point of asking me a supreme question about her father, but she suppressed it and abruptly left me.

My step-brother's feeble remnant of health was now so cruelly reduced that the end of his troubles seemed near. He was in constant pain, and was kept alive only by stupefying drugs. As his last hour might strike at any moment, I was careful to remain within call, and for several days saw nothing of father or daughter. I learned from Crawford that they had determined to prolong their stay into the autumn, for Mr. Guest's "health." "I don't know what's the matter with his health," Crawford grumbled. "For a sick man he seems uncommonly hearty, able to sit out of doors till midnight with Mrs. B., and always as spick and span as a bridegroom. I'm the invalid of the lot," he declared; "the climate don't agree with me." Mrs. Beck, it appeared, was too fickle for patience; he would be made a fool of no more. If she wanted him, she must come and fetch him; and if she valued her chance, she must do it without delay. He de-

parted for New York to try the virtue of missing and being missed.

On the evening he left us, the doctor told me that Edgar could not outlast the night. At midnight, I relieved the watcher and took my place by his bed. Edgar's soundless and motionless sleep was horribly like death. Sitting watchful by his pillow, I passed an oppressively solemn night. It seemed to me that a part of myself was dying, and that I was sitting in cold survival of youthful innocence and of the lavish self-surrender of youth. There is a certain comfort in an ancient grievance, and as I thought of having heard for the last time the strenuous quaver of Edgar's voice, I could have wept as for the effacement of some revered horizon-line of life. I heard his voice again, however; he was not even to die without approving the matter. With the first flash of dawn and the earliest broken bird-note, he opened his eyes and began to murmur disconnectedly. At length he recognized me, and, with me, his situation. "Don't go on tiptoe, and hold your breath, and pull a long face," he said; "speak up like a man. I'm doing the biggest job I ever did yet, you'll not interrupt me; I'm dying. One—two, three—four; I can almost count the ebbing waves. And to think that all these years they've been breaking on the strand of the universe! It's only when the world's din is shut out, at the last, that we hear them. I'll not pretend to say I'm not sorry; I've been a man of this world. It's a great one; there's a vast deal to do in it, for a man of sense. I've not been a fool, either. Write that for my epitaph, *He was no fool!*—except when he went to L. I'm not satisfied yet. I might have got better, and richer. I wanted to try galvanism, and to transfer that Pennsylvania stock. Well, I'm to be transferred myself. If dying's the end of it all, it's as well to die worse as to die better. At any rate, while time was mine, I did n't waste it. I went over my will, pen in hand, for the last time, only a week ago, crossed the *t*'s and dotted the *i*'s. I've left

you—nothing. You need nothing for comfort, and of course you expect nothing for sentiment. I've left twenty thousand dollars to found an infirmary for twenty indigent persons suffering from tumor in the stomach. *There's* sentiment! There will be no trouble about it, for my affairs are in perfect shape. Twenty snug little beds in my own little house in Philadelphia. They can get five into the dining-room." He was silent awhile, as if with a kind of ecstatic vision of the five little beds in a row. "I don't know that there is anything else," he said, at last, "except a few old papers to be burned. I hate leaving rubbish behind me; it's enough to leave one's mouldering carcass!"

At his direction I brought a large tin box from a closet and placed it on a chair by his bedside, where I drew from it a dozen useless papers and burned them one by one in the candle. At last, when but three or four were left, I laid my hand on a small sealed document labelled *Guest's Confession*. My hand trembled as I held it up to him, and as he recognized it a faint flush overspread his cadaverous pallor. He frowned, as if painfully confused. "How did it come there? I sent it back, I sent it back," he said. Then suddenly with a strangely erroneous recollection of our recent dispute, "I told you so the other day, you remember; and you said I was too generous. And what did you tell me about the daughter? You're in love with her? Ah yes! What a muddle!"

I respected his confusion. "You say you've left me nothing," I answered. "Leave me this."

For all reply, he turned over with a groan, and relapsed into stupor. The nurse shortly afterwards came to relieve me; but though I lay down, I was unable to sleep. The personal possession of that little scrap of paper acted altogether too potently on my nerves and my imagination. In due contravention of the doctor, Edgar outlasted the night and lived into another day. But as high noon was clashing out from the village church, and I stood

with the doctor by his bedside, the latter, who had lifted his wrist a little to test his pulse, released it, not with the tenderness we render to suffering, but with a more summary reverence. Suffering was over.

By the close of the day I had finished my preparations for attending my step-brother's remains to burial in Philadelphia, among those of his own people; but before my departure, I measured once more that well-trodden road to the house by the river, and requested a moment's conversation with Mr. Guest. In spite of my attention being otherwise engaged, I had felt strangely all day that I carried a sort of magic talisman, a mystic key to fortune. I was constantly fumbling in my waistcoat-pocket to see whether the talisman was really there. I wondered that, as yet, Guest should not have demanded a surrender of his note; but I attributed his silence to shame, scorn, and defiance, and promised myself a sort of golden advantage by anticipating his claim with the cogent frankness of justice. But as soon as he entered the room I foresaw that Justice must show her sword as well as her scales. His resentment had deepened into a kind of preposterous arrogance, of a temper quite insensible to logic. He had more than recovered his native buoyancy and splendor; there was an air of feverish impudence in his stare, his light swagger, in the very hue and fashion of his crimson necktie. He had an evil genius with blond curls and innumerable flounces.

"I feel it to be a sort of duty," I said, "to inform you that my brother died this morning."

"Your brother? What's your brother to me? He's been dead to me these three days. Is that all you have to say?"

I was irritated by the man's stupid implacability, and my purpose received a check. "No," I answered, "I've several things more to touch upon."

"In so far as they concern my daughter, you may leave them unsaid. She tells me of your offer to — to *buy off*

my opposition. Am I to understand that it was seriously made? You're a coarser young man than I fancied!"

"She told you of my offer?" I cried.

"O, you need n't build upon that! She hasn't mentioned your name since."

I was silent, thinking my own thoughts. I won't answer for it, that, in spite of his caution, I did *not* lay an immaterial brick or two. "You're still irreconcilable?" I contented myself with asking.

He assumed an expression of absolutely jovial contempt. "My dear sir, I detest the sight of you!"

"Have you no question to ask, no demand to make?"

He looked at me a moment in silence, with just the least little twitch and tremor of mouth and eye. His vanity, I guessed on the instant, was determined stoutly to ignore that I held him at an advantage and to refuse me the satisfaction of extorting from him the least allusion to the evidence of his disgrace. He had known bitter compulsion once; he would not do it the honor to concede that it had not spent itself. "No demand but that you will excuse my further attendance."

My own vanity took a hand in the game. Justice herself was bound to go no more than half-way. If he was not afraid of his little paper, he might try a week or two more of bravery. I bowed to him in silence and let him depart. As I turned to go I found myself face to face with Mrs. Beck, whose pretty visage was flushed with curiosity. "You and Mr. Guest have quarrelled," she said roundly.

"As you see, madam."

"As I see, madam! But what is it all about?"

"About — his daughter."

"His daughter and his ducats! You're a very deep young man, in spite of those boyish looks of yours. Why did you never tell me you knew him? You've quarrelled about money matters."

"As you say," I answered, "I'm very deep. Don't tempt me to further subterfuge."

"He has lost money, I know. Is it much? Tell me that."

"It's an enormous sum!" I said, with mock solemnity.

"Provoking man!" And she gave a little stamp of disgust.

"He's in trouble," I said. "To a woman of your tender sympathies he ought to be more interesting than ever."

She mused a moment, fixing me with her keen blue eye. "It's a sad responsibility to have a heart!" she murmured.

"In that," I said, "we perfectly agree."

VI.

It was a singular fact that Edgar's affairs turned out to be in by no means the exemplary order in which he had flattered himself he placed them. They were very much at sixes and sevens. The discovery, to me, was almost a shock. I might have drawn from it a pertinent lesson on the fallacy of human pretensions. The gentleman whom Edgar had supremely honored (as he seemed to assume in his will) by appointing his executor, responded to my innocent surprise by tapping his forehead with a peculiar smile. It was partly from curiosity as to the value of this explanation, that I helped him to look into the dense confusion which prevailed in my step-brother's estate. It revealed certainly an odd compound of madness and method. I learned with real regret that the twenty eleemosynary beds at Philadelphia must remain a superb conception. I was horrified at every step by the broad license with which his will had to be interpreted. All profitless as I was in the case, when I thought of the comfortable credit in which he had died, I felt like some greedy kinsman of tragedy making impious havoc with a sacred bequest. These matters detained me for a week in New York, where I had joined my brother's executor. At my earliest moment of leisure, I called upon Crawford at the office of a friend to whom he had addressed me, and learned that after three or four dismally restless

days in town, he had taken a summary departure for L. A couple of days later, I was struck with a certain dramatic connection between his return and the following note from Mr. Guest, which I give verbally, in its pregnant brevity:—

SIR:—I possess a claim on your late brother's estate which it is needless to specify. You will either satisfy it by return of mail or forfeit forever the common respect of gentlemen.

J. G.

Things had happened with the poor man rather as I hoped than as I expected. He had borrowed his recent exaggerated defiance from the transient smiles of Mrs. Beck. They had gone to his head like the fumes of wine, and he had dreamed for a day that he could afford to snap his fingers at the past. What he really desired and hoped of Mrs. Beck I was puzzled to say. In this woful disrepair of his fortunes he could hardly have meant to hold her to a pledge of matrimony extorted in brighter hours. He was infatuated, I believed, partly by a weak, spasmodic optimism which represented his troubles as momentary, and enjoined him to hold firm till something turned up, and partly by a reckless and frivolous susceptibility to the lady's unscrupulous blandishments. While they prevailed, he lost all notion of the wholesome truth of things, and would have been capable of any egregious folly. Mrs. Beck was in love with him, in so far as she was capable of being in love; his gallantry, of all gallantries, suited her to a charm; but she reproached herself angrily with this amiable weakness, and prudence every day won back an inch of ground. Poor Guest indeed had clumsily snuffed out his candle. He had slept in the arms of Delilah, and he had waked to find that Delilah had guessed, if not his secret, something uncomfortably like it. Crawford's return had found Mrs. Beck with but a scanty remnant of sentiment and a large accession of prudence, which was graciously placed at his service. Guest,

hereupon, as I conjectured, utterly disillusioned by the cynical frankness of her defection, had seen his horizon grow ominously dark, and begun to fancy, as I remained silent, that there was thunder in the air. His pompous waiving, in his note, of allusion both to our last meeting and to my own present claim, seemed to me equally characteristic of his weakness and of his distress. The bitter after-taste of Mrs. Beck's coquetry had, at all events, brought him back to reality. For myself, the real fact in the matter was the image of Laura Guest, sitting pensive, like an exiled princess.

I sent him nothing by return of mail. On my arrival in New York, I had enclosed the precious document in an envelope, addressed it, and stamped it, and put it back in my pocket. I could not rid myself of a belief that by that sign I should conquer. Several times I drew it forth and laid it on the table before me, reflecting that I had but a word to say to have it dropped into the post. Cowardly, was it, to keep it? But what was it to give up one's mistress without a battle? Which was the uglier, my harshness or Guest's? In a holy cause,—and holy, you may be sure, I had dubbed mine,—were not all arms sanctified? Possession meant peril, and peril to a manly sense, of soul and conscience, as much as of person and fortune. Mine, at any rate, should share the danger. It was a sinister-looking talisman certainly; but when it had failed, it would be time enough to give it up.

In these thoughts I went back to L. I had taken the morning train; I arrived at noon, and with small delay proceeded to the quiet little house which harbored such world-vexed spirits. It was one of the first days of September, and the breath of autumn was in the air. Summer still met the casual glance; but the infinite light of summer had found its term; it was as if there were a leak in the crystal vault of the firmament through which the luminous ether of June was slowly stealing away.

Mr. Guest, I learned from the servant, had started on a walk,—to the mill, she thought, three miles away. I sent in my card to Laura, and went into the garden to await her appearance—or her answer. At the end of five minutes, I saw her descend from the piazza and advance down the long path. Her light black dress swept the little box-borders, and over her head she balanced a white parasol. I met her, and she stopped, silent and grave. "I've come to learn," I said, "that absence has not been fatal to me."

"You've hardly been absent. You left a—an influence behind,—a very painful one. In Heaven's name!" she cried, with vehemence, "what horrible wrong have you done?"

"I have done no horrible wrong. Do you believe me?" She scanned my face searchingly for a moment; then she gave a long, gentle, irrepressible sigh of relief. "Do you fancy that if I had, I could meet your eyes, feel the folds of your dress? I've done that which I have bitterly wished undone; I did it in ignorance, weakness, and folly; I've repented in passion and truth. Can a man do more?"

"I never was afraid of the truth," she answered slowly; "I don't see that I need fear it now. I'm not a child. Tell me the absolute truth!"

"The absolute truth," I said, "is that your father once saw me in a very undignified position. It made such an impression on him that he's unable to think of me in any other. You see I was rather cynically indifferent to his observation, for I did n't know him then as your father."

She gazed at me with the same adventurous candor, and blushed a little as I became silent, then turned away and strolled along the path. "It seems a miserable thing," she said, "that two gentle spirits like yours should have an irreparable difference. When good men hate each other, what are they to do to the bad men? You must excuse my want of romance, but I cannot listen to a suitor of whom my father complains. Make peace!"

"Shall peace with him be peace with you?"

"Let me see you frankly shake hands," she said, not directly answering. "Be very kind! You don't know what he has suffered here lately." She paused, as if to conceal a tremor in her voice.

Had she read between the lines of that brilliant improvisation of mine, or was she moved chiefly with pity for his recent sentimental tribulations,—pitying them the more that she respected them the less? "He has walked to the mill," I said; "I shall meet him, and we'll come back arm in arm." I turned away, so that I might not see her face pleading for a clemency which would make me too delicate. I went down beside the river and followed the old towing-path, now grassy with disuse. Reaching the shabby wooden bridge below the mill, I stopped midway across it and leaned against the railing. Below, the yellow water swirled past the crooked piers. I took my little sealed paper out of my pocket-book and held it over the stream, almost courting the temptation to drop it; but the temptation never came. I had just put it back in my pocket when I heard a footstep on the planks behind me. Turning round, I beheld Mr. Guest. He looked tired and dusty with his walk, and had the air of a man who had been trying by violent exercise to shake off a moral incubus. Judging by his haggard brow and heavy eyes, he had hardly succeeded. As he recognized me, he started just perceptibly, as if he were too weary to be irritated. He was about to pass on without speaking, but I intercepted him. My movement provoked a flash in his sullen pupil. "I came on purpose to meet you," I said. "I have just left your daughter, and I feel more than ever how passionately I love her. Once more, I demand that you withdraw your opposition."

"Is that your answer to my letter?" he asked, eying me from under his brows.

"Your letter puts me in a position to make my demand with force. I refuse

to submit to this absurd verdict of accident. I have just seen your daughter, and I have authority to bring you to reason."

"My daughter has received you?" he cried, flushing.

"Most kindly."

"You scoundrel!"

"Gently, gently. Shake hands with me here where we stand, and let me keep my promise to Laura of our coming back to her arm in arm, at peace, reconciled, mutually forgiving and forgetting, or I walk straight back and put a certain little paper into her hands."

He turned deadly pale, and a fierce oath broke from his lips. He had been beguiled, I think, by my neglect of his letter, into the belief that Edgar had not died without destroying his signature,—a belief rendered possible by an indefeasible faith he must have had in my step-brother's probity. "You've kept that thing!" he cried. "The Lord be praised! I'm as honest a man as either of you!"

"Say but two words,—'Take her!'—and we shall be honest together again. The paper's yours." He turned away and leaned against the railing of the bridge, with his head in his hands, watching the river.

"Take your time," I continued; "I give you two hours. Go home, look at your daughter, and choose. An hour hence I'll join you. If I find you've removed your veto, I undertake to make you forget you ever offered it: if I find you've maintained it, I expose you."

"In either case you lose your mistress. Whatever Laura may think of me, there can be no doubt as to what she will think of you."

"I shall be forgiven. Leave that to me! That's my last word. In a couple of hours I shall take the liberty of coming to learn yours."

"O Laura, Laura!" cried the poor man in his bitter trouble. But I left him and walked away. I turned as I reached the farther end of the bridge, and saw him slowly resume his course. I marched along the road to the mill,

so excited with having uttered this brave *ultimatum* that I hardly knew whither I went. But at last I be-thought me of a certain shady stream-side nook just hereabouts, which a little exploration soon discovered. A shallow cove, screened from the road by dense clumps of willows, stayed the current a moment in its grassy bend. I had noted it while boating, as a spot where a couple of lovers might aptly disembark and moor their idle skiff; and I was now tempted to try its influence in ardent solitude. I flung myself on the ground, and as I listened to the light gurgle of the tarrying stream and to the softer rustle of the cool gray leafage around me, I suddenly felt that I was exhausted and sickened. I lay motionless, watching the sky and resting from my anger. Little by little it melted away and left me horribly ashamed. How long I lay there I know not, nor what was the logic of my meditations, but an ineffable change stole over my spirit. There are fathomless depths in spiritual mood and motive. Opposite me, on the farther side of the stream, winding along a path through the bushes, three or four cows had come down to drink. I sat up and watched them. A young man followed them, in a red shirt, with his trousers in his boots. While they were comfortably nosing the water into ripples, he sat down on a stone and began to light his pipe. In a moment I fancied I saw the little blue thread of smoke curl up from the bowl. From beyond, just droning through the air, came the liquid rumble of the mill. There seemed to me something in this vision ineffably pastoral, peaceful, and innocent; it smote me to my heart of hearts. I felt a nameless wave of impulse start somewhere in the innermost vitals of conscience and fill me with passionate shame. I fell back on the grass and burst into tears.

The sun was low and the breeze had risen when I rose to my feet. I scrambled back to the road, crossed the bridge, and hurried home by the towing-path. My heart, however, beat

faster than my footfalls. I passed into the garden and advanced to the house; as I stepped upon the piazza, I was met by Mrs. Beck. "Answer me a simple question," she cried, laying her hand on my arm.

"I should like to hear you ask one!" I retorted, impatiently.

"Has Mr. Guest lost his mind?"

"For an hour! I've brought it back to him."

"You've a pretty quarrel between you. He comes up an hour ago, as I was sitting in the garden with — with Mr. Crawford, requests a moment's interview, leads me apart and — offers himself. 'If you'll have me, take me now; you won't an hour hence,' he cried. 'Neither now nor an hour hence, thank you,' said I. 'My affections are fixed — elsewhere.'"

"You've not lost your head, at any rate," said I; and, releasing myself, I went into the parlor. I had a horrible fear of being too late. The candles stood lighted on the piano, and tea had been brought in, but the kettle was singing unheeded. On the divan facing the window sat Guest, lounging back on the cushions, his hat and stick flung down beside him, his hands grasping his knees, his head thrown back, and his eyes closed. That he should have remained so for an hour, unbrushed and unfurbished, spoke volumes as to his mental state. Near him sat Laura, looking at him askance in mute anxiety. What had passed between them? Laura's urgent glance as I entered was full of trouble, but I fancied without reproach. He had apparently chosen neither way; he had simply fallen there, weary, desperate, and dumb.

"I'm disappointed!" Laura said to me gravely.

Her father opened his eyes, stared at me a moment, and then closed them. I answered nothing; but after a moment's hesitation went and took my seat beside Guest. I laid my hand on his own with a grasp of which he felt, first the force, then, I think, the kindness; for, after a momentary spasm of

repulsion, he remained coldly passive. He must have begun to wonder. "Be so good," I said to Laura, "as to bring me one of the candles." She looked surprised; but she complied and came toward me, holding the taper, like some pale priestess expecting a portent. I drew out the note and held it to the flame. "Your father and I have had a secret," I said, "which has been a burden to both of us. Here it goes." Laura's hand trembled as she held the candle, and mine as I held the paper; but between us the vile thing blazed and was consumed. I glanced askance at Guest; he was staring wide-eyed at the dropping cinders. When the last had dropped, I took the candle, rose, and carried it back to the piano. Laura dropped on her knees before her father, and, while my back was turned, something passed between them with which I was concerned only in its consequences.

When I looked round, Guest had risen and was passing his fingers through his hair. "Daughter," he said, "when I came in, what was it I said to you?"

She stood for an instant with her eyes on the floor. Then, "I've forgotten!" she said, simply.

Mrs. Beck had passed in by the win-

dow in time to hear these last words. "Do you know what you said to me when you came in?" she cried, mirthfully shaking a finger at Guest. He laughed nervously, picked up his hat, and stood looking, with an air of odd solemnity, at his boots. Suddenly it seemed to occur to him that he was dusty and dishevelled. He settled his shirt-collar and levelled a glance at the mirror, in which he caught my eye. He tried hard to look insensible; but it was the glance of a man who felt more comfortable than he had done in a month. He marched stiffly to the door.

"Are you going to dress?" said Mrs. Beck.

"From head to foot!" he cried, with violence.

"Be so good, then, if you see Mr. Crawford in the hall, as to ask him to come in and have a cup of tea."

Laura had passed out to the piazza, where I immediately joined her. "Your father accepts me," I said; "there is nothing left but for you—"

Five minutes later, I looked back through the window to see if we were being observed. But Mrs. Beck was busy adding another lump of sugar to Crawford's cup of tea. His eye met mine, however, and I fancied he looked sheepish.

H. James Jr.

MOZART.

MOST beautiful among the helpers thou!
 All heaven's fresh air and sunshine at thy voice
 Flood with refreshment many a weary brow,
 And sad souls thrill with courage and rejoice
 To hear God's gospel of pure gladness sound
 So sure and clear in this bewildered world,
 Till the sick vapors that our sense confound
 By cheerful winds are into nothing whirled.
 O matchless melody! O perfect art!
 O lovely, lofty voice that rings so true!
 O strong and radiant angel, every heart
 Bows down before, with reverence ever new!
 Loved shalt thou be while time may yet endure,
 Spirit of health, sweet, sound, and wise, and pure!

Celia Thaxter.

THE PRIMEVAL GHOST-WORLD.

NO earnest student of human culture can as yet have forgotten or wholly outlived the feeling of delight awakened by the first perusal of Max Müller's brilliant "Essay on Comparative Mythology," — a work in which the scientific principles of myth-interpretation, though not newly announced, were at least brought home to the reader with such an amount of fresh and striking concrete illustration as they had not before received. Yet it must have occurred to more than one reader that, while the analyses of myths contained in this noble essay are in the main sound in principle and correct in detail, nevertheless the author's theory of the genesis of myth is expressed, and most likely conceived, in a way that is very suggestive of carelessness and fallacy. There are obvious reasons for doubting whether the existence of mythology can be due to any "disease," abnormality, or hypertrophy of metaphor in language; and the criticism at once arises, that with the myth-makers it was not so much the character of the expression which originated the thought, as it was the thought which gave character to the expression. It is not that the early Aryans were myth-makers because their language abounded in metaphor: it is that the Aryan mother-tongue abounded in metaphor because the men and women who spoke it were myth-makers. And they were myth-makers because they had nothing but the phenomena of human will and effort with which to compare objective phenomena. Therefore it was that they spoke of the sun as an unwearied voyager or a matchless archer, and classified inanimate no less than animate objects as masculine and feminine. Max Müller's way of stating his theory, both in this Essay and in his later lectures, affords one among several instances of the curious manner in which he combines a marvellous penetration

into the significance of details with a certain looseness of general conception.* The principles of philological interpretation are an indispensable aid to us in detecting the hidden meaning of many a legend in which the powers of nature are represented in the guise of living and thinking persons; but before we can get at the secret of the myth-making tendency itself, we must leave philology and enter upon a psychological study. We must inquire into the characteristics of that primitive style of thinking to which it seemed quite natural that the sun should be an unerring archer, and the thunder-cloud a black demon or gigantic robber finding his richly merited doom at the hands of the indignant Lord of Light.

Among recent treatises which have dealt with this interesting problem, we shall find it advantageous to give especial attention to Mr. Tylor's "Primitive Culture," † one of the few erudite works which are at once truly great

* "The expression that the Erinyes, Saranyu, the Dawn, finds out the criminal, was originally quite free from mythology; it meant no more than that *crime would be brought to light some day or other*. It became mythological, however, as soon as the etymological meaning of Erinyes was forgotten, and as soon as the Dawn, a portion of time, assumed the rank of a personal being." — Science of Language, 6th edition, II. 615. This paragraph, in which the italicizing is mine, contains Max Müller's theory in a nutshell. It seems to me wholly at variance with the facts of history. The facts concerning primitive culture which are to be cited in this paper will show that the case is just the other way. Instead of the expression "Erinyes finds the criminal" being originally a metaphor, it was originally a literal statement of what was believed to be fact. The Dawn (not "a portion of time," (!) but the rosy flush of the morning sky) was originally regarded as a real person. Primitive men, strictly speaking, do not talk in metaphors: they believe in the literal truth of their similes and personifications, from which, by survival in culture, our poetic metaphors are lineally descended. Homer's allusion to a rolling stone as *εὐρύμενος* or "yearning" (to keep on rolling), is to us a mere figurative expression; but to the savage it is the description of a fact.

† Primitive Culture: Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art, and Custom. By EDWARD B. TYLOR. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1871.

and thoroughly entertaining. The learning displayed in it would do credit to a German specialist, both for extent and for minuteness, while the orderly arrangement of the arguments and the elegant lucidity of the style are such as we are accustomed to expect from French essay-writers. And what is still more admirable is the way in which the enthusiasm characteristic of a genial and original speculator is tempered by the patience and caution of a cool-headed critic. Patience and caution are nowhere more needed than in writers who deal with mythology and with primitive religious ideas; but these qualities are too seldom found in combination with the speculative boldness which is required when fresh theories are to be framed or new paths of investigation opened. The state of mind in which the explaining powers of a favorite theory are fondly contemplated is, to some extent, antagonistic to the state of mind in which facts are seen, with the eye of impartial criticism, in all their obstinate and uncompromising reality. To be able to preserve the balance between the two opposing tendencies is to give evidence of the most consummate scientific training. It is from the want of such a balance that the recent great work of Mr. Cox is at times so unsatisfactory. It may, I fear, seem ill-natured to say so, but the eagerness with which Mr. Cox waylays every available illustration of the physical theory of the origin of myths has now and then the curious effect of weakening the reader's conviction of the soundness of the theory. For my own part, though by no means inclined to waver in adherence to a doctrine once adopted on good grounds, I never felt so much like rebelling against the mythologic supremacy of the Sun and the Dawn as when reading Mr. Cox's volumes. That Mr. Tylor, while defending the same fundamental theory, awakens no such rebellious feelings, is due to his clear perception and realization of the fact that it is impossible to generalize in a single formula such many-sided correspond-

ences as those which primitive poetry and philosophy have discerned between the life of man and the life of outward nature. Whoso goes roaming up and down the elf-land of popular fancies, with sole intent to resolve each episode of myth into some answering physical event, his only criterion being outward resemblance, cannot be trusted in his conclusions, since wherever he turns for evidence he is sure to find something that can be made to serve as such. As Mr. Tylor observes, no household legend or nursery rhyme is safe from his hermeneutics. "Should he, for instance, demand as his property the nursery 'Song of Sixpence,' his claim would be easily established,—obviously the four-and-twenty blackbirds are the four-and-twenty hours, and the pie that holds them is the underlying earth covered with the over-arching sky,—how true a touch of nature it is that when the pie is opened, that is, when day breaks, the birds begin to sing; the King is the Sun, and his counting out his money is pouring out the sunshine, the golden shower of Danaë; the Queen is the Moon, and her transparent honey the moonlight; the Maid is the 'rosy-fingered' Dawn, who rises before the Sun, her master, and hangs out the clouds, his clothes, across the sky; the particular blackbird, who so tragically ends the tale by snipping off her nose, is the hour of sunrise." In all this interpretation there is no *a priori* improbability, save, perhaps, in its unbroken symmetry and completeness. That some points, at least, of the story are thus derived from antique interpretations of physical events, is in harmony with all that we know concerning nursery rhymes. In short, "the time-honored rhyme really wants but one thing to prove it a sun myth, that one thing being a proof by some argument more valid than analogy." The character of the argument which is lacking may be illustrated by a reference to the rhyme about Jack and Jill, explained some time since in my paper on "The Origins of Folk-Lore." If the argument be thought

valid which shows these ill-fated children to be the spots on the moon, it is because the proof consists, not in the analogy, which is in this case not especially obvious, but in the fact that in the Edda, and among ignorant Swedish peasants of our own day, the story of Jack and Jill is actually given as an explanation of the moon-spots. To the neglect of this distinction between what is plausible and what is supported by direct evidence, is due much of the crude speculation which encumbers the study of myths.

It is when Mr. Tylor merges the study of mythology into the wider inquiry into the characteristic features of the mode of thinking in which myths originated, that we can best appreciate the practical value of that union of speculative boldness and critical sobriety which everywhere distinguishes him. It is pleasant to meet with a writer who can treat of primitive religious ideas without losing his head over allegory and symbolism, and who duly realizes the fact that a savage is not a rabbinical commentator, or a cabalist, or a Rosicrucian, but a plain man who draws conclusions like ourselves, though with feeble intelligence and scanty knowledge. The mystic allegory with which such modern writers as Lord Bacon have invested the myths of antiquity is no part of their original clothing, but is rather the late product of a style of reasoning from analogy quite similar to that which we shall perceive to have guided the myth-makers in their primitive constructions. The myths and customs and beliefs which, in an advanced stage of culture, seem meaningless save when characterized by some quaintly wrought device of symbolic explanation, did not seem meaningless in the lower culture which gave birth to them. Myths, like words, survive their primitive meanings. In the early stage the myth is part and parcel of the current mode of philosophizing; the explanation which it offers is, for the time, the natural one, the one which would most readily occur to any one thinking on the theme

with which the myth is concerned. But by and by the mode of philosophizing has changed; explanations which formerly seemed quite obvious no longer occur to any one, but the myth has acquired an independent substantive existence, and continues to be handed down from parents to children as something true, though no one can tell why it is true. Lastly the myth itself gradually fades from remembrance, often leaving behind it some utterly unintelligible custom or seemingly absurd superstitious notion. For example, — to recur to an illustration already cited in a previous paper, — it is still believed here and there by some venerable granny that it is wicked to kill robins; but he who should attribute the belief to the old granny's refined sympathy with all sentient existence, would be making one of the blunders which are always committed by those who reason *a priori* about historical matters without following the historical method. At an earlier date the superstition existed in the shape of a belief that the killing of a robin portends some calamity; in a still earlier form the calamity is specified as death; and again, still earlier, as death by lightning. Another step backward reveals that the dread sanctity of the robin is owing to the fact that he is the bird of Thor, the lightning god; and finally we reach that primitive stage of philosophizing in which the lightning is explained as a red bird dropping from its beak a worm which cleaveth the rocks. Again, the belief that some harm is sure to come to him who saves the life of a drowning man, is unintelligible until it is regarded as a case of survival in culture. In the older form of the superstition it is held that the rescuer will sooner or later be drowned himself; and thus we pass to the fetichistic interpretation of drowning as the seizing of the unfortunate person by the water-spirit or nixy, who is naturally angry at being deprived of his victim, and henceforth bears a special grudge against the bold mortal who has thus dared to frustrate him.

The interpretation of the lightning as a red bird, and of drowning as the work of a smiling but treacherous fiend, are parts of that primitive philosophy of nature in which all forces objectively existing are conceived as identical with the force subjectively known as volition. It is this philosophy, currently known as fetichism, but treated by Mr. Tylor under the somewhat more comprehensive name of "animism," which we must now consider in a few of its most conspicuous exemplifications. When we have properly characterized some of the processes which the untrained mind habitually goes through, we shall have incidentally arrived at a fair solution of the genesis of mythology.

Let us first note the ease with which the barbaric or uncultivated mind reaches all manner of apparently fanciful conclusions through reckless reasoning from analogy. It is through the operation of certain laws of ideal association that all human thinking, that of the highest as well as that of the lowest minds, is conducted: the discovery of the law of gravitation, as well as the invention of such a superstition as the Hand of Glory, is at bottom but a case of association of ideas. The difference between the scientific and the mythologic inference consists solely in the number of checks which in the former case combine to prevent any other than the true conclusion from being framed into a proposition to which the mind assents. Countless accumulated experiences have taught the modern that there are many associations of ideas which do not correspond to any actual connection of cause and effect in the world of phenomena; and he has learned accordingly to apply to his newly framed notions the rigid test of verification. Besides which the same accumulation of experiences has built up an organized structure of ideal associations into which only the less extravagant newly framed notions have any chance of fitting. The primitive man, or the modern savage who is to some extent

his counterpart, must reason without the aid of these multifarious checks. That immense mass of associations which answer to what are called physical laws, and which in the mind of the civilized modern have become almost organic, have not been formed in the mind of the savage; nor has he learned the necessity of experimentally testing any of his newly framed notions, save perhaps a few of the commonest. Consequently there is nothing but superficial analogy to guide the course of his thought hither or thither, and the conclusions at which he arrives will be determined by associations of ideas occurring apparently at haphazard. Hence the quaint or grotesque fancies with which European and barbaric folk-lore is filled, in the framing of which the myth-maker was but reasoning according to the best methods at his command. To this simplest class, in which the association of ideas is determined by mere analogy, belong such cases as that of the Zulu, who chews a piece of wood in order to soften the heart of the man with whom he is about to trade for cows, or the Hessian lad who "thinks he may escape the conscription by carrying a baby-girl's cap in his pocket,—a symbolic way of repudiating manhood."* A similar style of thinking underlies the mediæval necromancer's practice of making a waxen image of his enemy and shooting at it with arrows, in order to bring about the enemy's death; as also the case of the magic rod, mentioned in a previous paper, by means of which a sound thrashing can be administered to an absent foe through the medium of an old coat which is imagined to cover him. The principle involved here is one which is doubtless familiar to most children, and is closely akin to that which Irving so amusingly illustrates in his doughty general who struts through a field of cabbages or cornstalks, smiting them to earth with his cane, and imagining himself a hero of chivalry conquering single-handed a host of catiff ruffians. Of like origin

* Tylor, *op. cit.*, I. 107.

are the fancies that the breaking of a mirror heralds a death in the family, — probably because of the destruction of the reflected human image ; that the “hair of the dog that bit you” will prevent hydrophobia if laid upon the wound ; or that the tears shed by human victims, sacrificed to mother earth, will bring down showers upon the land. Mr. Tylor cites Lord Chesterfield’s remark, “that the king had been ill, and that people generally expected the illness to be fatal, because the oldest lion in the Tower, about the king’s age, had just died. ‘So wild and capricious is the human mind,’” observes the elegant letter-writer. But indeed, as Mr. Tylor justly remarks, “the thought was neither wild nor capricious ; it was simply such an argument from analogy as the educated world has at length painfully learnt to be worthless, but which, it is not too much to declare, would to this day carry considerable weight to the minds of four fifths of the human race.” Upon such symbolism are based most of the practices of divination and the great pseudo-science of astrology. “It is an old story, that when two brothers were once taken ill together, Hippocrates, the physician, concluded from the coincidence that they were twins, but Poseidonios, the astrologer, considered rather that they were born under the same constellation ; we may add that either argument would be thought reasonable by a savage.” So when a Maori fortress is attacked, the besiegers and besieged look to see if Venus is near the moon. The moon represents the fortress ; and if it appears below the companion planet, the besiegers will carry the day, otherwise they will be repulsed. Equally primitive and childlike was Rousseau’s train of thought on the memorable day at Les Charmettes when, being distressed with doubts as to the safety of his soul, he sought to determine the point by throwing a stone at a tree. “Hit, sign of salvation ; miss, sign of damnation !” The tree being a large one and very near at hand, the result of

the experiment was reassuring, and the young philosopher walked away without further misgivings concerning this momentous question.*

When the savage, whose highest intellectual efforts result only in speculations of this childlike character, is confronted with the phenomena of dreams, it is easy to see what he will make of them. His knowledge of psychology is too limited to admit of his distinguishing between the solidity of waking experience and what we may call the unsubstantialness of the dream. He may, indeed, have learned that the dream is not to be relied on for telling the truth ; the Zulu, for example, has even reached the triumph of critical logic achieved by our own Aryan ancestors in the saying that “dreams go by contraries.” But the Zulu has not learned, nor had the primeval Aryan learned, to disregard the utterances of the dream as being purely subjective phenomena. To the mind as yet untouched by modern culture, the visions seen and the voices heard in sleep possess as much objective reality as the gestures and shouts of waking hours. When the savage relates his dream, he tells how he *saw* certain dogs, dead warriors, or demons last night, the implication being that the things seen were objects external to himself. As Mr. Spencer observes, “his rude language fails to state the difference between seeing and dreaming that he saw, doing and dreaming that he did. From this inadequacy of his language it not only results that he cannot truly represent this difference to others, but also that he cannot truly represent it to himself. Hence in the absence of an alternative interpretation, his belief, and that of those to whom he tells his adventures, is that his *other self* has been away and came back when he awoke. And this belief, which we find among various existing savage tribes, we equally find in the traditions of the early civilized races.†

* Rousseau, *Confessions*, I. vi.

† Spencer, *Recent Discussions in Science*, etc., p. 36, “The Origin of Animal Worship.”

Let us consider, for a moment, this assumption of the *other self*; for upon this is based the great mass of crude inference which constitutes the primitive man's philosophy of nature. The hypothesis of the *other self*, which serves to account for the savage's wanderings during sleep in strange lands and among strange people, serves also to account for the presence in his dreams of parents, comrades, or enemies, known to be dead and buried. The other self of the dreamer meets and converses with the other selves of his dead brethren, joins with them in the hunt, or sits down with them to the wild cannibal banquet. Thus arises the belief in an ever-present world of souls or ghosts, a belief which the entire experience of uncivilized man goes to strengthen and expand. The existence of some tribe or tribes of savages wholly destitute of religious belief has often been hastily asserted and as often called in question. But there is no question that, while many savages are unable to frame a conception so general as that of godhood, on the other hand no tribe has ever been found so low in the scale of intelligence as not to have framed the conception of ghosts or spiritual personalities, capable of being angered, propitiated, or conjured with. Indeed it is not improbable *a priori* that the original inference involved in the notion of the other self may be sufficiently simple and obvious to fall within the capacity of animals even less intelligent than uncivilized man. An authentic case is on record of a Skye terrier who, being accustomed to obtain favors from his master by sitting on his haunches, will also sit before his pet india-rubber ball placed on the chimney-piece, evidently beseeching it to jump down and play with him.* Such a fact as this is quite in harmony with Auguste Comte's suggestion that such intelligent animals

as dogs, apes, and elephants may be capable of forming a few fetichistic notions. The behavior of the terrier here rests upon the assumption that the ball is open to the same sort of entreaty which prevails with the master; which implies, not that the wistful brute accredits the ball with a soul, but that in his mind the distinction between life and inanimate existence has never been thoroughly established. Just this confusion between things living and things not living is present throughout the whole philosophy of fetichism; and the confusion between things seen and things dreamed, which suggests the notion of another self, belongs to this same twilight stage of intelligence in which primeval man has not yet clearly demonstrated his immeasurable superiority to the brutes.

The conception of a soul or other self, capable of going away from the body and returning to it, receives decisive confirmation from the phenomena of fainting, trance, catalepsy, and ecstasy,* which occur less rarely among savages, owing to their irregular mode of life, than among civilized men. "Further verification," observes Mr. Spencer, "is afforded by every epileptic subject, into whose body, during the absence of the other self, some enemy has entered; for how else does it happen that the other self on returning denies all knowledge of what his body has been doing? And this supposition, that the body has been 'possessed' by some other being, is confirmed by the phenomena of somnambulism and insanity." Still further, as Mr. Spencer points out, when we recollect that savages are very generally unwilling to have their portraits taken, lest a portion of themselves should get carried off and be exposed to foul play,

* Note the fetichism wrapped up in the etymologies of these Greek words. *Catalepsy*, *κατάληψις*, a seizing of the body by some spirit or demon, who holds it rigid. *Ecstasy*, *ἐκστασις*, a displacement or removal of the soul from the body, into which the demon enters and causes strange laughing, crying, or contortions. It is not metaphor, but the literal belief in a ghost-world, which has given rise to such words as these, and to such expression as "a man beside himself or transported."

* See Nature, Vol. VI. p. 262, August 1, 1872. The circumstances narrated are such as to exclude the supposition that the sitting up is intended to attract the master's attention. The dog has frequently been seen trying to soften the heart of the ball, while observed unawares by his master.

we must readily admit that the weird reflection of the person and imitation of the gestures in rivers or still woodland pools will go far to intensify the belief in the other self. Less frequent but uniform confirmation is to be found in echoes, which in Europe within two centuries have been commonly interpreted as the voices of mocking fiends or wood-nymphs, and which the savage might well regard as the utterances of his other self.

Chamisso's well-known tale of Peter Schlemihl belongs to a widely diffused family of legends, which show that a man's shadow has been generally regarded not only as an entity, but as a sort of spiritual attendant of the body, which under certain circumstances it may permanently forsake. It is in strict accordance with this idea that not only in the classic languages, but in various barbaric tongues, the word for "shadow" expresses also the soul or other self. Tasmanians, Algonquins, Central-Americans, Abipones, Basutos, and Zulus are cited by Mr. Tylor as thus implicitly asserting the identity of the shadow with the ghost or phantasm seen in dreams; the Basutos going so far as to think "that if a man walks on the river-bank, a crocodile may seize his shadow in the water and draw him in." Among the Algonquins a sick person is supposed to have his shadow or other self temporarily detached from his body, and the convalescent is at times "reproached for exposing himself before his shadow was safely settled down in him." If the sick man has been plunged into stupor, it is because his other self has travelled away as far as the brink of the river of death, but not being allowed to cross has come back and re-entered him. And acting upon a similar notion the ailing Fiji will sometimes lie down and raise a hue and cry for his soul to be brought back. Thus, continues Mr. Tylor, "in various countries the bringing back of lost souls becomes a regular part of the sorcerer's or priest's profession."*

* Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, I. 394. "The Zulus

soil we find the notion of a temporary departure of the soul surviving to a late date in the theory that the witch may attend the infernal Sabbath while her earthly tabernacle is quietly sleeping at home. The primeval conception reappears, clothed in bitterest sarcasm, in Dante's reference to his living contemporaries whose souls he met with in the vaults of hell, while their bodies were still walking about on the earth, inhabited by devils.

The theory which identifies the soul with the shadow, and supposes the shadow to depart with the sickness and death of the body, would seem liable to be attended with some difficulties in the way of verification, even to the dim intelligence of the savage. But the propriety of identifying soul and breath is borne out by all primeval experience. The breath, which really quits the body at its decease, has furnished the chief name for the soul, not only to the Hebrew, the Sanskrit, and the classic tongues; not only to German and English, where *geist* and *ghost*, according to Max Müller, have the meaning of "breath," and are akin to such words as *gas*, *gust*, and *geyser*; but also to numerous barbaric languages. Among the natives of Nicaragua and California, in Java and in West Australia, the soul is described as the air or breeze which passes in and out through the nostrils and mouth; and the Greenlanders, according to Cranz, reckon two separate souls, the breath and the shadow. "Among the Seminoles of Florida, when a woman died in childbirth, the infant was held over her face to receive her parting spirit, and thus acquire strength and knowledge for its future use. . . . Their state of mind is kept up to this day among Tyrolese peasants, who can still fancy a good man's soul to issue from his mouth at death like a little white cloud."*

hold that a dead body can cast no shadow, because that appurtenance departed from it at the close of life." Hardwick, *Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk-lore*, p. 123.

* Tylor, *op. cit.*, I. 391.

well-known witch died a few years since; "but before she could 'shuffle off this mortal coil' she must needs *transfer her familiar spirit* to some trusty successor. An intimate acquaintance from a neighboring township was consequently sent for in all haste, and on her arrival was immediately closeted with her dying friend. What passed between them has never fully transpired, but it is confidently affirmed that at the close of the interview this associate *received the witch's last breath into her mouth and with it her familiar spirit*. The dreaded woman thus ceased to exist, but her powers for good or evil were transferred to her companion; and on passing along the road from Burnley to Blackburn we can point out a farm-house at no great distance, with whose thrifty matron no neighboring farmer will yet dare to quarrel."*

Of the theory of embodiment there will be occasion to speak further on. At present let us not pass over the fact that the other self is not only conceived as shadow or breath, which can at times quit the body during life, but is also supposed to become temporarily embodied in the visible form of some bird or beast. In discussing elsewhere the myth of Bishop Hatto, we saw that the soul is sometimes represented in the form of a rat or mouse; and in treating of werewolves we noticed the belief that the spirits of dead ancestors, borne along in the night-wind, have taken on the semblance of howling dogs or wolves. "Consistent with these quaint ideas are ceremonies in vogue in China, of bringing home in a cock (live or artificial) the spirit of a man deceased in a distant place, and of enticing into a sick man's coat the departing spirit which has already left his body and so conveying it back."† In Castrén's great work of Finnish mythology, we find the story of the giant who could not be killed because he kept his soul hidden in a twelve-

headed snake which he carried in a bag as he rode on horseback: only when the secret was discovered and the snake carefully killed, did the giant yield up his life. In this Finnish legend we have one of the thousand phases of the story of the "Giant who had no Heart in his Body," but whose heart was concealed, for safe keeping, in a duck's egg, or in a pigeon, carefully disposed in some belfry at the world's end a million miles away, or encased in a wellnigh infinite series of Chinese boxes.* Since, in spite of all these precautions, the poor giant's heart invariably came to grief, we need not wonder at the Karen superstition that the soul is in danger when it quits the body on its excursions, as exemplified in countless Indo-European stories of the accidental killing of the weird mouse or pigeon which embodies the wandering spirit. Conversely it is held that the detachment of the other self is fraught with the danger to the self which remains. In the philosophy of "wraiths" and "fetches," the appearance of a double, like that which troubled Mistress Affery in her waking dreams of Mr. Flintwinch, has been from time out of mind a signal of alarm. "In New Zealand it is ominous to see the figure of an absent person, for if it be shadowy and the face not visible, his death may ere long be expected, but if the face be seen he is dead already. A party of Maoris (one of whom told the story) were seated round a fire in the open air, when there appeared, seen only by two of them, the figure of a relative, left ill at home; they exclaimed, the figure vanished, and on the return of the party it appeared that the sick man had died about the time of the

* Harland and Wilkinson, Lancashire Folk-lore, 1867, p. 210.

† Tylor, op. cit., II. 139.

* In Russia the souls of the dead are supposed to be embodied in pigeons or crows. "Thus when the Deacon Theodore and his three schismatic brethren were burnt in 1681, the souls of the martyrs, as the 'Old Believers' affirm, appeared in the air as pigeons. In Volhynia dead children are supposed to come back in the spring to their native village under the semblance of swallows and other small birds, and to seek by soft twittering or song to console their sorrowing parents." Ralston, Songs of the Russian People, p. 118.

vision."* The belief in wraiths has survived into modern times, and now and then appears in the records of that remnant of primeval philosophy known as "spiritualism," as, for example, in the case of the lady who "thought she saw her own father look in at the church-window at the moment he was dying in his own house."

The belief in the "death-fetch," like the doctrine which identifies soul with shadow, is instructive as showing that in barbaric thought the other self is supposed to resemble the material self with which it has customarily associated. In various savage superstitions the minute resemblance of soul to body is forcibly stated. The Australian, for instance, not content with slaying his enemy, cuts off the right thumb of the corpse, so that the departed soul may be incapacitated from throwing a spear. Even the half-civilized Chinese prefer crucifixion to decapitation, that their souls may not wander headless about the spirit-world.† Thus we see how far removed from the Christian doctrine of souls is the primeval theory of the soul or other self that figures in dream-land. So grossly materialistic is the primitive conception that the savage who cherishes it will bore holes in the coffin of his dead friend, so that the soul may again have a chance, if it likes, to revisit the body. To this day, among the peasants in some parts of Northern Europe, when Odin, the spectral hunter, rides by attended by his furious host, the windows in every sick-room are opened, in order that the soul, if it chooses to depart, may not be hindered from joining in the headlong chase. And so, adds Mr. Tylor, after the Indians of North America had spent a riotous night in singeing an unfortunate captive to death with firebrands, they would howl like the fiends they were, and beat the air with brushwood, to drive away the distressed and revengeful ghost. "With a kindlier feeling, the Congo negroes

abstained for a whole year after a death from sweeping the house, lest the dust should injure the delicate substance of the ghost"; and even now, "it remains a German peasant saying that it is wrong to slam a door, lest one should pinch a soul in it."* Dante's experience with the ghosts in hell and purgatory, who were astonished at his weighing down the boat in which they were carried, is belied by the sweet German notion "that the dead mother's coming back in the night to suckle the baby she has left on earth may be known by the hollow pressed down in the bed where she lay." Almost universally ghosts, however impervious to thrust of sword or shot of pistol, can eat and drink like Squire Westerns. And lastly, we have the grotesque conception of souls sufficiently material to be killed over again, as in the case of the negro widows who, wishing to marry a second time, will go and duck themselves in the pond, in order to drown the souls of their departed husbands, which are supposed to cling about their necks; while, according to the Fiji theory, the ghost of every dead warrior must go through a terrible fight with Samu and his brethren, in which, if he succeeds, he will enter Paradise, but if he fails he will be killed over again and finally eaten by the dreaded Samu and his unearthly company.

From the conception of souls embodied in beast-forms, as above illustrated, it is not a wide step to the conception of beast-souls which, like human souls, survive the death of the tangible body. The widespread superstitions concerning werewolves and swan-maidens, and the hardly less general belief in metempsychosis, show that primitive culture has not arrived at the distinction attained by modern

* Tylor, *op. cit.*, I. 410. In the next stage of survival this belief will take the shape that it is wrong to slam a door, no reason being assigned: and in the succeeding stage, when the child asks why it is wicked to slam a door, he will be told, because it is an evidence of bad temper. Thus do old-world fancies disappear before the inroads of the practical sense.

* Tylor, *op. cit.*, I. 404.

† Tylor, *op. cit.*, I. 407.

philosophy between the immortal man and the soulless brute. Still more direct evidence is furnished by sundry savage customs. The *Kafir* who has killed an elephant will cry that he did not mean to do it, and, lest the elephant's soul should still seek vengeance, he will cut off and bury the trunk, so that the mighty beast may go crippled to the spirit-land. In like manner, the *Samoyeds*, after shooting a bear, will gather about the body offering excuses and laying the blame on the *Russians*; and the *American redskin* will even put the pipe of peace into the dead animal's mouth, and beseech him to forgive the deed. In *Assam* it is believed that the ghosts of slain animals will become in the next world the property of the hunter who kills them; and the *Kamtchadales* expressly declare that all animals, even flies and bugs, will live after death,—a belief which, in our own day, has been indorsed on philosophical grounds by an eminent living naturalist.* The *Greenlanders*, too, give evidence of the same belief by supposing that when after an exhausting fever the patient comes up in unprecedented health and vigor, it is because he has lost his former soul and had it replaced by that of a young child or a *reindeer*. In a recent work in which the crudest fancies of primeval savagery are thinly disguised in a jargon learned from the superficial reading of modern books of science, *M. Fiquier* maintains that human souls are for the most part the surviving souls of deceased animals; in general the souls of procacious musical children like *Mozart* come from nightingales, while the souls of great architects have passed into them from beavers.†

The practice of begging pardon of the animal one has just slain is in some parts of the world extended to the case of plants. When the *Talein* offers a prayer to the tree which he is about to cut down, it is obviously because he regards the tree as endowed

with a soul or ghost which in the next life may need to be propitiated. And the doctrine of transmigration distinctly includes plants along with animals among the future existences into which the human soul may pass.

As plants, like animals, manifest phenomena of life, though to a much less conspicuous degree, it is not incomprehensible that the savage should attribute souls to them. But the primitive process of anthropomorphisation does not end here. Not only the horse and dog, the bamboo, and the oak-tree, but even lifeless objects, such as the hatchet, or bow and arrows, or food and drink of the dead man, possess other selves which pass into the world of ghosts. *Fijis* and other contemporary savages, when questioned, expressly declare that this is their belief. "If an axe or a chisel is worn out or broken up, away flies its soul for the service of the gods." The *Algonquins* told *Charlevoix* that since hatchets and kettles have shadows, no less than men and women, it follows, of course, that these shadows (or souls) must pass along with human shadows (or souls) into the spirit-land. In this we see how simple and consistent is the logic which guides the savage, and how inevitable is the genesis of the great mass of beliefs, to our minds so arbitrary and grotesque, which prevail throughout the barbaric world. However absurd the belief that pots and kettles have souls may seem to us, it is nevertheless the only belief which can be held consistently by the savage to whom pots and kettles, no less than human friends or enemies, may appear in his dreams; who sees them followed by shadows as they are moved about; who hears their voices, dull or ringing, when they are struck; and who watches their doubles fantastically dancing in the water as they are carried across the stream.* To minds,

* Here, as usually, the doctrine of metempsychosis comes in to complete the proof. "Mr. Darwin saw two Malay women in Keeling Island, who had a wooden spoon dressed in clothes like a doll: this spoon had been carried to the grave of a dead man, and becoming inspired at full moon, in fact lunatic,

* Agassiz. *Essay on Classification*, pp. 97-99.

† Fiquier, *The To-morrow of Death*, p. 247.

even in civilized countries, which are unused to the severe training of science, no stronger evidence can be alleged than what is called "the evidence of the senses"; for it is only long familiarity with science which teaches us that the evidence of the senses is trustworthy only in so far as it is correctly interpreted by reason. For the truth of his belief in the ghosts of men and beasts, trees and axes, the savage has undeniably the evidence of his senses which have so often seen, heard, and handled these *other selves*.

The funeral ceremonies of uncultured races freshly illustrate this crude philosophy, and receive fresh illustration from it. On the primitive belief in the ghostly survival of persons and objects rests the almost universal custom of sacrificing the wives, servants, horses, and dogs of the departed chief of the tribe, as well as of presenting at his shrine sacred offerings of food, ornaments, weapons, and money. Among the Kayans the slaves who are killed at their master's tomb are enjoined to take great care of their master's ghost, to wash and shampoo it, and to nurse it when sick. Other savages think that "all whom they kill in this world shall attend them as slaves after death," and for this reason the thrifty Dayaks of Borneo until lately would not allow their young men to marry until they had acquired some *post mortem* property by procuring at least one human head. It is hardly necessary to do more than allude to the Fiji custom of strangling all the wives of the deceased at his funeral, or to the equally well-known Hindu rite of suttee. Though, as Wilson has shown, the latter rite is not supported by any genuine Vedic authority, but only by a shameless Brahminic corruption of the sacred text, Mr. Tylor is nevertheless quite right in arguing that unless the horrible custom had received the sanction of a public opinion bequeathed from pre-Vedic times, the Brahmins would have had no motive for fraudulently

reviving it; and this opinion is virtually established by the fact of the prevalence of widow sacrifice among Gauls, Scandinavians, Slaves, and other European Aryans.* Though under English rule the rite has been forcibly suppressed, yet the archaic sentiments which so long maintained it are not yet extinct. Within the present year there has appeared in the newspapers a not improbable story of a beautiful and accomplished Hindu lady who, having become the wife of a wealthy Englishman and after living several years in England amid the influences of modern society, nevertheless went off and privately burned herself to death soon after her husband's decease.

The reader who thinks it far-fetched to interpret funeral offerings of food, weapons, ornaments, or money, on the theory of object-souls, will probably suggest that such offerings may be mere memorials of affection or esteem for the dead man. Such, indeed, they have come to be in many countries after surviving the phase of culture in which they originated; but there is ample evidence to show that at the outset they were presented in the belief that their ghosts would be eaten or otherwise employed by the ghost of the dead man. The stout club which is buried with the dead Fiji sends its soul along with him that he may be able to defend himself against the hostile ghosts which will lie in ambush for him on the road to Mbalu, seeking to kill and eat him. Sometimes the club is afterwards removed from the grave as of no further use, since its ghost is all that the dead man needs. In like manner, "as the Greeks gave the dead man the obolus for Charon's toll, and the old Prussians furnished him with spending money, to buy refreshment on his weary journey, so to this day German peasants bury a corpse with money in his mouth or hand," and this is also one of the regular ceremonies of an Irish wake. Of similar purport were the funeral feasts and oblations

it danced about convulsively like a table or a hat at a modern spirit-stance." Tylor, *op. cit.*, II. 139.

* Tylor, *op. cit.*, I. 414-422.

of food in Greece and Italy, the "rice-cakes made with ghee" destined for the Hindu sojourning in Yama's kingdom, and the meat and gruel offered by the Chinaman to the manes of his ancestors. "Many travellers have described the imagination with which the Chinese make such offerings. It is that the spirits of the dead consume the impalpable essence of the food, leaving behind its coarse material substance, wherefore the dutiful sacrificers, having set out sumptuous feasts for ancestral souls, allow them a proper time to satisfy their appetite, and then fall to themselves."* So in the Homeric sacrifice to the gods, after the deity has smelled the sweet savor and consumed the curling steam that rises ghost-like from the roasting viands, the assembled warriors devour the remains.†

Thus far the course of fetichistic thought which we have traced out, with Mr. Tylor's aid, is such as is not always obvious to the modern inquirer without considerable concrete illustration. The remainder of the process, resulting in that systematic and complete anthropomorphisation of nature which has given rise to mythology, may be more succinctly described. Gathering together the conclusions already obtained, we find that daily or frequent experience of the phenomena of shadows and dreams has combined with less frequent experience of the phenomena of trance, ecstasy, and insanity, to generate in the mind of uncultured man the notion of a twofold existence appertaining alike to all animate or inanimate objects: as all alike possess material bodies, so all alike possess ghosts or souls. Now when the theory of object-souls is expanded into a general doctrine of spirits, the philosophic scheme of animism is completed. Once habituated to the conception of souls of knives and tobacco-pipes passing to the land of ghosts, the savage cannot avoid carrying the

interpretation still further, so that wind and water, fire and storm, are accreted with indwelling spirits akin by nature to the soul which inhabits the human frame. That the mighty spirit or demon by whose impelling will the trees are rooted up and the storm-clouds driven across the sky should resemble a freed human soul, is a natural inference, since uncultured man has not attained to the conception of physical force acting in accordance with uniform methods, and hence all events are to his mind the manifestations of capricious volition. If the fire burns down his hut, it is because the fire is a person with a soul, and is angry with him, and needs to be coaxed into a kindlier mood by means of prayer or sacrifice. Thus the savage has *a priori* no alternative but to regard fire-soul as something akin to human-soul; and in point of fact we find that savage philosophy makes no distinction between the human ghost and the elemental demon or deity. This is sufficiently proved by the universal prevalence of the worship of ancestors. The essential principle of manes-worship is that the tribal chief or patriarch, who has governed the community during life, continues also to govern it after death, assisting it in its warfare with hostile tribes, rewarding brave warriors, and punishing traitors and cowards. Thus from the conception of the living king we pass to the notion of what Mr. Spencer calls "the god-king," and thence to the rudimentary notion of deity. Among such higher savages as the Zulus, the doctrine of divine ancestors has been developed to the extent of recognizing a first ancestor, the Great Father, Unkulunkulu, who made the world. But in the stratum of savage thought in which barbaric or Aryan folk-lore is for the most part based, we find no such exalted speculation. The ancestors of the rude Veddas and of the Guinea negroes, the Hindu *pitrīs* (*patres*, "fathers"), and the Roman *manes* have become elemental deities which send rain or sunshine, health or sickness, plenty or famine, and to which

* Tylor, *op. cit.*, I. 435, 446; II. 30, 36.

† According to the Karens, blindness occurs when the *soul of the eye* is eaten by demons. *Id.*, II. 353.

their living offspring appeal for guidance amid the vicissitudes of life.* The theory of embodiment, already alluded to, shows how thoroughly the demons which cause disease are identified with human and object souls. In Australasia it is a dead man's ghost which creeps up into the liver of the impious wretch who has ventured to pronounce his name; while conversely in the well-known European theory of demoniacal possession, it is a fairy from elf-land or an imp from hell which has entered the body of the sufferer. In the close kinship, moreover, between disease-possession and oracle-possession, where the body of the Pythia or the medicine-man is placed under the direct control of some great deity,† we may see how by insensible transitions the conception of the human ghost passes into the conception of the spiritual numen, or divinity.

To pursue this line of inquiry through the countless nymphs and dryads and nixies of the higher nature-worship up to the Olymian divinities of classic polytheism, would be to enter upon the history of religious belief, and in so doing to lose sight of our present pur-

* The following citation is interesting as an illustration of the directness of descent from heathen manes-worship to Christian saint-worship: "It is well known that Romulus, mindful of his own adventurous infancy, became after death a Roman deity propitious to the health and safety of young children, so that nurses and mothers would carry sickly infants to present them in his little round temple at the foot of the Palatine. In after ages the temple was replaced by the church of St. Theodorus, and there Dr. Conyers Middleton, who drew public attention to its curious history, used to look in and see ten or a dozen women, each with a sick child in her lap, sitting in silent reverence before the altar of the saint. The ceremony of blessing children, especially after vaccination, may still be seen there on Thursday mornings." II. 111.

† Want of space prevents me from remarking at length upon Mr. Tylor's admirable treatment of the phenomena of oracular inspiration. Attention should be called, however, to the brilliant explanation of the importance accorded by all religions to the rite of *fasting*. Prolonged abstinence from food tends to bring on a mental state which is favorable to visions. The savage priest or medicine-man qualifies himself for the performance of his duties by fasting, and where this is not sufficient, often uses intoxicating drugs; whence the sacredness of the *hasheesh*, as also of the Vedic *soma-juice*. The practice of fasting among civilized peoples is an instance of survival.

pose, which has merely been to show by what mental process the myth-maker can speak of natural objects in language which implies that they are animated persons. Brief as our account of this process has been, I believe that enough has been said, not only to reveal the inadequacy of purely philological solutions (like those contained in Max Müller's famous Essay) to explain the growth of myths, but also to exhibit the vast importance for this purpose of the kind of psychological inquiry into the mental habits of savages which Mr. Tylor has so ably conducted. Indeed, however lacking we may still be in points of detail, I think we have already reached a very satisfactory explanation of the genesis of mythology. Since the essential characteristic of a myth is that it is an attempt to explain some natural phenomenon by endowing with human feelings and capacities the senseless factors in the phenomenon, and since it has here been shown how uncultured man, by the best use he can make of his rude common sense, must inevitably come, and has invariably come, to regard all objects as endowed with souls and all nature as peopled with supra-human entities shaped after the general pattern of the human soul, I am inclined to suspect that we have got very near to the root of the whole matter. We can certainly find no difficulty in seeing why a water-spout should be described in the "Arabian Nights" as a living demon: "The sea became troubled before them, and there arose from it a black pillar, ascending towards the sky, and approaching the meadow, . . . and behold it was a Jinni, of gigantic stature." We can see why the Moslem camel-driver should find it most natural to regard the whirling simoom as a malignant Jinni; we may understand how it is that the Persian sees in bodily shape the scarlet fever as "a blushing maid with locks of flame and cheeks all rosy red"; and we need not consider it strange that the primeval Aryan should have regarded the sun as a voyager, a climber, or an

archer, and the clouds as cows driven by the wind-god Hermes to their milking. The identification of William Tell with the sun becomes thoroughly intelligible; nor can we be longer surprised at the conception of the howling night-wind as a ravenous wolf. When pots and kettles are thought to have souls that live hereafter, there is no

difficulty in understanding how the blue sky can have been regarded as the sire of gods and men. And thus, as the elves and bogarts of popular lore are in many cases descended from ancient divinities of Olympus and Valhalla, so these in turn must acknowledge their ancestors in the shadowy denizens of the primeval ghost-world.

John Fiske.

THE NEW DAY.

SILENT has been the night, and O, so long!
 With weary moon forever sailing west;
 Save that a bird at midnight trilled a song,
 A dream of daylight, from his moonlit nest.

The hills lay couched in slumber, range on range,
 The earth was floating in a silver web,—
 That mystery of calm before a change!
 That lull of waters at the lowest ebb!

Some drowsy notes were all the bird could sing,
 Soft as the scattered drops of summer dew;
 Then, hushed within the quiet of his wing,
 He sang no more; but now the dream comes true.

A thrill runs through the spaces of the night,
 And flutters on the wavy eastern line;
 Beyond the stars dilates a distant light,
 The luminous outflow of a day divine.

With slow approach it deepens into bloom,—
 Faint jasmine yellow, with a flush of rose;
 And, brightening till it makes the stars a gloom,
 O'er all the long uncertainty it flows.

What though the perfect day is yet unborn!
 Sweet was the carolled vision of the bird;
 Glad are the tidal colors of the morn,
 And Heaven is pledged without a single word.

The waves of light are breaking on the shore,
 Pulsing in cadence to a mightier flow,—
 The strong uplift of nobler hopes before,
 The great new future rising in the glow.

Above the hills surges the day at last,
 The longed-for day, effulgent, high and wide;
 Turn, turn, gray earth, and leave the darkened past,
 And swing thyself upon the incoming tide!

Louisa Bushnell.

A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

XXVII.

IN SPACE.

AS the word was given, the balloon shot up into the air, and ascended to a great height. For this was one necessity at this time and in this place, that in effecting an escape from Paris the balloon should shoot up to as great a height as possible, so as to be out of the reach of Prussian bullets. By day, of course, this would be very difficult; but by night, even amid moonlight, it did not require any very extraordinary elevation to render a balloon indistinct or even invisible, and the height of a mile was considered sufficient.

Grimes was looking over the side of the balloon when he had seen the cab coming, and had called out in answer to Nadar. The first thing that he was conscious of after this was the astonishing movement of the firm-set earth from beneath him. The crowd in the place below fell away from him, leaving him poised in space. In spite of the efforts that he had made to familiarize himself with the practical details of aerostation, there was an inevitable novelty connected with his present position, which fairly made his brain whirl, and his stout frame tingle through every fibre. His sensations were like those which Phaeton may have had when he had traversed the first few furlongs of his aerial way, or like those which some adventurous yet inexperienced driver of a four-in-hand may have when he finds that his team is bounding away from his control.

So Grimes folded his arms, knit his brows, set his teeth, drew a long breath, and then looked up. Overhead was a network of rigging, the strands holding the car to that buoyant mass which raised it in the air, while beyond this was a great globe, black and shadowy, whose capacious dimensions seemed

enlarged tremendously, shutting out the whole sky.

He now looked into the car, and turned his attention to those duties that immediately demanded his care. Inside this car there were bags of ballast, and two bales containing newspapers, the common burden of every balloon that left the besieged city. There was also a lacquered tin box with the name of Grimes painted on it, — a box of no particular weight, but which showed, from the care with which Grimes handled it, that it certainly possessed in his estimation a very particular value.

All this time the lady had not moved. Grimes had placed her in a sitting posture at the bottom of the car, with her back against the seat, and had hastily flung over her head one of the shawls which M. Nadar had put in the balloon. The moon was shining, but it was low down in the sky, so that the inside of the car was in shadow, and the lady was but faintly visible. The shawl also that had been thrown over her concealed her face and outline. Grimes, in turning to consider his duties, thought first of all of her, and, stooping over her, he felt her hands and her pulse. She was still senseless, and Grimes now began to be so anxious about her that the recent feeling of awe that had come over him as he first bounded into space gave way to a tender and all-engrossing care for the safety and recovery of the loved one.

With gentle hands he drew back the shawl a little from her face. That face was concealed by the shadow of the side of the car, and by the deeper shadow of the overhanging shawl, so that the loved features were not very distinctly revealed. Grimes held his cheek close to her lips, but no breathing, however faint, was perceptible. He began to feel a stronger and deeper care, and to regret that he had left

Paris without first having her restored to sense. He sighed heavily, and then kissed with infinite tenderness the unconscious being who was so dear to him. Then he drew the shawl once more over the face, so as to protect her from the night air, and began to rub and chafe the hands.

At this work he continued for what seemed to him a long time, quite forgetful of everything but the work upon which he was engaged, and as careless about the balloon as though there was an aeronaut with him attending to the navigation of the aerial craft. But his work seemed unavailing, and no response of any kind was made, nor did any favorable signs appear. At length the thoughts of Grimes were turned to his voyage. It must be almost time to descend. How long he had been at this employment he did not know, but it seemed long, and he must already be outside the beleaguering lines. He rose up and looked out.

To his surprise he was just passing over the suburbs of Paris. The vast extent of the city lay in the distance. To his far greater surprise the land beneath him, with its houses and trees and fields, was sweeping past at tremendous speed. He seemed to be at a great height, and he could only account for the rate at which he was going on the ground that some strong wind had arisen since he left the city.

On which side of the city he was, whether north, south, east, or west, he had not the faintest idea; and he was certainly not sufficiently familiar with the environs to form any correct opinion, even had he been closer to the ground. At that height there was a certain indistinctness in the outlines which would have puzzled even a native of Paris.

As Grimes gazed upon the scene, he soon saw that though he might not descend just now, yet his descent could not possibly be delayed for very long. For there beneath him, faster and ever faster, the earth fled away; the lines of the besieged disappeared, other lines came into view, and arrays of flashing

lights and blazing fires. Suddenly a loud report like a gun-shot sounded almost immediately beneath him, and the sharp quick crack had in it something of awful menace. What if he were being aimed at? What if another shot should be fired, and a bullet pierce the black orb above him? The danger was altogether too terrific to be slighted. Higher and higher still he must go. Beneath was the hostile country, reaching for an unknown distance, and in passing over this he would be liable incessantly to the shots of the enemy. He might be on the thronged track of the Prussian Army; he might be driving east toward Germany. And now all thoughts of a speedy descent left him. His only thought was to escape from this immediate danger, and remain up as high and as long as possible.

Acting upon this idea he grasped two bags of ballast, and threw them out one after another. He then looked down. He saw a perceptible change. Individual objects beneath him grew far fainter and far more hazy, and soon it was difficult to distinguish anything at all. It seemed to him that on throwing out that ballast he had shot upward an immeasurable distance, and he was filled with astonishment at the exquisite sensibility to weight which his balloon had thus manifested. He also was conscious of a slight pride, for this had been the first attempt of which he had been guilty at anything like management of the balloon, and the success which had attended his efforts caused a glow of calm self-satisfaction to pervade his being.

The moon was now so low on the horizon that it was beginning to sink behind the hills. From that horizon it shone fiery red, and clouds, or at least haze, seemed to accumulate there. Its red rays penetrated the sky, and threw themselves upon the rigging, and upon the great orb above, making it look like some satellite as it thus gleamed with its borrowed robe of lurid red. But the lurid glow did not long endure. The moon sank farther and farther, until at last it went out of sight.

Now the darkness was deeper, and there came to Grimes a sense of desolation. The departure of the moon was like the loss of a friend. He looked up, and then around, and then shook his head. He felt now that it was intensely cold, and thought that he had gone too high. But he was afraid to descend for some time yet, and so he concluded to endure the cold as long as he could. Yet the intensity of the cold roused once more his anxiety for his senseless companion, and he stooped down with the intention of throwing over her some additional wraps. It was now so dark inside the car that nothing could be seen, but as Grimes stooped he heard a low moan and a slight movement. At this a thrill of joy passed through him. She had revived at last; the sudden and sharp cold had, no doubt, restored her to consciousness.

He listened again. The figure moved. She raised herself, and the shawl fell back from her face. But in the deep shadow of the car the lineaments of her face were not at all discernible, and Grimes saw nothing but a certain whiteness in the place where the pale face was upturned. And as he looked he felt a thrill of infinite pity and tenderness for the loved one, who now seemed so utterly dependent upon him. And this pity was all the deeper, and this tenderness the more pure and more profound, from the fact of their unparalleled position. Because of the silence of the night, and the majesty of the overhanging heavens, and the sublime solitude of the skies, and the far-reaching infinitude that bordered upon them, — for these and other reasons she seemed joined to him by the unity of a lofty fate, and by the imminence of a possible danger, which, if it did come, could be nothing less than a calamity of unspeakable horror.

Grimes was profoundly moved. He knelt down close beside her.

She looked up, and said nothing for some time. "Where am I?" she asked at last in a voice of terror.

"With me," said Grimes in a low

voice; and as he said this he twined his arms about her, and, drawing her gently toward him, placed her head soothingly and tenderly upon his breast, and laid his hand upon it as a mother lays her hand upon the head of a feverish child.

Thus it was then that Maud had at length struggled back to consciousness. Sense had come but slowly, and when she first moved she felt bewildered; she lay for some time motionless, trying to collect her thoughts and recall the past. The shawl that was over her head shut out all the scene, and as the car seemed motionless to one within it, she had no other idea than that she was lying inside some house. Then at length her memory brought back the events that had preceded her swoon, and a shudder passed through her as she thought of them all. She pushed back the shawl, sat up, and looked around. It was quite dark, but not dark enough to prevent her from seeing the outline of the balloon. At first she thought that she was on the deck of a ship, for there was the rigging, and the orb of the balloon looked not unlike some distended sail. But as she looked longer other thoughts came, and the scene above her resolved itself slowly into what it really was. Then it was that she recollected the project of her flight with Carrol, and wondering how it had happened, and still full of anguish about him, she asked her mournful question.

And the answer came, in a low voice of love, soft and tender in its intonation, "With me." And then came the tender clasp of arms encircling her, and the gentle touch of a loving hand upon her head, as though that touch would reassure her and drive away every fear.

"With me": these words were like magic, they chased away every fear, and her whole being thrilled with joy. She forgot where she was, she thought nothing of the sight that had just disclosed itself above her, she thought only of those murmured words, and of the fond encircling clasp, and of that heart of true and deathless con-

stancy against which her head leaned, whose throbbings she could hear.

And he was safe, after all! He had been arrested, but he had escaped. He had sought her once more, and had carried her off in this hurried flight. Small difference did it now make to her how she was flying, or whither she was flying, so long as she was with him,—now while she felt him upholding her and clinging to her with such fondness, such tenderness.

And Grimes thought: After this I'm willing to die. Life has nothing more to offer. I've seen its ups and downs; have been at the deepest depths, and now am at the highest flight of human bliss. I've saved her,—I've saved her! I've got nothing more now to hope for in life that can begin to come up to this in the way of pure, unmitigated, and super-human glory!

And Maud thought: How sweet, how sweet it is! Is it not worth while to know sorrow, if only to be able to experience the joy that may be felt when that sorrow is removed? I wonder if there is any danger. Danger? I neither know nor care. I am willing to meet danger, or even death, so long as I know that he is with me. I could die at this moment, if only his arms should be around me.

Grimes was not altogether neglectful of practical things, in spite of his super-human rapture. But these practical thoughts were simply variations upon the one theme. They were anxious desires to secure the comfort of his companion. He busied himself with arranging the wraps about her so as to keep her, as far as possible, from the cold night air. On all these acts Maud made no remark. To her they only afforded fresh proofs of the love of Carol, and consequently each endearing act only afforded her a fresh delight.

In the midst of her great happiness, however, there came one thought that gave her a passing care. It was the thought of Mrs. Lovell. What had become of her? Was she safe? This thought created a sudden agitation.

She removed the shawl from her face, and asked, in a low and agitated voice, "Oh!—my sister!—is she—is she safe?"

Grimes bent low over her and murmured, "Yes, darling, safe."

And drawing her closer to him he kissed fervently and tremulously the one whom he so fondly loved, pressing his lips to hers again and again. Maud murmured some unintelligible words, and with a final kiss, long drawn, rapturous, and never to be forgotten, Grimes drew the shawl over her face, and with a sigh of ecstasy restored that dear head to its former place.

The time that had elapsed had not been regarded by either. It seemed short, but it may have been hours. Grimes wondered about this, and tried to form an estimate: he could not. He now cast his eyes upward, and the sight that met them startled him.

The sight that met his eyes was the sight of utter nothingness. It was dark, but not intense darkness. It seemed rather to be an impenetrable and intensely gloomy mist. For a short distance up the outlines of the rigging were slightly perceptible, and then they faded out. He sat motionless and wondering; and now, as he sat and stared up, it seemed to grow darker and dimmer every moment, the shadows growing deeper, the obscurity more profound, the gloom more terrible. Finally nothing at all could be seen, not the outlines of the rigging, not even the hand before his face; no visible thing remained; nothing was left but the blackness of darkness.

At first there was a vague idea in his mind that he had ascended so high that he had reached a place where all light failed and darkness was eternal; but this passed, and others came equally wild and equally unsatisfactory. Of all this Maud was perfectly ignorant, for the wraps that covered her head shut out all this scene. But as for Grimes, his surprise deepened into anxiety, and his anxiety became gradually more and more intolerable, until at

length he had to make up his mind to tear himself away from the sweet communion which he was maintaining. But he wished to do so in a way that would not create any alarm in the mind of his companion. How to do this was very difficult, but it had to be done.

So he murmured a few words, speaking in a low voice, for the darkness and the deep drear silence produced an overpowering awe and hushed his voice to solemn tones. He therefore said something about "ropes" and "the balloon," and then gently untwining his fond encircling grasp he tenderly laid Maud so as to let her lean against the seat in her old position, after which he rose to his feet, and, standing there, looked forth into space.

XXVIII.

THE SECRET PLACE OF THUNDER.

HIS eyes encountered a wide waste, a drear nothingness, an impenetrable gloom, a darkness utter and inconceivable. It was the abomination of desolation. It was the abysm of the uncreate, the chaos of formless matter; a void, direful, abhorrent, tremendous; a void where the darkness shut out all the light of hope, and where the shadow of death seemed to rest.

Now, had there been the fury of the storm mingling with that gloom, or had the wrath of the tempest been manifest, then there would have been something to mitigate the effect of that unparalleled outlook; for then there would have been something which could appeal to some sense, and in the beating of the blast, however pitiless, or in the howling of the tempest, however wrathful, there would have been some indication of the presence of nature and of nature's law. But here no movement arose amid the deep darkness, no wind swept through the void, no hurricane gave forth its voice. All was emptiness, motionless, still.

Yet in the midst of this terrific stillness the awe-struck gazer into space became at length conscious of sounds,

and it was with something like relief that he detected that which showed that, though sight was useless, there still remained an occupation for other senses. It was a sound, distant, low, and almost undistinguishable at first, — a murmur, so faint that he fancied, more than once, that it might be the vibrations of the nerve within himself, rather than the actual waves of sound from without. But its persistency and its gradual increase showed at last that it was external; and as he listened it grew with startling rapidity, until at last it assumed the character of a steady sustained sound, a low, distant droning sound, of so peculiar a nature that it was quite impossible to attribute it to anything with which he was acquainted. This then was the only thing that indicated the existence of any external world, and to this he directed all his attention.

Nature, however, was at that time exerting her might, and all the air was in commotion; but the balloon was almost like the air itself, and was driven before the blast with a speed equal to that of the blast. It was borne upon the wings of the wind, yet for that very reason there was no wind perceptible to him who sought to penetrate the gloom that surrounded him. Wind and tempest are only possible when they beat upon an obstacle; the balloon, however, was no obstacle, but drove along with the wind, with the tempest, and with the clouds.

And now the sound, the low, droning sound, drew nearer and nearer, and grew deeper and louder. At length it grew sufficiently definite in its tone to assume a resemblance to things that were familiar, and to Grimes, as he listened, it seemed as though some mighty wave was sweeping toward him, — some wave like the first of those vast surges that may be seen and heard as they sweep up the empty bed of the tidal rivers of America; it seemed like a rushing, rolling tide, sweeping toward him with resistless violence.

He had no reason now to mourn over the absence of nature and of

nature's works ; for these sounds were at length unmistakable, and showed that it was no empty void, no chaos, that he was traversing, but the earth itself, his home, with its alternations of land and sea. And now he began to understand what was really the nature of that sound. Yes, it was the sea, and nothing else. He had been swept off the land and out to sea. Time had fled rapidly indeed, while he had been sitting there, lost to all thoughts of the external world in the flood of tenderness and love ; and thus he had allowed himself to be borne to where escape was perhaps impossible. By the short time that had elapsed since first he had heard the sound, he was able to estimate the speed of his flight, and to see that, instead of being poised motionless in some deep calm, he was in reality in the grasp of a terrible hurricane, that was driving him onward with tremendous swiftness in the path of its own progress ; though where that path might lead his eyes failed to discern, as they struggled vainly to penetrate through the night and the enveloping clouds.

The sea !

That was now the one thought that he possessed, the one thought that engrossed all others.

The sea ! what sea ?

There were several seas around France. Over which of these was he now driving ? South was the Mediterranean. Was it indeed possible that time enough had elapsed to allow of his being carried over the vast distance that separates Paris from the southern border of France ? He could not believe this. Had he been driving north then, and was this the British Channel ? It might be so. Had he finally been driven west, and was this the Atlantic Ocean ? That, indeed, was a thought of horror, yet the thing was only too possible. It seemed to him now that he must be over either the British Channel or else the ocean itself. Of these alternatives the latter meant utter ruin and despair ; but the former left some room for hope and even consol-

tion. He rather clung to hope. He chose rather to think that it was the narrower sea, and to hope that beyond the roaring of these waters and the rush of these waves there lay a land like that which he had left behind, where it might be possible to find an escape at last.

Meanwhile Maud had been reclining at the bottom of the car in the position in which Grimes had left her, leaning in as easy a position as possible against the side, and waiting to see what was to be done. The shawl which he had wrapped around her still covered her face, protecting her from the cold and from the damp. To her the balloon seemed motionless. It did not avail to distract her thoughts from other subjects which now occupied her mind. For she was thinking of Carrol, of the misunderstanding that had arisen between them, of the dark alienation that had arisen, of the separation and astonishing meeting on board the steamer, of his apparent aversion, of their lives apart, of their chance meeting and their final explanation and understanding. Above all she thought of this last incident in their mutual history, so wonderful, so unaccountable. She had seen him arrested ; she had fallen to the floor, in her despair, senseless. She had been long unconscious, but had finally awaked to find herself with him, alone with him, out of the world, in the realms of the upper air.

She recalled every incident of that awakening. She thought how he had been roused by her movement and had come to her. She recalled his words of tenderness, his acts of devotion, his deep and all-absorbing love. His arms had been round her ; she had reclined upon him ; she had listened to his murmured words of love ; she had felt his kisses upon her lips. What happiness, what bliss had been hers ! What an ending was this to the sorrow that she had known !

And now, as she no longer felt his encircling arms, she began to experience a sense of loneliness. Where was he ? Where had he gone ? Why was he so

silent? What was he doing? He had gone to arrange something connected with the balloon. What was his task? He made no sound. What had become of him? The deep silence became oppressive, and at length she became conscious of a low deep moan that seemed to rise from beneath her. To this she listened for some time, until at length she could endure it no longer, and began to feel uneasy at the silence. She felt deserted, and a wild fear of danger arose.

She started up and groped around with her hands. The car was not large, and in the darkness her hands touched Grimes, who was unable to repress a start and an exclamation of surprise. But the touch of her hand at once aroused him from the gloomy thoughts in which he had been indulging, and reawakened those tenderer emotions which for a short time had been forgotten. He drew her close to him, and, encircling her fondly with one arm, with the other hand he proceeded very anxiously and carefully to arrange the shawl about her head. He said nothing, however, for the solemn sense of peril was still uppermost in his mind, and he felt that if he spoke he would inevitably speak of this. But he wished to spare his dear love as far as possible all pain, all knowledge of danger; and he hoped yet that the danger might be passed, and that she might reach the land so pleasantly that no thought of the terrors of the journey should ever come to her mind. He held his tongue, and contented himself with acts of tender carefulness.

Maud, as she stood there, looked forth and saw that darkness and that gloom which had so impressed the stout heart of Grimes. Beneath her she again heard, and this time far more impressively than before, the droning cadence of the waves; the sound of many waters, which, penetrating thus through the gloom to her ears, carried a certain dismal warning to her soul. She clung closer to Grimes. Her heart throbbed painfully, and at last even his protecting arms could

not altogether repel the advancing terror.

"O, I'm afraid!" she moaned. "I'm so afraid!"

Grimes said nothing. He pressed her closer to his heart. His hand wandered over her shawl, as though by thus ministering to her comfort he might secure her safety. His silence increased her fears.

"O, I'm afraid!" she murmured once again. "What will become of us?" And with a shudder she clung more closely to Grimes.

Now Grimes himself had been so overawed by the solemn presence of night and storm and darkness and the shadow of death, and he had experienced such direful emotions at the thought of that angry ocean that lay roaring beneath ready to engulf them, that he had no words of consolation to offer, and nothing to say that might disarm the fears of another. He did not wish her to share his anxiety; but since she had gazed with her own eyes upon the terrors of the scene, he had nothing to offer by which those terrors could be disarmed. He could only follow the natural impulse of his heart, and clasp her closer to him, and say to her in low tones, "O my darling! don't be afraid. I'm with you."

"Yes," sighed Maud, "I forgot. I'll try to be patient." And with these words she sat down in her former position at the bottom of the car.

Once more Grimes turned to confront the peril of his situation, and to plan in his own mind some way of escape. Escape? How was it possible?

Shall I descend? thought he.

Descend?

But why should he descend? What was it that lay beneath him? Was it the ocean or the channel? This was the question, and how could he find any answer to that question? Was it the ocean or the channel? If the one, he was lost, and all his bright hopes shattered, and the blessed future torn forever away from his grasp; if the other, there was a chance, faint indeed, but still a chance of escape. Was it the

ocean or the channel? Terrible question! Unanswerable problem!

Shall I pull the valve-string and descend?

Descend? Where? Why? Descend? Why descend? To what place? For what purpose? Descend? Why, in any case a descent now could only mean a fall into the sea, and that sea just now, just here, even if it should happen to be the channel, could only serve one purpose, and that would be to engulf them. Descend? No, the thought could not be entertained.

What then? Should he ascend?

This was a different thing altogether. It was a bolder question. A question, indeed, so bold that he might well pause before he decided upon adopting such a course. To descend was death; but to ascend, what was that? Was it death or safety?

Such were the thoughts that agitated the soul of Grimes.

And all the while there came up the deep drone of the rolling billows, the noise of many waters, and never ceased to remind him of the peril of the hour, and of the fate that lay in wait for him — and for her.

Had the balloon kept the same altitude, or had it been gradually descending? This thought came to him. He put his head over the side of the car and listened. There came to his ears the same drone of the waves, but whether he had descended lower or not he could not tell. Any exact estimate of his distance from the earth was impossible, yet the sound seemed near enough to suggest the propriety of putting a greater distance between him and it; and so as he arose once more to his former position, and asked himself the question, Shall I ascend? the waters below gave forth an answer that had an unmistakable meaning.

That meaning which he understood was, Ascend! Avoid us! Keep away, as far as possible, from our pitiless wrath!

Meanwhile Maud sat at the bottom of the car, listening and thinking, listening to the roar of the waves,

thinking of Carol. It seemed strange indeed to her, that, after their prolonged sorrow, they should be joined again, stranger still that they should be joined under such circumstances, but most strange and at the same time most sad, that, being thus joined, they should still be exposed to that merciless fate which, like a Nemesis, seemed ever to pursue them. For ever amid her meditations there came the sound of the waves of the sea, and that sound now signified to her mind nothing less than renewed disaster, and perhaps complete destruction.

The cold of the upper air and the chill of the enveloping clouds affected her, and she felt them through the shawls which were gathered about her; yet the chill grasp of the hand of Night was robbed of half its power by the hot and feverish influence of the thoughts that passed through her mind. Where were they going? What were they doing? Carol had madly carried her off in the balloon; but did he understand the balloon, and did he know what was to be done in the dire emergency in which they now found themselves? And what was he doing now? She began to comprehend that he was puzzled and bewildered, and that he was trying to think of some way of effecting their escape. The thought filled her heart with despair, and as she considered his inexperience and ignorance the last hope of escape died out.

Shall I ascend or not?

Such was the thought of Grimes.

And now with inconceivable abruptness, bursting into the midst of the night, dashing all the dark aside and transforming in one moment all that impenetrable blackness to one universal glow of fiery red, there came a sudden flash, coming from no one direction, but flaming everywhere for a moment, and then dying out utterly. And then, before Grimes could collect his thoughts that had been scattered and dissipated by the shock of that lurid flash, there followed a long, deep thunder-peal, that rolled all around them, and went volleying on through

all the heavens in long reverberations.

Grimes stood motionless until the last peal of the long-reverberating thunder had died away in the distance. Then, at length, he knew what he was to do. In that long, deep, wrathful thunder-volley he had heard the answer to his question. From that answer there was no appeal. It sent forth to his ears a voice, menacing, gloomy, terrific, and even the stout heart of Grimes shrank back from the terrors of its presence. From this his one thought was now to fly; and he stooped down hastily and snatched at several of the ballast-bags, and hurled them out one after another.

Maud had not seen the red flash, for her head was infolded by the shawl; but she had heard the terrible thunder-peal. As its first low, rising sound came to her ears, she thought it was the surf beating upon some rocky shore upon which they were driving. Every nerve thrilled with horror; and she drew herself up with that instinctive movement by which one tries to prepare himself for some inevitable collision. But the collision did not come; and the sound deepened into grander volume till the thunder-peal made itself manifest to her. Yet this discovery lessened her horror not one whit. As well, she thought, might they be driving against the pitiless cliffs of an iron-bound shore, as to be up here in this place of terror, among the withering lightning-flashes, in the secret place of thunder. She was aware of Grimes's exertions, though she did not know what he was doing, and she felt the car oscillate beneath his movements.

She removed the shawl and looked up with a shudder of terrible apprehension, with the fear of one who expected to see Death itself. She said not a word. She looked, with all her being in her eyes.

There came before her sight the dim outline of her companion, and the ropes of the rigging and the network, and the dark figure of the overhanging orb.

All these grew less shadowy and

more substantial every moment, until at length something like the actual forms of tangible things could be seen, though as yet the gloom of night kept them indistinct. But beyond this her eyes saw a place where the gloom of night came not; for, looking over the edge of the car, her gaze wandered far away into distant space, and there from that remote infinity there shone full before her a clear, tranquil star. In its calm, cold ray her feverish spirit seemed to sink to rest and quiet; and the light of the star showed her that the horror of great darkness had passed.

XXIX.

OVER THE CLOUDS AND OVER THE SEA.

Thus by throwing out that ballast the balloon had been elevated beyond the region of the storm into one of calm, or at least to one where the clouds did not follow. Grimes once more felt a momentary thrill of self-complacency at this second proof of his power to navigate the machine, but the anxieties of his position were too great to allow such a feeling to last. He was still as ignorant as ever of his whereabouts, and merely knew this, that the sea was beneath him, and between him and that sea a thunder-storm was raging.

Grimes looked over the side of the car upon the scene beneath. There lay a vast abyss, without form, and void, of intense blackness; out from the midst of this abyss he saw the sudden flash of the lightning, now in long forked lines which seemed to pierce the whole misshapen mass with destructive fury, again in one sudden uplifting of universal light. After this followed the deafening thunder. To Grimes it seemed as though this scene of destruction was taking place on the earth itself, as though the world were going to ruin, and that the time had come for the consummation of all things; and though he on the wings of his balloon rode sublime in the crystal-

line sky, yet he would gladly have exchanged his exaltation for any place, however lowly, upon the solid earth.

Now the deepest anxiety filled his heart. Every moment some portion of the gas escaped; the balloon grew less and less buoyant; and at last a time would come when, after the last fragment of ballast had been thrown out, it could rise no more, but must begin its steady and uninterrupted descent to the earth or to the sea.

In vain the eyes of Grimes wandered around over every part of the sky. If he could but see any sign of land, no matter how bleak and bare it might be, if it was but the peak of some mountain, he would feel relief. But no land appeared; and out of that flaming abyss below no mountain-crest reared itself to meet his gaze. The night also, the long duration of this darkness, troubled him. Would it never end? Would morning never come? Amid this darkness it was impossible to decide upon any course of action, since his plans had to be made up in accordance with his surroundings. He could no longer hear the roar of waves, even though he tried hard in the occasional pauses between the thunder-peals. Perhaps he had traversed a narrow sea and was now over some land; perhaps he had gone up so far that the sound of the waves could not reach him; or perhaps his ears were so dulled by the thunder that the lesser sound of waves could not be distinguished. But whatever the cause was, he could no longer hear that sound.

Maud crouched in the bottom of the car, hiding her eyes from the lightning-flashes and closing her ears to the thunder-peals. The time seemed endless; and each hour, as it passed, lengthened itself out intolerably, until at length Grimes began to notice that the lightning flashed less frequently, and that the thunder-peals followed each other at longer intervals.

The subsidence of the storm aroused his hope. For if this should die out, then the clouds might also be dissipated; and if he should survive till

morning, the earth would not be shut out from his view. With hopes like these he still watched and listened patiently. And the lightning grew rarer and rarer, and the thunder less frequent and less loud, until at length both ceased altogether. But now the scene beneath was no longer lighted up by those vivid flashes which had formerly illumined it, and what lay there was once more a black abyss, a void of nothingness.

The hours of the night passed on. Maud remained silent and motionless. The storm had ceased, the lightning flashed no more, and the thunder-peals no longer sounded in her ears; but she did not move from her position, nor make a sign. There were two strong feelings in her heart that kept her quiet. One was a feeling of intense terror and apprehension. This journey amid the clouds and darkness, with the dread accompaniment of thunder and lightning, must end in utter ruin. The other feeling was one of deep concern for her dear love, who now had the care of her upon his heart, and was standing there watching and waiting. Perhaps he was bewildered through his ignorance of balloon navigation; perhaps he was silent through despair; perhaps he had some plan, and was devoting all the energies of his mind and body toward carrying that plan into accomplishment. And thus Maud, in her terror for herself and in her love for her dear companion, remained motionless, through the conviction that if there was any possibility of safety it must depend upon her companion's perfect vigilance and absolute freedom from interruption.

The cessation of the storm had resulted in a quiet so profound that no sound was heard. The quiet reassured her, and gradually the haunting terror of her heart grew fainter. Gradually, too, the fatigue and the excitement through which she had passed produced their natural effect. She was worn out by the events of that day and night; and as the tremendous pressure of excitement and immediate terror was

removed, her mind grew more at rest, and slowly she let herself sink into a light and gentle sleep.

But Grimes still watched, and the hours of the night passed slowly on. More than once he had been surprised at the stillness of Maud, and had stooped down, fearing that she might have again fainted. The first time he took her hand, and she returned a gentle pressure without saying a word. The next time she gave no pressure of her hand; but her hand was warm, and by her gentle and regular breathing he knew that she was asleep. This assurance gave him intense delight, for his chief trouble all along was the fear lest his dear love might be suffering.

At length Grimes saw a faint glow of light on the horizon, and hailed with joy the appearance of the dawn. On that quarter lay the east; but it was impossible to tell, even by that assistance, in what direction he was going; still day was coming, and soon it would be light, and then all would be revealed. The progress of the dawn seemed painfully slow; and again and again he impatiently withdrew his eyes, and tried in vain to fix them elsewhere. But there was about the dawn a glory and a charm that Grimes found irresistible; and so, as often as he withdrew his eyes, they wandered back again.

Suddenly there came to his ears a faint plashing sound that made him start. It sounded like the dashing of water. He looked over the side of the car. Again the sound came to his ears, and yet again, yet nothing was visible to his eyes. Beneath him there was a dull, opaque gloom, in which nothing whatever was discernible; nor was he able to make out whether it was land, or sea, or the dense clouds which hours ago had stretched in flame and uproar beneath. Yet there was no mistake about the sound, and again the thought came that it might be the sea.

He had now something else to attract his gaze. The eastern sky lost its ascendancy in his thoughts. The mystery beneath now arose to a prominent place. What was it? He leaned

over, and strained his eager eyes into the gloom. He began to notice something like motion there. What was this motion? Was it rolling clouds, or was it the movement of waves? As he listened, he once or twice thought that the sounds seemed surprisingly near. At length the moving objects beneath him became more distinctly revealed in the increasing light; at length he saw the movement all beneath and around him, regular and recurrent, while the sound that accompanied that movement was the sound of dashing waves, of boiling surges, of foaming, seething billows.

Yes, it was the sea.

Suddenly all was revealed. To his utter amazement he saw that this sea was immediately beneath him. He could see it at last distinctly. Not more than thirty feet seemed to intervene between him and it, and the balloon was scudding with the speed of the storm-wind over its surface. A moment before it seemed as though the balloon was motionless in a calm. Now he perceived that it was rushing along at a rate of speed such as the hurricane alone may attain.

He understood all now in a moment. The balloon had been losing its buoyancy, and had been gradually descending for hours. He had just noticed this in time. What should he do now? Should he arrest that flight? But how? He had heard of aeronauts throwing out a rope and allowing it to trail in the water. This he thought of, but saw no rope that was adapted for his purpose. There was only one thing left, and that was to lighten the balloon and once more ascend. He threw out several bags of ballast, and the balloon arose once more, and passed up so high that the sight and the sound of the sea was left behind.

But the day was coming on, and soon the sea would reappear in the gathering light. Steadily that light now increased. Grimes watched the scene beneath, and gradually beheld it assume the form of waves, no longer lying close beneath him and sending

the din of its billows up to his ears, but far away below, at an immense distance, — so far that, as the waves became defined in the increasing light, they assumed the appearance of wrinkles upon the face of the water.

The light grew stronger. Day advanced. At last daylight conquered the darkness; and though the sun was not yet up, still the whole scene beneath was revealed to the gaze of Grimes.

There was the sea. All around, the horizon. Upon that horizon no signs of land were visible. At one point which lay to the north there was an accumulation of clouds, but what they concealed he could not know. It was the sea, but what sea?

Not the channel, for now he saw that if he had crossed that place he would see land beneath him by this time, and not water. Could it be the Mediterranean? He thought not, for he had heard the sound of the surf too soon to have had time to reach that sea. What then? Only one thing remained. It must be the Atlantic.

This thought had once before come to him, and he had struggled with it; but now it came again, full, clear, manifest, and attested by the evidence of his senses. At this confirmation of his worst fears he stood perfectly overwhelmed, staring at the world-wide ocean. In one place he saw a ship many miles away, but it grew fainter and fainter.

There was now only one thought in his mind.

The Atlantic!

There was now not one ray of hope. He could do no more. What remained? Nothing but to meet his fate like a man. But since life had thus run out, why should he not enjoy its last brief moments; or why, since he had so short a time left to live, should he keep himself any longer apart from that dear one over whom his soul yearned with such intense fondness.

He stooped down, and, stealing his hand under the shawl that enveloped Maud's head, he took her little hand in his, and sat looking at her with a

face full of unutterable love and longing, with all the fervent love of his strong nature expressed upon his glowing face.

Maud in her light sleep felt that touch, and it thrilled through her. She waked at once, but the touch was so sweet, and reminded her so tenderly of her dear fond lover, that she remained motionless for some little time, just for the sake of prolonging that exquisite sentiment of bliss and ecstasy. For it was *his* hand. *He* was here. *He* was by her side. *He* was all her own. She did not give one thought to the very extraordinary fact that both of them were in a balloon, and interchanging their feelings in space. Of the balloon and of space she had no thought. It was her sweet, sweet love only, and the fond encircling clasp of that dear hand.

And now Grimes longed to feast his eyes with a sight of that dear face whose exquisite lineaments were impressed indelibly upon his memory. So he reached forth his other hand, and began gently, and lovingly, and tenderly, to draw aside the shawl which enveloped that face, and concealed it from him. Maud felt the gesture; and as the shawl was slowly removed, she remained still, awaiting the moment when his dear hand, having withdrawn the veil, her eyes should gaze upon his adored face. At this prospect a delicious sense of expectation filled her mind; a sweet confusion gave a zest to her joy; and a delicate flush passed over her face.

The shawl was drawn away.

For an instant Maud sat with a flush mantling her exquisitely lovely face, and her eyes downcast, while a faint smile hovered around her lips. At length, in the full assurance of perfect happiness, she raised her eyes.

The blow of this discovery had already fallen upon Grimes. As he drew back the shawl he saw her face for the first time distinctly, and saw that it was Maud Heathcote. The blow was tremendous. He was stunned. He did n't think of anything. He did n't

try to account for anything. He did n't wonder where Mrs. Lovell really was. He did n't have any thought at all. He was simply stunned.

And so it was that, when Maud, in the full assurance of perfect happiness, raised her eyes, this is what she saw.

She saw the man Grimes staring at her. He was still clutching her hand, and holding up the shawl. He was now rigid in that position as though petrified. His eyes were glassy, staring; opposite her, but seeing her not; while on his face there was an expression of dumb, inarticulate amazement; the expression of a soul in a state of collapse; of a mind in a state of daze;

the vacuity of thought; the look of a being who, having gone out of his senses, was approaching the regions of doddering imbecility.

As Maud looked upon this man the flush passed away from her face, and was succeeded by a ghastly pallor and an expression of dull and torpid terror; her ashen lips parted to utter a cry which yet did not escape them; with a frightful shudder she tore her hand away from his clasp, and flung herself back in a recoil of deadly abhorrence.

Of this Grimes took no notice; and so he sat, regarding her with his dazed eyes, while Maud sat staring at him in fixed and rigid horror.

James DeMille.

A PRODIGAL IN TAHITI.

LET this confession be topped with a vignette done in broad, shadowless lines and few of them, — something like this: —

A little flyblown room, smelling of garlic; I cooling my elbows on the oily slab of a table (breakfast for one) and looking through a window at a glaring whitewashed fence high enough to shut out the universe from my point of sight. Yet it hid not all, since it brought into relief a panting cock (with one leg in a string), which had so strained to compress itself into a doubtful inch of shade that its suspended claw clutched the air in real agony.

Having dazzled my eyes with this prospect, I turned gratefully to the vanities of life that may be had for two francs in Tahiti. *Vide* bill of fare. One fried egg, like the eye of some gigantic Albino; potatoes hollowed out bombshell fashion, primed with liver-sausage, very ingenious and palatable. The naked corpse of a fowl that cared not to live longer, from appearances, yet looked not happy in death.

Item: Wonder if there *is* a more

ghastly spectacle than a chicken cooked in the French style; its knees drawn up on its breast like an Indian mummy, while its blue-black, parboiled, and melancholy visage tearfully surveys its own unshrouded remains. After a brief season of meditation I said, and I trust I meant it, "I thank the Lord for all these blessings." Then I gave the corpse of the chicken Christian burial under a fold of the window-curtain, disposed of the fried eye of the Albino, and transformed myself into a mortar for the time being, taking potato-bombshells according to my calibre.

There was claret all the while and plenty of butterless roll, a shaving of cheese, a banana, black coffee and cognac, when I turned again to dazzle myself with the white fence and saw with infinite pity, — a sentiment perhaps not unmixed with a suspicion of cognac or some other temporary humanizing element, — I saw for a fact that the poor cock had wilted and lay flat in the sun like a last year's duster. That was too much for me. I wheeled towards the door where gleamed the bay with its lovely ridges of light; canoes drifting

over it drew the eye after them irresistibly; I heard the ship-calkers on the beach making their monotonous clatter, and the drone of the bareheaded fruit-sellers squatted in rows chatting indolently with their eyes half shut. I could think of nothing but bees humming over their own sweet wares.

About this time a young fellow at the next table, who had scarcely a mouthful of English at his command, implored me to take beer with him; implying that we might, if desirable, become as tight as two bricks. I declined, much to his admiration, he regarding my refusal as a clear case of moral courage, whereas it arose simply and solely from my utter inability to see his treat and go him one better.

A grown person in Tahiti has an eating hour allotted to him twice a day, at 10, A. M. and 5, P. M. My time being up I returned to the store in an indifferent frame of mind, and upon entering the presence of my employer, who had arrived a moment before me, I was immediately covered with the deep humiliation of servitude and withdrew to an obscure corner, while Monsieur and some naval guests took absinthe unblushingly, which was, of course, proper enough in them. Call it by what name you will, you cannot sweeten servility to my taste. Then why was I there and in bondage? The spirit of adventure that keeps life in us, yet comes near to worrying it out of us now and then, lured me with my handful of dollars to the Garden of the Pacific. "You can easily get work," said some one who had been there and did n't want it. If work I must, why not better there than here, thought I; and the less money I take with me the surer am I to seek that which might not attract me under other circumstances. A few letters which proved almost valueless; an abiding trust in Providence, afterward somewhat shaken I am sorry to state, which convinces me that I can no longer hope to travel as a shorn lamb; considerable confidence in the good feeling of my fellow-men, together with the few dollars

above referred to, — comprised my all when I set foot on the leaf-strewn and shady beach of Papute.

Before the day was over I saw my case was almost hopeless; I was one too many in a very meagre congregation of foreigners. In a week I was desperate, with poverty and disgrace brooding like evil spirits on either hand. Every ten minutes some one suggested something which was almost immediately suppressed by the next man I met, to whom I applied for further information. Teach, said one, there was n't a pupil to be had in the dominion. Clerkships were out of the question likewise. I might keep store, if I could get anything to put in it; or go farther, as some one suggested, if I had money enough to get there. I thought it wiser to endure the ills I had than fly to others that I knew not of. In this state I perambulated the green lanes of Papute, conscious that I was drawing down tons of immaterial sympathy from hearts of various nationalities, beating to the music of regular salaries in hard cash, and the inevitable ringing of their daily dinner-bell; and I continued to perambulate under the same depressing avalanches for a fortnight or more, a warning to the generation of the inexperienced that persists in sowing itself broadcast upon the edges of the earth, and learns too late how hard a thing it is to take root under the circumstances.

One gloomy day I was seized in the market-place and led before a French gentleman who offered me a bed and board for such manual compensation as I might be able to give him in his office during the usual business hours, namely, from daybreak to some time in the afternoon, unless it rained, when business was suspended, and I was dropped until fair weather should set that little world wagging again.

I was invited to enter into the bosom of his family, in fact, to be *one* of them, and no single man could ask to be more; to sit at his table and hope for better days, in which diversion he proposed to join me with all his soul.

With an emotion of gratitude and a pang at being thus early a subject of charity, I began business in Papute, and learned within the hour how sharper than most sharps it is to know only your own mother-tongue when you're away from home.

Nightly I walked two hot and dusty miles through groves of bread-fruit and colonnades of palms to my new master's. I skirted, with loitering steps, a placid sea whose crystalline depths sheltered leagues and leagues of sun-painted corals, where a myriad fish, dyed like the rainbow, sported unceasingly. Springs gushed from the mountain, singing their song of joy; the winds sang in the dark locks of the sycamore, while the palm boughs clashed like cymbals in rhythmical accompaniment; glad children chanted their choruses, and I alone could n't sing, nor hum, nor whistle, because it does n't pay to work for your board and pay for little necessities out of your own pocket, in any latitude that I ever heard of.

We lived in a grove of ten thousand cocoa-palms crowning a hill-slope to the west. How all-sufficient it sounds as I write it now, but how little I cared then, for many reasons! My cottage had prior tenants, who disputed possession with me, winged tenants who sought admission at every cranny and frequently obtained it in spite of me; these were not angels, but hens. My cottage had been a granary until it got too poor a receptacle for grains, and a better shelter left it open to the barn-fowls until I arrived. They hated me, these hungry chickens; they used to sit in rows on the window-sill and stare me out of countenance. A wide bedstead, corded with thongs, did its best to furnish my apartment. A narrow, a very narrow and thin ship's mattress, that had been a bed of torture for many a sea-sick soul before it descended to me; a flat pillow like a pancake, a condemned horse-blanket contributed by a good-natured Kanack who raked it from a heap of refuse in the yard, together with two sacks of rice, the despair of those hens in the window, were all I

could boast of. With this inventory I strove (by particular request) to be one of those who were comfortable enough in the chateau adjoining. Summoned peremptorily to dinner, I entered a little latticed saloon connected with the chateau by a covered walk, discovered Monsieur seated at table and already served with soup and claret; the remainder of the company served themselves as they best could; and I saw plainly enough that the family bosom was so crowded already, that I might seek in vain to wedge myself into any corner of it, at least until some vacancy occurred.

After dinner, sat on a sack of rice in my room while it grew dark and Monsieur received calls. Wandered down to the beach at the foot of the hill and lay a long time on a bed of leaves, while the tide was out and the crabs clattered along shore and were very sociable. Natives began to kindle their evening fires of cocoanut husks; smoke, sweet as incense, climbed up to the plumes of the palm-trees and was lost among the stars. Morsels of fish and bread-fruit were offered me by the untutored savage, who welcomed me to his frugal meal and desired that I should at least taste before he broke his fast. Canoes shot out from dense, shadowy points, fishers standing in the bows with a poised spear in one hand; a blazing palm-branch held aloft in the other shed a warm glow of light over their superb nakedness. Bathed by the sea in a fresh, cool spring, and returned to my little coop, which was illuminated by the glare of fifty floating beacons; looking back from the door I could see the dark outlines of the torch-bearers and hear their signal calls above the low growl of the reef a half-mile farther out from shore. It was a blessing to lie awake in my little room and watch the flicker of those fires; to think how Tahiti must look on a cloudless night from some heavenly altitude. The ocean still as death, the procession of fishermen sweeping from point to point within the reef, till the island, flooded with starlight and torchlight, lies like

a green sea-garden in a girdle of flame.

A shrill bell called me from my bed at dawn. I was not unwilling to rise, for half the night I lay like a saint on the tough thongs, having turned over in sleep, thereby missing the mattress entirely. Made my toilet at a spring on the way into town; saw a glorious sunrise that was as good as breakfast, and found the whole earth and sea and all that in them is singing again while I listened and gave thanks for that privilege. At 10 A. M. I went to breakfast in the small restaurant where I have sketched myself at the top of this chronicle, and whither we may return and begin over again if it please you.

I was about to remark that probably most melancholy and homesickness may be cured or alleviated by a wholesome meal of victuals; but I think I won't, for, on referring to my note-book, I find that within an hour after my return to the store I was as heart-sick as ever and was n't afraid to say so. It is scarcely to be wondered at; the sky was dark; aboard a schooner some sailors were making that doleful whine peculiar to them, as they hauled in to shore and tied up to a tree in a sifting rain. Then everything was ominously still as though something disagreeable were about to happen; thereupon I doubled myself over the counter like a half-shut jack-knife, and burying my face in my hands said to myself, "O, to be alone with Nature! her silence is religion and her sounds sweet music." After which the rain blew over, and I was sent with a hand-cart and one underfed Kanack to a wharf half a mile away to drag back several loads of potatoes. We two hungry creatures struggled heroically to do our duty. Starting with a multitude of sacks it was quite impossible to proceed with, we grew weaker the farther we went, so that the load had to be reduced from time to time, and I believe the amount of potatoes deposited by the way considerably exceeded the amount we subsequently arrived at the store with. Finding life a burden, and seeing the

legs of the young fellow in harness with me bend under him in his frantic efforts to get our cart out of a rut without emptying it entirely, I resolved to hire a substitute at my own expense, and save my remaining strength for a new line of business. Thus I was enabled to sit on the wharf the rest of the afternoon and enjoy myself devising new means of subsistence and watching the natives swim.

Some one before me found a modicum of sweets in his cup of bitterness, and in a complacent hour set the good against the evil in single entry, summing up the same to his advantage. I concluded to do it myself, and did it, thus:—

EVIL.

I find myself in a foreign land with no one to love and none to love me.

I am working for my board and lodging (no extras), and find it very unprofitable.

My clothes are in rags. I shall soon be without a stitch to my back.

I get hungry before breakfast and feel faint after dinner. What are two meals a day to a man of my appetite?

GOOD.

But I may do as I please in consequence, and it is nobody's business save my own.

But I may quit as soon as I feel like it, and shall have no occasion to ~~run~~ my employer for back salary so long as I stop with him.

But the weather is mild and the fig-tree flourishes. Moreover many a good savage has gone naked before me.

But fasting is saintly. Day by day I grow more spiritual, and shall shortly be a fit subject for translation to that better world which is doubtless the envy of all those who have lost it by over eating and drinking.

Nothing can exceed the satisfaction with which I read and reread this philosophical summary, but I had relapses every few minutes so long as I lived in Tahiti. I remember one Sunday morning, a day I had all to myself, when I cried out of the depths and felt better after it. It was a real Sunday. The fowls confessed it by the indifference with which they picked up a grain of rice now and then as though they were n't hungry. The family were moving about in an unnatural way; some people are never themselves on the Lord's day. The canoes lay asleep off upon the water, evidently conscious of

the long hours of rest they were sure of having. To sum it all, it seemed as though the cover had been taken off from the earth, and the angels were sitting in big circles looking at us. Our clock had run down, and I found myself halt an hour too early at mass. Some diminutive native children talked together with infinite gesticulation, like little old men. At every lag in the conversation, two or three of them would steal away to the fence that surrounded the church and begin diligently counting the pickets thereof. They were evidently amazed at what they considered a singular coincidence, namely, that the number of pickets, beginning at the front gate and counting to the right, tallied exactly with the do. do. beginning at the do. do. and counting to the left; while they were making repeated efforts to get at the heart of this mystery, the priest rode up on horseback, dismounted in our midst, and we all followed him into chapel to mass.

A young Frenchman offered me holy-water on the tips of his fingers, and I immediately decided to confide in him to an unlimited extent if he gave me the opportunity. It was a serious disappointment when I found later, that we did n't know six words in any common tongue. Concluded to be independent, and walked off by myself. Got very lonesome immediately. Tried to be meditative, philosophical, botanical, conchological, and in less than an hour gave it up, — homesick again, by Jove!

Strolled to the beach and sat a long time on a bit of wreck partly imbedded in the sand; consoled by the surpassing radiance of sunset, wondered how I could ever have repined, but proceeded to do it again as soon as it grew dark. Some natives drew near, greeting me kindly. They were evidently lovers; talked in low tones, deeply interested in the most trivial things, such as a leaf falling into the sea at our feet and floating stem up, like a bowsprit; he probably made some poetic allusion to it, may have proposed braving the seas with her in a shallop as fairy-like, for

both fell a dreaming and were silent for some time, he worshipping her with fascinated eyes, while she, woman-like, pretended to be all unconscious of his admiration.

Silently we sat looking over the sea at Morea, just visible in the light of the young moon like a spirit brooding upon the waters, till I broke the spell by saying "good night," which was repeated in a chorus as I withdrew to my coop and found my feathered guests had beaten in the temporary barricade erected in the broken window, entered and made themselves at home during my absence, — a fact that scarcely endeared the spot to me. Next morning I was unusually merry; could n't tell why, but tried to sing as I made my toilet at the spring; laughed nearly all the way into town, saying my prayers and blessing God, when I came suddenly upon a horseshoe in the middle of the road. Took it as an omen and a keepsake; horseshoes are n't shed everywhere nor for everybody. I thought it the prophecy of a change, and at once cancelled my engagement with my employer without having set foot into his house farther than the dining-room, or made any apparent impression upon the adamant bosom of his family.

After formally expressing my gratitude to Monsieur for his renewed offers of hospitality, I turned myself into the street and was once more adrift in the world. For the space of three minutes I was wild with joy at the thought of my perfect liberty. Then I grew nervous, began to feel unhappy, nay, even guilty, as though I had thrown up a good thing. Concluded it was rash of me to leave a situation where I got two meals and a mattress, with the privilege of washing at my own expense. Am not sure that it was n't unwise, for I had no dinner that afternoon; and having no bed either, I crept into the veranda of a house to let and dozed till daybreak.

There was but one thing to live for now, namely, to see as much of Tahiti as possible, and at my earliest conve-

nience return like the prodigal son to that father who would doubtless feel like killing something appropriate as soon as he saw me coming. I said as much to a couple of brothers who are living a dream-life over yonder, and whose wildest species of dissipation for the last seven years has been to rise at intervals from their settees in the arbor, go deliberately to the farther end of the garden and eat several mangoes in cold blood.

To comprehend Tahiti, a man must lose himself in forests whose resinous boughs are knotted with ribbons of sea-grass; there, overcome by the music of sibilant waters sifting through the antlers of the coral, he is supposed to sink upon drifts of orange-blossoms only to be resuscitated by the spray of an approaching shower crashing through the green solitudes like an army with chariots, — so those brothers told, with a mango poised in each hand; and they added that I should have an official document addressed to the best blood in the kingdom, namely, Forty, chief of Tahiti, who would undoubtedly entertain me with true barbarian hospitality, better the world knows not. There was a delay for some reason; I, rather impatient, and scarcely hoping to receive so graceful a compliment from head-quarters, trudged on alone with a light purse and an infinitesimal bundle of necessities, caring nothing for the weather nor the number of miles cleared per day, since I laid no plans save the one, to see as much as I might with the best grace possible, keeping an eye on the road for horseshoes. Through leagues of verdure I wandered, feasting my five senses and finding life a holiday at last. There were numberless streams to be crossed, where I loafed for hours on the bridges, satisfying myself with sunshine. Not a savage in the land was freer than I. No man could say to me, "Why stand ye here idle?" for I could continue to stand as long as I liked and as idly as it pleased me, in spite of him! There were bridgeless streams to be forded, but the Ta-

hitian is a nomad continually wandering from one edge of his fruitful world to the other. Moreover, he is the soul of peace towards men of good-will; I was invariably picked up by some bare-backed Hercules, who volunteered to take me over the water on his brawny brown shoulders, and could have easily taken two like me. It was good to be up there while he strode through the swift current, for I felt that he was perfectly able to carry me to the ends of the earth without stopping, and that sense of reliance helped to reassure my faith in humanity.

As I wandered, from most native houses came the invitation to enter and eat. Night after night I found my bed in the corner of some dwelling whither I had been led by the master of it, with unaffected grace. It was n't simply showing me to a spare room, but rather unrolling the best mat and turning everything to my account so long as it pleased me to tarry. Sometimes the sea talked in its sleep not a rod from the house; frequently the mosquitoes accepted me as a delicacy and did their best to dispose of me. Once I awoke with a head-ache, the air was so dense with the odor of orange-blossoms.

There was frequently a strip of blue bay that ebbed and flowed languidly and had to be lunched with; or a very deep and melodious spring, asking for an interview, and, I may add, it always got it. I remember one miniature castle built in the midst of a grassy Venice by the shore. Its moats, shining with gold-fish, were spanned with slender bridges; toy fences of bamboo enclosed the rarer clumps of foliage, and there was such an air of tranquillity pervading it I thought I must belong there. Something seemed to say, "Come in." I went in, but left very soon; the place was so fairy-like, I felt as though I were liable to step through it and come out on some other side, and I was n't anxious for such a change.

I ate when I got hungry, a very good sort of a meal, consisting usually

of a tiny piglet cooked in the native fashion, swathed in succulent leaves and laid between hot stones till ready for eating; bread-fruit, like mashed potato, but a great deal better; orange-tea and cocoa-milk, surely enough for two or three francs. Took a sleep whenever sleep came along, resting always till the clouds or a shadow from the mountain covered me so as to keep cool and comfortable. Natives passed me with salutations. A white man now and then went by barely nodding, or more frequently eying me with suspicion and giving me as much of his dust as he found convenient. In the wider fellowship of nature, I fore-swore all blood relations and blushed for there presentatives of my own color as I footed it right royally. Therefore, I was enabled to scorn the fellow who scorned me while he flashed the steel hoofs of his charger in my face and dashed on to the village we were both approaching with the dusk.

What a spot it was! A long lane as green as a spring meadow, lying between wall-like masses of foliage whose deep arcades were frescoed with blossoms and festooned with vines. It seemed a pathway leading to infinity, for the blood-red bars of sunset glared at its farther end as though Providence had placed them there to keep out the unregenerated. Not a house visible all this time, nor a human, though I was in the heart of the hamlet. Passing up the turf cushioned road on either hand, I beheld, through a screen of leaves, a log spanning a rivulet that was softly singing its monody. At the end of each log the summer-house of some Tahitian, who sat in his door smoking complacently. It was a picture of still life with a suggestion of possible motion; a village to put into a green-house, water, and keep fresh forever. Let me picture it once more. — one mossy street between two babbling brooks, and every house thereof set each in its own moated wilderness. This was Papeali.

Like rows of cages full of chirping birds those bamboo huts were distrib-

uted up and down the street. As I walked I knew something would cause me to turn at the right time and find a new friend ready to receive me, for it always does. So I walked slowly and without hesitation or impatience until I turned and met him coming out of his cage, crossing the rill by his log and holding out his hand to me in welcome. Back we went together, and I ate and slept there as though it had been arranged a thousand years ago; perhaps it was! There was a racket up at the farther end of the lane, by the chief's house. Songs and nose-flutings upon the night air; moreover, a bonfire and doubtless much nectar; too much, as usual, for I heard such cheers as the soul gives when it is careless of consequences, and caught a glimpse of the joys of barbarism such as even we poor Christians cannot wholly withstand, but turning our backs think we are safe enough. Commend me to him who has known temptation and not shunned it, but actually withstood it!

It was the dance, as ever it is the dance where all the aspirations of the soul find expression in the body; those bodies that are incarnate souls or those souls that are spiritualized bodies, inseparable, whatever they are, for the time being. The fire glowed fervently; bananas hung out their tattered banners like decorations; palms rustled their silver plumes aloft in the moonlight; the sea panted upon its sandy bed in heavy sleep; the night-blooming cereus opened its waxen chambers and gave forth its treasured sweets. Circle after circle of swart savage faces were turned upon the flame-lit arena where the dancers posed for a moment with their light drapery gathered about them and held carelessly in one hand. Anon the music chimed forth; a reiteration of chords caught from the birds' treble and the wind's bass. Full and resounding syllables, richly poetical, telling of orgies and of the mysteries of the forbidden revels in the charmed valleys of the gods, hearing which it were impossible not

to be wrought to madness, and the dancers thereat went mad, dancing with infinite gesticulation, dancing to whirlwinds of applause till the undulation of their bodies was serpentine, and at last in frenzy they shrieked with joy, threw off their garments, and were naked as the moon. So much for a vision that kept me awake till morning, when I plodded on in the damp grass and tried to forget it, but could n't exactly and never have to this hour. Went on and on over more bridges spanning still-flowing streams of silver, past springs that lay like great crystals framed in moss under dripping fern-clad cliffs that the sun never reaches. Came at last to a shining whitewashed fort on an eminence that commands the isthmus connecting the two hemispheres of Tahiti, where down I dropped into a narrow valley full of wind and discord and a kind of dreary neglect that made me sick for any other place. More refreshment for the wayfarer, but to be paid for by the dish, and therefore limited. Was obliged to hate a noisy fellow with too much bushy black beard and a freckled nose, and to like another who eyed me kindly over his absynthe, having first mixed a glass for me. A native asked me where I was going; being unable to give any satisfactory answer, he conducted me to his canoe, about a mile distant, where he cut a sapling for a mast, another for a gaff, twisted in a few moments a cord of its fibrous bark, rigged a sail of his sleeping-blanket, and we were shortly wafted on ward before a light breeze between the reef and shore.

Three of us with a bull-pup in the bows dozed under the afternoon sun. He of the paddle awoke now and then to shift sail, beat the sea impetuously for a few seconds, and fall asleep again. Voices roused me occasionally, greetings from colonies of indolent Kanacks on shore, whose business it was to sit there till they got hungry, laughing weariness to scorn.

Close upon our larboard-bow lay one of the islands that had bewitched me as

I paced the shore but a few days previously; under us the measureless gardens of the sea unmasked a myriad of imperishable blossoms, centuries old some of them, but as fair and fresh as though born within the hour. All that afternoon we drifted between sea and shore, and beached at sunset in a new land. Foot-sore and weary, I approached a stable from which thrice a week stages were despatched to Papute.

A modern pilgrim finds his scrip cumbersome, if he has any, and deems it more profitable to pay his coachman than his cobbler.

I climbed to my seat by the jolly French driver, who was continually chatting with three merry nuns sitting just back of us, returning to the convent in Papute after a vacation retreat among the hills. How they enjoyed the ride as three children might! and were quite wild with delight at meeting a corpulent *père*, who smiled amiably from his saddle and offered to show them the interior of the pretty chapel at Faaa (only three *a*'s in that word), — the very one I grew melancholy in when I was a man of business.

So they hurled themselves madly from the high seat, one after the other, scorning to touch anything so contaminating as a man's hand, though it looked suicidal, as the driver and I agreed, while the three were at prayers by the altar. Whipping up over the road townward, I could almost recognize my own footprints left since the time I used to take the dust in my face three mornings a week from the wheels of that very vehicle as I footed it in to business. Passing the spring, my toilet of other days, drawing to the edge of the town, we stopped being jolly and were as proper as befitted travellers. We looked over the wall of the convent garden as we drove up to the gate, and saw the mother-superior hurrying down to us with a cumbersome chair for the relief of the nuns, but before she reached us they had cast themselves to earth again in the face of destiny, and there was kiss-

ing, crying, and commotion as they withdrew under the gateway like so many doves seeking shelter. When the gate closed after them, I heard them all *cooing* at once, but the world knows nothing further.

Where would I be dropped, asked the driver? In the middle of the street please you, and take half my little whole for your ride, sir! He took it, dropped me where we stood, and drove away, I pretending to be very much at my ease. God help me and all poor hypocrites!

I sought a place of shelter, or rather retirement, for the air is balm in that country. There was an old house in the middle of a grassy lawn on a by-street. Two of its rooms were furnished with a few papers and books, and certain gentlemen who contribute to its support lounge in when they have leisure for reading or a chat. I grew to know the place familiarly. I stole a night's lodging on its veranda in the shadow of a passion-vine, but, for fear of embarrassing some early student in pursuit of knowledge, I passed the second night on the floor of the dilapidated cook-house, where the ants covered me. I endured the tortures of one who bares his body to an unceasing shower of sparks; but I survived.

There was, in this very cook-house, a sink six feet in length and as wide as a coffin; the third night I lay like a galvanized corpse with his lid off till a rat sought to devour me, when I took to the streets and walked till morning. By this time the president of the club, whose acquaintance I had the honor of, tended me the free use of any portion of the premises that might not be otherwise engaged. With a gleam of hope I began my explorations. Up a narrow and winding stair I found a spacious loft. It was like a mammoth tent, a solitary centre-pole its only ornament. Creeping into it on all-fours, I found a fragment of matting, a dry crust, an empty soda-bottle,—footprints on the sands of time.

"Poor soul!" I gasped, "where did you come from? What *did* you come

for? Whither, O, whither, have you flown?"

I might have added, How did you manage to get there. But the present was so important a consideration, I had no heart to look beyond it. The next ten nights I passed in the silent and airy apartment of my anonymous predecessor. Ten nights I crossed the unswept floor that threatened at every step to precipitate me into the reading-room below. With a faint heart and hollow stomach I threw myself upon my elbow and strove to sleep. I lay till my heart stopped beating, my joints were wooden, and my four limbs corky beyond all hope of reanimation. There the mosquito revealed, and it was a promising place for centipedes.

At either end of the building an open window admitted the tip of a banana-leaf; up their green ribs the sprightly mouse careered. I broke the backbones of these banana-leaves, though they were the joy of my soul and would have adorned the choicest conservatory in the land. Day was equally unprofitable to me. My best friend said, "Why not return to California?" Every one I met invited me to leave the country at my earliest convenience. The American consul secured me a passage, to be settled for at home, and my career in that latitude was evidently at an end. In my superfluous confidence in humanity, I had announced myself as a correspondent for the press. It was quite necessary that I should give some plausible reason for making my appearance in Tahiti friendless and poor. Therefore, I said plainly, "I am a correspondent, friendless and poor," believing that any one would see truth in the face of it, with half an eye. "Prove it," said one who knew more of the world than I. Then flashed upon me the alarming fact that I could n't prove it, having nothing whatever in my possession referring to it in the slightest degree. It was a fatal mistake that might easily have been avoided, but was too well established to be rectified.

In my chagrin I looked to the good

old bishop for consolation. Approaching the Mission House through sunlit cloisters of palms, I was greeted most tenderly. I would have gladly taken any amount of holy orders for the privilege of ending my troublous days in the sweet seclusion of the Mission House.

As it was, I received a blessing, an autograph, and a "God speed" to some other part of creation. Added to this I learned how the address to the Forty Chiefs of Tahiti in behalf of the foreign traveller, my poor self, had been despatched to me by a special courier who found me not, and doubtless the *fêtes* I heard of and was forever missing marked the march of that messenger, my proxy, in his triumphal progress. In my innocent degradation it was still necessary to nourish the inner man.

There is a market in Papute where, under one broad roof, threescore hucksters of both sexes congregate long before daylight, and, while a few candles illumine their wares, patiently await custom. A half-dozen coolies with an eye to business serve hot coffee and chocolate at a dime per cup to any who choose to ask for it. By 7 A. M. the market is so nearly sold out that only the more plentiful fruits of the country are to be obtained at any price. A prodigal cannot long survive on husks, unless he have coffee to wash them down; I took my cup of it with two spoonfuls of sugar and ants dipped out of a cigar-box, and a crust of bread into the bargain, sitting on a bench in the market-place, with a coolie and a Kanack on either hand.

It was not the coffee nor the sugared ants that I gave my dime for, but rather for the privilege of sitting in the midst of men and women who were willing to accept me as a friend and helpmate, without questioning my ancestry, and any one of whom would go me halves in the most disinterested manner. Then there was sure to be some superb fellow close at hand with a sensuous lip curled under his

nostril, a glimpse of which gave me a dime's worth of satisfaction and more too. Having secreted a French roll, five cents, all hot, under my coat, and gathered the bananas that would fall in the yard so seasonably, I made my day as brief and comfortable as possible by filling up with water from time to time.

The man who has passed a grimy chop-house, wherein a frowzy fellow sat at his cheap spread, without envying the frowzy fellow his cheap spread cannot truly sympathize with me.

The man who has not felt a great hollow in his stomach which he found necessary to fill at the first fountain he came to, or go over on his beam ends for lack of ballast, cannot fall upon my neck and call me brother.

At daybreak I haunted those street fountains, waiting my turn while French cooks filled almost fathomless kegs, and coolies filled potbellied jars, and Kanacks filled their hollow bamboos that seemed fully a quarter of a mile in length. There I meekly made my toilet, took my first course for breakfast, rinsed out my handkerchiefs and stockings, and went my way. The whole performance was embarrassing, because I was a novice and a dozen people watched me in curious silence. I had also a boot with a suction in the toe; there is dust in Papute; while I walked that boot loaded and discharged itself in a manner that amazed and amused a small mob of little natives who followed me in my free exhibition, advertising my shooting-boot gratuitously.

I was altogether shabby in my outward appearance, and cannot honestly upbraid any resident of the town for his neglect of me. I know that I suffered the agony of shame and the pangs of hunger, but they were nothing to the utter loneliness I felt as I wandered about with my heart on my sleeve, and never a bite from so much as a daw.

Did you ever question the possibility of a man's temporary transformation under certain mental, moral, or physical conditions? There are times

when he certainly isn't what he was, yet may be more and better than he has been if you give him time enough.

I began to think I had either suffered this transformation or been maliciously misinformed as to my personality. Was I truly what I represented myself to be, or had I been a living deception all my days? No longer able to identify myself as any one in particular, it occurred to me that it would be well to address a few lines to the gentleman I had been in the habit of calling "father," asking for some particulars concerning his absent son. I immediately drew up this document ready for mailing: —

MOSQUITO HALL, CENTIPEDE AVENUE,
PAPUPE.

DEAR SIR: A nondescript awaits identification at this office. Answers to the names at the foot of this page, believes himself to be your son, to have been your son, or about to be something equally near and dear to you. He can repeat several chapters of the New Testament at the shortest notice; recites most of the Catechism and Commandments; thinks he would recognize two sisters and three brothers at sight, and know his mother with his eyes shut.

He likewise confesses to the usual strawberry-mark in fast colors. If you will kindly send by return mail a few dollars, he will clothe, feed, and water himself and return immediately to those arms which, if his memory does not belie him, have more than once sheltered his unworthy frame. I have, dear sir, the singular fortune to be the article above described.

The six months which would elapse before I could hope for an answer would probably have found me past all recognition, so I ceased crying to the compassionate bowels of Tom, Dick, and Harry, waiting with haggard patience the departure of the vessel that was to bear me home with a palpable C. O. D. tacked on to me. Those last hours were brightened by the delicate attentions of a few good souls who

learned, too late, the shocking state of my case. Thanks to them, I slept well thereafter in a real bed, and was sure of dinners that would n't rattle in me like a withered kernel in an old nutshell.

I had but to walk to the beach, wave my lily hand, heavily tanned about that time, when lo! a boat was immediately despatched from the plump little corvette "*Cheveret*," where the tricolor waved triumphantly from sunrise to sunset, all the year round.

Such capital French dinners as I had there, such offers of bed and board and boundless sympathy as were made me by those dear fellows who wore the gold-lace and had a piratical-looking cabin all to themselves, were enough to wring a heart that had been nearly wrung out in its battle with life in Tahiti.

No longer I walked the streets as one smitten with the plague; or revolved in envious circles about the market-place, where I could have got my fill for a half-dollar, but had neither the one nor the other. No longer I went at daybreak to swell the procession at the water-spout, or sat on the shore the picture of despair, waiting sunrise, finding it my sole happiness to watch a canoe-load of children drifting out upon the bay, singing like a railful of larks; nor walked solitarily through the night up and down the narrow streets wherein the *gendarmes* had learned to pass me unnoticed, with my hat under my arm and my heart in my throat. Those delicious moons always seduced me from my natural sleep, and I sauntered through the cocoa-groves whose boughs glistened like row after row of crystals, whose shadows were as mosaics wrought in blocks of silver.

I used to nod at the low whitewashed "calabooses" fairly steaming in the sun, wherein Herman Melville got some chapters of "*Omoo*."

Over and over again I tracked the ground of that delicious story, saying to the bread-fruit trees that had sheltered him, "Shelter me also, and who-

ever shall follow after so long as your branches quiver in the wind."

O, reader of "Omoo," think of "Motoo-Otoo" actually looking warlike in these sad days, with a row of new cannons around its edge, and pyramids of balls as big as cocoanuts covering its shady centre.

Walking alone in those splendid nights I used to hear a dry, ominous coughing in the huts of the natives. I felt as though I were treading upon the brinks of half-dug graves, and I longed to bring a respite to the doomed race.

One windy afternoon we cut our stern hawser in a fair wind and

sailed out of the harbor; I felt a sense of relief, and moralized for five minutes without stopping. Then I turned away from all listeners and saw those glorious green peaks growing dim in the distance; the clouds embraced them in their profound secrecy; like a lovely mirage Tahiti floated upon the bosom of the sea. Between sea and sky was swallowed up vale, garden, and waterfall; point after point crowded with palms; peak above peak in that eternal crown of beauty, and with them the nation of warriors and lovers falling like the leaf, but, unlike it, with no followers in the new season.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE volume of Dr. Palfrey's History of New England, just published, is the continuation of the two abridged volumes of his greater work, and it carries us forward through a most important period to the time when the movers of the American Revolution were born and some of them were well advanced towards manhood. It covers a space of thirty-eight years which were remarkable not only for many exciting events, but also for the initiation of principles for which the people of Massachusetts never ceased to struggle. The vacation of their charter under James II. had made them directly subject to the crown, and at the sovereign's pleasure they were vexed by a succession of placemen in the governorship, who cared little for the interests of

the Colony, and seem to have been chiefly anxious for the establishment of some fixed salary. Looked at from one point of view, the efforts of the colonists ended in a series of failures; but the defeat was not altogether upon their side, and neither Phipps, nor Bellomont, nor Dudley, nor Shute can be said to have wholly prevailed against the Legislature, or to have been comfortable in their office. Their pay was scant and very uncertain; their power was stubbornly contested. The first of them, indeed, was not disliked by the people he came to rule, and his military enterprises against the French, though so disastrous, were still felt to be endeavors for the public good. Besides, Phipps was in favor of reinstating the abrogated charter; but Bellomont, an Episcopalian, a believer in the king's personal

* *A Compendious History of New England from the Revolution of the Seventeenth Century to the Death of King George the First.* By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY. Boston: H. C. Shepard. 1872.

Voltaire. by JOHN MORLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

Music and Morals. By the REV. H. R. HAWKES, M. A. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1872.

The Organization of Labor in Accordance with Custom and the Laws of the Decalogue; with a Summary of Comparative Observations upon Good and Evil in the Régime of Labor, the Causes of Evils existing at the present Time, and the Means required to effect Reform; with Objections and Answers, Difficulties and Solutions. By F. LE PLAY. Translated by GOUVERNEUR EMERSON, M. D. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger. 1872.

The Dickens Dictionary. A Key to the Characters and Principal Incidents in the Tales of Charles Dickens. By GILBERT A. PIERCE. With Additions by WILLIAM A. WHEELER. Illustrated. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Cyclopedia of the best Thoughts of Charles Dickens. Compiled and alphabetically arranged by F. G. DE FONTAINE. New York: E. J. Hale and Sons. 1872.

The Pennsylvania Pilgrim and other Poems. By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

The Rose Garden. By the Author of "Unawares." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

My Health. By F. C. BURNAND. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

government of the Colonies, and in every way an alien, found no sympathy, though much show of respect; while Dudley, recreant to the religion, the hopes, the principles of his fellow-colonists, was hated by the people he was sent to use for the profit of England, and regarded for nothing but his eminent abilities. As for Shute he was a mere office-holder, without the disposition or the dignity to command their goodwill, and upon his prerogatives the Legislature successfully encroached, holding him in their interest solely by the stout grip they kept upon the public purse, and the prudence with which they doled out his grants of salary.

Ex officio the governor was the spy and creature of the Lords of Trade and the king, whose ends he was to promote at the expense of the colonists, and the people over whom such a foreigner was set naturally made his place as unpleasant as they could. Massachusetts, the most populous and powerful of the New England Colonies, was irritated by the fact that Connecticut and Rhode Island might choose their own executive, while she was subject to an English governor appointed without regard to her welfare or preferences. She had, moreover, to bear the brunt of the war with the French and Indians, while her sister Colonies enjoyed immunity from both the sorrows and expenses of the barbarous contest. To recount the events of those thirty-eight years of her history is to catalogue woes which only a people of heroic pith and force could have survived. First came the bitter disappointment of William and Mary's indifference, and then opposition, to their desire for the revival of their charter, after they had hoped so much from the accession of princes nominally of their own religious belief and with their traditions of self-government; then the French and Indian war broke out afresh, and one hideous massacre followed another during the summers of 1689 and 1690; then came Sir William Phipps's expedition against Quebec, undertaken at an expense prodigious to the poverty of the Colony, and in its utter failure falling with ruinous recoil upon the exhausted people; then came the issue of a paper currency, with the miseries following its rapid depreciation of fifty per cent; then, fast upon these miseries, and while the Indians continued to harry the frontier with scarcely abated ferocity, the people were convulsed by the witchcraft tragedy at Salem, with all its

terrors, crimes, and sorrows, after which the Indian war raged as before, with many pitiless murders in the outlying settlements of Maine, and with the terrible slaughter at Deerfield in 1704; then a wasteful and futile expedition was sent against Nova Scotia in 1707, and in 1712 an English fleet co-operated with the Colony for the reduction of Quebec, and was miserably disabled by drifting upon the rocks near the mouth of the St. Lawrence, losing many vessels and a thousand lives, and finally returning to Boston without having been within seven hundred miles of the Canadian capital.

This all but intolerable disaster fell upon a people struggling with the financial chaos produced by former costly defeats, and decimated in population by the ceaseless incursions of the enemy, the record of which is a dismal undertone throughout the whole volume. But it would be a singular misconception of Dr. Palfrey's labors to consider this history, except in a very subordinate degree, as a mere chronicle of events. To these of course it must be faithful, and it gives them with a well-ordered distinctness that fixes their exact value and relation in the record; but it is mainly to be prized for the analytical clearness with which the political and economical questions of the time are brought before the reader. The gradual rise of Massachusetts from the helpless dependence in which the vacation of her charter left her, to an attitude of bold resistance, is the interesting study of an historian who is writing English as well as New English history. His clear light brings the character of English statesmen into novel relief, and it leaves William of Orange, for example, not so pleasing a figure in his arbitrary treatment of the free people hoping redress from him, as the imagination may have made him before. But those were days when it was thought good policy by the mother country to compel the colonist to trade solely in English vessels, and to send his produce to England before carrying it to any other country; to forbid importation of any European manufactures save through England, and to outlaw the commerce in colonial manufactures; to reserve in the primeval forests all pines above two feet through for the use of the royal navy; and to do many other stupid and oppressive acts which must end in the rebellion and independence of the Colonies. It is amazing to contemplate the arrogant and blundering greed which in the

cool tints of Dr. Palfrey's study forms the portrait of the mother country, and the wonder is that her dealings with the colonies were endured so long. It is a good effect in this history that the Revolution, which is scarcely named, looms increasingly before the reader, and that the result of a half-century later is forecast in the calm examination of facts which none concerned in them dreamt of as having other than a present significance.

The chapter on the witchcraft excitement is interesting even after Mr. Upham's two volumes, and it is an admirable instance of the author's condensation, a succinctness in which no transparency or significance is lost. Dr. Palfrey takes the same daylight view of those terrible transactions that Mr. Upham does, attributing them to the wicked folly of the afflicted children in the first place, and then to the dark superstitions which the ministers, magistrates, and people of New England shared with all nations of their day. One of the best pieces of writing in the volume, or at any rate the most quotable, is the character of Stoughton, the relentless judge of the poor creatures who perished by his never-repenting error. This character is drawn with the subtlety felt in all Dr. Palfrey's analyses of men and motives, and with a certain warmth which he does not often permit himself (except in speaking of Rhode Island), but which will not make it the less acceptable to the reader:—

"He had filled many offices and performed their duties with a surly assiduity, which commanded a certain sort of esteem. He perhaps loved nobody, though the winning as well as commanding powers of Dudley may have blended something of affection with the deference into which he was subdued by the genius of that highly endowed man. On the other hand, if he was not loved, Stoughton was not a man to be made uncomfortable by isolation, while it was a pleasure to him to feel that he had some command of that confidence which men repose in such as they see to be indifferent to their good-will, and independent of it, as coveting nothing which it has to bestow. . . . The prosecution of the witches was a proceeding quite to his mind; the 'stern joy' of inflicting great misery under the coercion of an unflinching sense of duty was strangely congenial with his proud and narrow nature; he had a special relish for that class of duties which, bringing wretchedness on others, may be

supposed to cost the doer a struggle against the remonstrances of pity. When, sympathizing with the almost universal sorrow and remorse that succeeded the witchcraft madness, his gentle associate Sewall publicly bemoaned his sin, and in agony implored the Divine forgiveness, Stoughton professed that, whatever mistakes might have been made, he saw 'no reason to repent of what he had done with the fear of God before his eyes.' While, on the one hand, his habitual unconcern about popular favor generally gave him the command of as much of it as he cared for, he was helped, on the other, by the friendship of the clergy, which he took as much pains to secure as he ever thought it worth while to bestow for any amiable purpose. If the people did not want him, he could be content; at all events, he would not complain or solicit; if they did want him, he would serve them without fraud and without ambition, but it must be after his own dreary fashion,—a fashion to be dictated, as the occasions arose, not only by his judgment and sense of duty, but by his prejudices and his temper. He meant to be excellently firm; he excelled in being churlish, wilful, and obstinate, in a style of the most unexceptionable dignity."

The affairs of Massachusetts naturally occupy, by reason of their vastly greater importance, the greater share of the historian's attention; but events in prosperous Connecticut, miserable New Hampshire, and peculiar Rhode Island are accurately and diligently studied. The "land of steady habits" waxed populous and happy, while Massachusetts was annoyed by governors within and harrassed by French and Indians from without, and her annals would afford even less material for an historian less tolerant of the unpicturesque than Dr. Palfrey. But one feels that he does them justice, and he evokes at last a sort of idyllic image of the prosperity of the Colony in the last days of Queen Anne:—

"A condition of society so happy as that enjoyed by Connecticut at this period, especially during the long administration of Governor Saltonstall, has been rare in the experience of mankind. If from time to time the charter of her liberties was threatened, the danger of a repetition of such misgovernment as that of Andros was too remote to excite serious solicitude. A prevailing mutual respect and confidence softened the intercourse among citizens and

between citizens and rulers. The friendly sentiments inspired by religious faith were promoted by a general harmony of religious opinion. An education sufficient for the advantageous transaction of business, for the enjoyment of leisure, and for a measure of refinement of mind, was offered at the public cost to the youth of every family near its own door. Frugality and industry, friends to rectitude and content, secured a comfortable living, and a comfortable living was not to be had without them. A steady but unoppressive force of public opinion rendered a life of blameless morals easy and attractive, and assured to a public-spirited and religious life a career of dignity and honor. A remarkable approach to an equal distribution of property prevented the assumptions and resentments of caste, and the jealousy of disproportioned privileges. The people of Connecticut enjoyed to a singular degree a fulfilment of their prayer 'that peace and unity might be continued among them, and that they might have the blessings of the God of peace upon them.'"

With Rhode Island it was a very different matter, and we leave to the antiquarians and historiographers of that doughty little Commonwealth the task of quoting from this volume the historian's accounts of her colonial state and character, which, we foresee, may cause some question among them. It only remains for us to testify to the admirable execution of his work, its easy and intelligible presentation of the affairs of a period of great perplexities and contradictions, its exquisite neatness and accuracy of style, — virtues which will hardly be denied either in Providence or Newport. We have, indeed, but poorly indicated the scope and value of a book which will best commend itself to the best class of readers.

Mr. Morley, in his "Voltaire," has given us another of those profound and brilliant studies of the eighteenth century, which we fear have not yet made him as well known in this country as he deserves to be. He can as yet hardly be called more than a "rising" writer, even in England. But as the most gifted English champion (if we except Mr. Mill) of that general way of looking upon life which is known as positivism, he may end by being recognized as one of the leaders of popular opinion in his generation. For it is useless to close our eyes to the more and more important part which the mode of thought he rep-

resents is destined to play in our intellectual and social evolution for some time to come. And as the opinions of average men are swayed more by examples and types than by mere reasons, so a personality so accomplished as Mr. Morley's cannot fail by its mere attractiveness to influence all who come within its reach, and inspire them with a certain friendliness towards the faith that animates it. The standard example, Goethe, is ever at hand. But to be thus widely effective a man must not be a specialist. Mr. John Mill, weighty and many-sided as he is by nature and culture, is yet deficient in the æsthetic direction; and the same is true of M. Littré in France. Their lances lack that final tipping with light that made Voltaire's so irresistible. What Henry IV.'s soldiers followed was his white plume; and that imponderable superfluity, *grace*, in some shape, seems one factor without which no awakening of men's sympathies on a large scale can take place. Mr. Tyndall has emotion enough, but, besides being such a coxcomb, he is of too light weight intellectually. Mr. Huxley is a specialist, and too apt to be a mere bully. Mr. Spencer is a dry reasoner. But in Mr. Morley we find a thoroughly sympathetic intelligence of the most diverse modes of feeling united with what is rarely enough found in its company, a vehement moral or constructive impulse, and added to these a powerful reasoning faculty, a keen sense of the beautiful, and a command of expression which, if it were somewhat chastened, would place him high among the masters of English rhetoric. No essential human interest lies out of the range of his critical point of view; opponents cannot say of him as of so many of the smaller fry of his school, that he ignores any important factor of human life. What he shall achieve with these advantages will henceforth depend entirely on his self-discipline and intellectual conscientiousness.

The present work is of about the same size and scope as Dr. Strauss's critical biography of Voltaire. That little work has already been acknowledged as classical by competent critics; but we must admit Morley's to be the weightier performance of the two. It is an attempt to interpret Voltaire to the modern reader, and might, in the old-fashioned sense of the word, be called an *apology* for him. Mr. Morley thinks the work of destruction is not yet completed in Europe, and has no patience with that all-tolerance bred of in-

telligence and scepticism which characterizes so much modern thinking, "when each controversial man at arms is eager to have it thought that he wears the colors of the other side, when the theologian would fain pass for rationalist and the free-thinker for a person with his own orthodoxies if you only knew them, and when philosophic candor and intelligence are supposed to have hit their final climax in the doctrine that everything is both true and false at the same time." Accordingly while he merely points out in passing the quarrelsomeness, uncleanness, indelicacy in money matters, and want of personal dignity which characterized his hero, he dwells at great length on his virtues. So much of what was gained for us by Voltaire and his generation at the risk of their lives, is now the tritest and most commonplace of our possessions, and it is easy to be unjust in the judgment we pass on their intellectual originality. Who now, for instance, can call up the fresh wild thrill with which the notion of the possibility of an unhindered exercise of "reason" by all men filled them? The repeated banishments and imprisonments which checkered Voltaire's youth were not well calculated to produce in him either "sweetness" or "light," and practically our author's treatment of him is undoubtedly the fairest. His placableness, his generosity to individuals, his courage, his burning humanity and love of justice, his belief in reason, and his unconquerable energy, all receive fitting commemoration in these pages. We have no space for a closer analysis of the book, but we cordially recommend it to our readers as perhaps the most important English *literary* work of the year. And as we have said so much of Mr. Morley himself, we will append a passage which expresses his creed and is a favorable specimen of his style: "It is monstrous to suppose that because a man does not accept your synthesis, he is therefore a being without a positive creed or a coherent body of belief capable of guiding and inspiring conduct. There are new solutions for him, if the old are fallen dumb. If he no longer believes death to be a stroke from the sword of God's justice, but the leaden footfall of an inflexible law of matter, the humility of his awe is deepened, and the tenderness of his pity made holier, that creatures who can love so much should have their days so shut round with a wall of darkness. The purifying anguish of remorse will be strong-

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er, not weaker, when he has trained himself to look upon every wrong in thought, every duty omitted from act, each infringement of the inner spiritual law which humanity is constantly perfecting for its own guidance, less as a breach of the decrees of an unseen tribunal, than as an ungrateful infection, weakening and corrupting the future of his brothers; and he will be less effectually raised from inmost prostration of soul by a doubtful subjective reconciliation, so meanly comfortable to his own individuality, than by hearing full in his ear the sound of the cry of humanity craving sleepless succor for her children. That swelling consciousness of height and freedom with which the old legends of an omnipotent divine majesty fill the breast, may still remain, for how shall the universe ever cease to be a sovereign wonder of overwhelming power and superhuman fixedness of law? And a man will be already in no mean paradise, if, at the hour of sunset, a good hope can fall upon him like harmonies of music, that the earth shall still be fair, and the happiness of every feeling creature still receive a constant augmentation, and each good cause still find worthy defenders, when the memory of his own poor name and personality has long been blotted out of the brief recollection of men forever." We ourselves hope for a still better synthesis than this; but since we must have positivism among us too, the nearer it approaches to the type of that professed by Mr. Morley, the better it will be.

Mr. Haweis's work on "Music and Morals" is, taken as a whole, a most useful publication. Treatises on music of any real value appeal, for the most part, only to musicians by profession, and are almost wholly unfitted for the reading of the general mass of music-lovers who constitute what is called "the musical public." Nearly all musical works of a more popular character have, on the other hand, been written in such a condescendingly didactic vein as to be little less than insulting. Mr. Haweis's book is well fitted for the reading of the general "musical public," and it is no faint praise to say that the author has done his work well. To write a book of this sort is not so easy as may at first appear. In writing for any but the more cultivated class of musicians, an author finds himself at once deprived of the use of by far the larger part of his technical vocabulary, and is constantly forced to express himself in awkward circumlocutions

if he would not risk a charge both of pedantry and obscurity. Such is the almost universal ignorance both in England and America of the technical phraseology as well as of what might be called the anatomical structure of music, that it is difficult to discuss any of the higher questions in the art without interweaving a rather irksome amount of rudimentary instruction. But it is precisely these higher questions in music on which the public has instinctively conceived opinions of its own, probably in all vagueness and without formulating them, and it is only on this æsthetic ground that the cultivated musician can meet his public to any real purpose. Mr. Haweis seems to have fully appreciated both the difficulties and the possibilities of the situation, and has, with great wisdom and skill, avoided, on the one hand, filling his book with the tough, dry details of musical syntax, and, on the other, that condescending, Kindergarten spirit of instruction which tries to sugar the bitter pill of musical learning. The few condensed biographies of composers in the second part of the book, although necessarily sketchy and incomplete, are interesting and well written. The descriptions of musical instruments, especially of various bells and chimes, and much of the criticism in the volume, are valuable from the author's evident knowledge of his subject and his genial impartiality. Some of his art-theories, in the "philosophical" part of the work, are at best fanciful and at times not strictly logical. His manner of proving the emotional properties of music, for instance, must be taken as nothing more than a rather ingenious conceit, not unamusing to read, but of no philosophical value. The possibility he hints at of a new art springing up in which colors shall become the medium of emotional expression as tones are in music is an attractive, if not a thoroughly original fancy; though we hardly suppose that it could attain that importance as an art which he is inclined to give it. His objections to the opera as a form of art seem to us to be thoroughly illogical and false. He bases these objections on the assertion that "music expresses the emotions which attend certain characters and situations, but not the characters and situations themselves." Had this been brought as an argument against the modern orchestral "programme-music" or the dramatic cantata, it might to some extent be valid; but Mr. Haweis apparently fails to see that what he takes as the strongest argument

against the opera, is in fact the strongest argument in its favor. It is in the dramatic cantata and the symphonic poem that music is called upon to delineate characters and situations, but in the opera both characters and situations are placed before our very eyes in most tangible reality, and music has free scope in the very sphere that he would assign to it, that of expressing the accompanying emotions. We think that the author's mistake may have arisen from confounding the opera in its present state with the lyric drama as it might be. We can conceive of no form of art more intrinsically false and vicious than the conventional opera, but we firmly believe that the true lyric drama, where music is allowed its proper emotional sphere, will in time become a high form of art, and even the highest.

Among the many books that are now appearing on the labor question, all endeavoring to analyze the troubles which seem to threaten such ruin to society, M. Le Play's "Organization of Labor," which has been carefully translated from the French by Dr. Emerson, is very well worthy of study. The author has long been well known in Europe as a careful student of social questions; as a senator of France he especially interested himself in them, under the encouragement of the Emperor, who may perhaps at some future time get more credit than it is now usual to give him for a real interest in the condition of his people. We may therefore feel confidence in the thoroughness with which the author has done his work. In the first place, he recognizes freely the peculiar conditions of his country, proceeding from the French Revolution and from the strongly marked nature of his fellow-countrymen: he foresaw, like many other intelligent Frenchmen, the dangers that the nation ran from its excesses and shortcomings, and it was for them that he earnestly sought some remedy. The various evils he traces to the growth of indifference in matters of religion, especially in regard of the simple laws of the Ten Commandments, and among other things the abandonment of respect for family and domestic ties. He sees, what indeed strikes every careful observer, the changes that have been introduced into the world by the general growth of those ideas which have filtered down to the "masses," by whom they are hailed with enthusiasm, while they have been, for the most part, rejected as valueless by those for whom they were first intended. He

draws an exceedingly interesting picture of the state of France at different periods, as well as its present condition. He is especially eloquent against the law of France which deprives the father of testamentary liberty; a law which, he says, not only gradually, but steadily, impoverishes the country, but also helps destroy the respect of the children for their parents. Respect for women is diminished by the peculiarity of the French code in regard to seduction, holding it neither a crime nor the violation of a contract. Thus with the three chief inducements for improvement gone, sinful man, with no belief in God, no reverence for his parents, no respect for woman, has steadily sunk lower and lower. Without going more deeply into the discussion of M. Le Play's explanation of some of the social problems of the day, it will only be necessary for us to recommend his book as an exceedingly thorough, temperate, and, to our thinking, accurate statement of these questions and of their causes. The history of France is peculiar among modern nations, and in the prevailing ignorance much may be learned about it from this volume. In regard, however, to the remedies he suggests, opinions will probably be at greater variance. It is easier to detect disease than to find a cure. What he wishes to see is a France that shall be like what he calls a model nation, in which "prosperity everywhere comes from men who show a reverence for God, and derives its principal source from fathers devoted to their families, and proprietors held in esteem by their workmen. It becomes perfect when the magistrate and spiritual advisers manifest a sense of their proper duties and an affection for the people." This is a difficult problem, but one which may probably be better helped by education than by preaching; every age has its own troubles, and they are seldom cured simply by a return to the laws of a preceding time: if one side of faith is superstition, which only soothes the mind to obedience, and one side of inquiry is scepticism, which renders its victim uneasy and discontented, they are two evils which demand different treatment. Irreverence is never cured by bidding a man be reverent. He must see how cheap is the glory of his crime. And if, nowadays, the simplicity of family-life is gone, if the fireside is so much a thing of the past, no amount of good wishes can keep the young at home as they were before it became easy for them to leave for

distant parts where their handiwork was more strongly needed. The days of patriarchs have gone by, but still we need not fear that there will be no more honesty in the world. To make sure of this honesty, however, is the real question that the whole world, collectively, and every man and woman in it, has to solve every hour of their existence, and certainly how much this good work may be aided in France by the aid of an intelligent government is clearly shown in this book.

We suppose there could be no testimony to the extent of Charles Dickens's fame and labors more striking than the publication of such books as Mr. Pierce's "Dictionary" of his characters and incidents, and Mr. De Fontaine's "Cyclopedia" of his best thoughts. It was centuries before Dante and Shakespeare fell into the hands of the concordancers and elegant extractors; but within three years of his death Dickens receives a like distinction. It is a little droll to turn to "Blimber, Doctor," in the Dickens Dictionary, and read, as if it were the life of a real person in a biographical dictionary, "Proprietor of an expensive private boarding-school for boys, at Brighton, to which Paul Dombey is sent to be educated," and then a passage from the romance, in which "Blimber, Doctor," is more minutely described by the author of his being. Besides these brief biographical sketches of each character, and the explanatory passages from the author, where the importance of any personage demands it, there is an analysis of the plot of each of the romances; and we have thus a concentrated essence of Dickens,—a sort of intellectual Liebig Extract,—very compact, very portable, and very readily purveyable, when diluted with conversation, to travelers or invalids. It might be used during lulls of the "German," instead of the beef-tea which it has been the fashion to offer the debilitated dancers; and, on the whole, it is a book on which, if spirits care for their literature after death, the humorous ghost of Charles Dickens might look with mixed feelings. About its convenience for readers, and about its being a most agreeable collection of well-chosen extracts, there is no question. You take it up, and without trouble come upon the familiar scenes that have moved you so often to sorrow or to laughter, and your fragment of time, long or short, is passed as lightly as time can be made to move on this reluctant planet. The book is a very complete dictionary and

admirable compendium, and has much the same virtue, that may be ascribed to the "Cyclopedia of best Thoughts," while it is not nearly so long. The "Dictionary" does not much exceed five hundred duodecimo pages, while a hundred closely printed pages (larger than those of Harper's Magazine) in the "Cyclopedia" only take you half-way through the letter C. We believe Mr. De Fontaine has done his work very acceptably, and it brings vividly before you the vast variety of Dickens's thoughts and topics, but there is not necessarily any end to it. There is nothing to stop him, but his conscience, from taking all the Dickens romances apart and alphabetically serving them up piecemeal. There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, with ampersand, twenty-seven : let Mr. De Fontaine think on a thousand or fifteen hundred pages of "best thoughts," and be sparing. The *very* best thoughts of all English literature might be got into the same space.

If ever there was a time and place of which the fair pastoral picture Mr. Whitier has drawn us in "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim" might be true, it seems as if that time and place might be the Quaker Province in the seventeenth century ; but at any rate one feels that it ought to be all true of Daniel Pastorius, the young German scholar, who left the books and learned friendships of the Old World behind, and turning Quaker came to the new land of Penn and helped found Germantown near the young city of brotherly love, and marries, and lived out his long, calm, useful days there, tilling the soil, reading his books, corresponding with far-off *savans*, and sought alike by the neighboring savages and by the gentle enthusiasts of all kinds who wandered into the new realm of peace. The poem opens with the only touch—and a very slight one—of drama in it : the scene at eventide in the sage's garden where his good wife is tending her flowers, when he returns and tells her of the cold reception of his memorial against slaveholding in the yearly meeting in Philadelphia :—

" 'What is it, my Pastorius?' As she spoke
A slow, faint smile across his features broke,
Sadder than tears. 'Dear heart,' he said, 'our folk

" 'Are even as others. Yea, our goodliest Friends
Are frail ; our elders have their selfish ends,
And few dare trust the Lord to make amends

" 'For duty's loss. So even our feeble word
For the dumb slaves the startled meeting heard
As if a stone its quiet waters stirred ;

" 'And, as the clerk ceased reading, there began
A ripple of dissent which downward ran
In widening circles, as from man to man.

" 'Somewhat was said of running before sent,
Of tender fear that some their guide outwent,
Troublers of Israel. I was scarce intent

" 'On hearing, for behind the reverend row
Of gallery Friends, in dumb and piteous show,
I saw, methought, dark faces full of woe.

" 'And, in the spirit, I was taken where
They toiled and suffered ; I was made aware
Of shame and wrath and anguish and despair !

" 'And while the meeting smothered our poor plea
With cautious phrase, a Voice there seemed to be,
"As ye have done to these ye do to me !"

" 'So it all passed ; and the old tithe went on
Of anise, mint, and cumin, till the sun
Set, leaving still the weightier work undone."

The rest is a picture of Pastorius's life of tranquil industry and good deeds,—a picture in which all readers of the poet can believe there are lovely and elevating qualities :—

" Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in summer calm,
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,
Came to him, like some mother-hallowed psalm

" To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel
Of labor, winding off from memory's reel
A golden thread of music. With no peal

" Of bells to call them to the house of praise,
The scattered settlers through green forest-ways
Walked meeting-ward. In reverent amaze

" The Indian trapper saw them, from the dim
Shade of the alders on the rivulet's rim,
Seek the Great Spirit's house to talk with Him.

" There, through the gathered stillness multiplied
And made intense by sympathy, outside
The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin cried,

" A-swing upon his elm. A faint perfume
Breathed through the open windows of the room
From locust-trees, heavy with clustered bloom.

" Thither, perchance, sore-tried confessors came,
Whose fervor jail nor pillory could tame,
Proud of the cropped ears meant to be their shame,

" Men who had eaten slavery's bitter bread
In Indian isles ; pale women who had bled
Under the hangman's lash, and bravely said

" God's message through their prison's iron bars ;
And gray old soldier-converts seamed with scars
From every stricken field of England's wars."

This is the spirit of the whole serenely meditative poem,—glimpsing now the fair world without and now the calm world within, and not unlit by certain rays of quiet humor, as where the poet wonders if the soft climate had not something to do with Pennsylvanian peacefulness :—

"Who knows what goadings in their sterner way,
O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite gray,
Blew round the men of Massachusetts Bay?

"What hate of heresy the east-wind woke?"

— questions which Mr. Lowell has touched in his note of that easterly weather of ours,

"That makes us bitter with our neighbors' sins."

We believe our readers have seen all the "other poems" of this little volume. Here is "The Pageant," one of the best descriptive poems in American literature (which is rich enough in these), the fine ballads of "Marguerite" and "The Sisters," and other pieces in which the aspiration and morality and humanity of the poet blend in a lyrical strain that takes benign sweetness and color from all the influences of nature.

"The Rose Garden" is not a translation from the French; but its author shows such entire intimacy with French habits of life and modes of thought, that it might easily be taken for a translation. The scene is laid in the neighborhood of the Pyrenees, and the events are such as would naturally happen in the daily lives of two very quiet and respectable families of that region, who are yet not wholly ignorant of Paris, of the Northern Provinces, or even of England. It is one of those stories, which can hardly be too much multiplied, and which have for their object the diffusion of better knowledge of France and her people in their family relations. It is believed by many good people in America and England that home life in France is nearly destitute of two elements which lie at the very heart of all domestic happiness in England, France, and Germany, — love and truth; that all French marriages are *de convenance*, and that a Frenchwoman never speaks the truth. The plot of "The Rose Garden" turns directly on the married life of a vivacious, warm-hearted, but unstable Frenchwoman, who, after risking the loss of one lover by boldly telling the truth, and refusing him her hand when he still pressed the offer, because her heart could not go with it, succumbs to deceit in her eagerness to secure another suitor, whom she loves no better, but who promises a more brilliant destiny. Her character is contrasted with that of her cousin, as truly French as herself, but unswerving in her devotion to perfect truth, and who carries in her heart the weight of an unrequited love, for as much of her life as the author

deals with. The successful and the unsuccessful lover, the mother of the second and of the bride, the uncle also of the bride who is the villain of the piece, and one or two minor characters, combine in a simple and natural, but very elegant and touching plot. The moral is deep, and constantly before us; and yet the tone of the book is never sombre, being relieved by a bubbling stream of playfulness in the description of the characters. These are, at times, a little shadowy, especially the hero, René's husband. But his unsuccessful rival, M. de Méhun, is touched with an exquisite pencil. The true nobility, which through a variety of little absurdities shines out on every important occasion, seems to us a truer and richer instance of that sort labored so hard in Sir Leicester Dedlock. The author — it must be a lady — of "The Rose Garden" has managed an almost precisely similar, or even less personally distinguished character, so as to reflect new honor on the French *gentillesse*, a much better result than that attained in the English aristocrat's character.

Mr. Burnand has the curious gift — we should hardly call it enviable — of making his reader feel sneaking, which is nowhere else, save in "The Book of Snobs," shown in so great degree as in his humorous studies. The chief person of these is that dreadful, absurd, conceited, hypocritical little snob who lurks in most human hearts, but who is fortunately for the most part locked up there, while in "Happy Thoughts," etc., he is let loose with all his follies. So far as existence in fact goes Mr. Burnand's type is grotesque caricatures; but as the reader is apt to shudder and break out into cold perspirations and feverish flushes with the recollection of having been near doing such things himself, or with the consciousness of being capable of them, but for the mercy of heaven. In "My Health," the "Happy Thoughtist" (for it is always he in whatever guise) is growing fat and hypochondriacal, and the slender fable is the story of his adventures in search of health at a watering-place out of season, on a yacht, and in a country house in Cornwall. There is nothing more, and one enters upon the story with a doubt if the author can carry it through successfully, and leaves it with surprise that it is not a failure. It is really very funny, and there are people in it to remember, — especially Miss Straithmere, whose character is very well done, though overdone.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

IN the last number we had room for but a most disproportionately meagre reference to a new novel of Tourguénief's, to which we would like to devote more space to-day, and with an especial reference to those whose only practice in reading German is in the tragedies of Schiller or the ordinary German novel. One may confess to growing weary of Schiller without finding any fault with dramatic art, and even the fondest friend of fiction may fall asleep over such volumes as Germany produces; but the Germans themselves take their pleasure in translating from other people all the best works in their language, so that the soul of Bastiat would be rejoiced within him if he could see the free-trade in fiction that the Germans enjoy. That sharp-eyed people scour the surface of the earth for novels, which some all-knowing scholar translates, and the novels written in German have to fare as best they can. They certainly do not lack admirers in this country.

This novel of Tourguénief, *Frühlingsfluthen*, is one of the latest of a long list of translated novels. It tells the following story: Dimitri Sanin is a young Russian who finds himself in the city of Frankfort, on his way back to Russia, after a year or two of travel. He happens to make the acquaintance of an Italian family, long resident in Frankfort, which consists of an amiable, gossiping mother, the keeper of a little *café*, a daughter, Gemma, and a son, — a boy of about fourteen. In the household there is, besides, an old man, Pantaleone, who is friend and servant at once. Sanin gets to know them and wins their gratitude by the aid he gives the boy, who had fallen into a protracted fainting fit just as the Russian had entered the *café*. They all invite him to spend the evening, and he, although he was to leave that very night for Berlin, accepts. He stays so late that he loses the diligence, but consoles himself for that by the thought that he can easily amuse himself for two or three days in such pleasant company, for Gemma is wonderfully beautiful and very charming. She is, to be sure, en-

gaged to another man, but to Sanin that is of course a matter of but little interest; he will be off in a few days, meanwhile they are kind, and he only asks to have time killed. In the furtherance of this object he goes with Gemma and her betrothed to pass the day in the country. While they are dining a drunken officer insults Gemma. Sanin takes the matter up, while the betrothed, who, moreover, from his position, could not challenge the officer, has simply to retire with dignity. Sanin fights a duel with the officer, thereby — for of course it leaks out — winning much more gratitude and admiration from the family. In a word, the engagement that formerly held Gemma she breaks; Dimitri proposes and is accepted. Every reader of Tourguénief knows with what marvellous power he tells a love-story, and nowhere has he done better than in this novel. There are so many heroes and heroines in fiction who are labelled lovers and who are as certainly running to their fate as if they were helmeted firemen running to a fire, that we feel that in fiction as in every other art it is only the masters who can be lifelike, because they alone see life as it really is, or, having seen it, can represent it as it is with its infinite complexities and mysterious combinations. Sanin falls in love as men do in real life unconsciously, even unwillingly, not with an avowed determination as people do in novels. To quote any scene of the more romantic part of the novel would be more or less unfair, — it needs the setting of the context, — but it may not be amiss to give the reader an example of some of the other qualities of this remarkable writer. There is, for instance, this account of the preparations for the duel. Sanin, having no other acquaintance in Frankfort, has to take for his second Pantaleone, who by the way was formerly an opera-singer. At first the peaceful Italian objects, but he soon accepts: —

“‘I must thank you at any rate,’ he said with an uncertain voice, ‘for the fact that you saw even in my present inferior position that I was a gentleman, *un galantuomo*. Thereby you have shown yourself to be a *galantuomo*. But I must consider your proposition.’”

“‘He went to the door, then turned suddenly, ran to Sanin, seized his hand, pressed it to his breast, raised his eyes to heaven and said, ‘Noble youth, great heart, (*Nobile giovanetto! gran cuore!*) allow an old

* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Frühlingsfluthen. Roman von Iwan Turgenjew. Aus dem Russischen. Wien. Pest. Leipzig. A. Hartleben's. Verlag. 1872.

Heinrich Heine. Biographische Skizzen von Dr. S. KARPELES. Berlin. Hausfreund Expedition. (E. Graez.)

man, *un vecchiotto* to press your manly right hand, *la vostra valorosa destra!*”

As they are going to the ground the old man is stricken with remorse and wonder.

“Is he really a second, did he provide the horses, make everything ready beforehand, and leave his peaceful chamber at six o'clock in the morning? Besides his feet began to hurt him and were in a terrible way.

“Sanin found it necessary to arouse him, and found the right note by touching his most sensitive point.

“Where is your former courage gone, dear Mr. Cippatola? Where is — *l' antico valor?*”

“*L' antico valor?*” he cried in a deep base voice; “*non è ancora spento l' antico valor!*”

After the duel “Pantaleone really triumphed. Pride took full possession of him. A conquering general returning from a victorious fight could not have looked about him with more self-satisfaction. Sanin's conduct during the duel filled him with enthusiasm. He called him a hero, and would not listen to his threats and entreaties. He compared him to a monument of marble and bronze, to the statue of the commander in Don Giovanni. He confessed that for his own part he had felt some slight anxiety. ‘But I am an artist,’ he said, ‘my nature is nervous; but you are the child of the snow and the granite rocks.’”

To go on with the story. Sanin in his anxiety for a speedy marriage finds it necessary to sell his estate in Russia. To his joy he meets a former schoolmate, who suggests that his wife, who is at Hamburg, might perhaps be willing to take it. For this purpose Sanin leaves Gemma to stay three days and arrange about the sale. She sees him go with half-hidden fears, while he departs only sure of his speedy

return. This wife of his friend is a woman who has no love for her husband, nor indeed for any one except herself, and in Sanin she sees a fresher nature than belongs to the frivolous creatures who form her court, and, piqued by his natural indifference, so unlike the never-ending and so wearying attentions of those about her, she proceeds deliberately to flirt with him. He is young, human, unconscious of his danger, and unable to flee when he detects it. He becomes her slave, Gemma is abandoned, he shipwrecks his whole life. Many will find this an unpleasant tale, but their objections would be palliated if they would read the novel and see the grimness of the morality that fills it. It is no tricked-up account of the fascinations of a life of wrong-doing, but a wonderful study of the way in which faults may be committed, and of their natural punishment. As a work of art, for the observation of human life, for its wonderful knowledge of the human heart, we have no words of praise that are too strong. Tourguénief, in this novel has produced a rival to his best previous work. We hope that many will read and reread it.

Of other books we have but few. Dr. Karpeles has written a little book about Heine, in which he tells us but little that is new, but what he says is readable, and he is more likely to find readers than is Strodtmann with his ponderous tomes, which, however, are extremely interesting, and ought to be read by one who can skip judiciously. In regard to this work we may say that many will agree with him in denouncing Heine's surviving brother for the way in which the poet's memoirs are kept hidden from the public. Perhaps, however, if we belonged to the number whom Heine probably abused, we should be less austere just in our view of the matter.

ART.

SO much of the new city is visible — writes a correspondent from Chicago — that its character, at least in construction, may be readily determined. The bulk of the building is probably much more substantial than that which was destroyed. There appears to be no evasion of the laws prescribing the thickness of walls and prohibiting the use of combustible materi-

als. Two or three “blocks” run up hastily while the ashes were hot are open to the suspicion of insecurity; but this, in the alleged ten miles of new frontage, is very little: the construction generally is quite as thorough as any to which we are accustomed in this country. Its æsthetic value is not so easy of estimation. The rebuilding energy having been expended,

so far, on warehouses, the grander combinations of the architect are hardly called for; his skill must be shown on so many square feet of street-front, and the only notable improvement in general design is the increased use of the arch, which, either round or flat, has become almost universal, adding wonderfully to the grace and cheerfulness of the new exteriors. There is scarcely a straight lintel of stone to be seen in the whole rebuilding; and although the best stone and brick fronts are generally carried on flat iron supports, looking wretchedly weak, there are many fine exceptions where the arch even in cast-iron gives stability and beauty. Beyond this tendency, equally good in art and construction, it is necessary to notice only the character of ornament employed. Even in narrow street-fronts there is abundance of room for decoration, and the merchants have shown an abundant desire to decorate. Many of the new shop-fronts are quite elaborately wrought, and few are barren or even simple in character. This varied mass of carved, stamped, and moulded forms is quite bewildering, and much of it is placed so high that it is likely to break the beholder's neck as a first effect, if he wishes to discover its material and character. Having ascertained the material, the task is much abridged. There is no wood and no stucco, no new forms in terra-cotta, very little artificial "stone," and but two or three brick fronts which can be called decorative. Unfortunately there is a great deal of iron. (In the use of cast-iron an important and satisfactory change is noted; it rarely goes beyond the first story.) Sheet-iron "ornament" is here in its glory. It is paraded on all kinds of building, in window-caps, string-courses, vast projecting cornices, parapets and pinnacles. For decorative value, both kinds of iron, as used here, may be dismissed with a word; all that is seen is gross and worse than nothing. The character of design for iron-work in building must be radically changed to bring it into the sphere of art. Sheet-iron can be beautiful only in refined and delicate forms of hand-work suited to its thinness, and cast-iron cannot be beautiful at all. It may serve as a surface for paint, and where the cast-iron supports are painted with a color differing from that of the stone, thus recognizing the difference of material, the effect is comparatively good. But no kind of painting can make tolerable the monstrous timber-work crowning most

of these buildings. One is tempted to wish that the wind would blow it all away. All that can be said in its favor is that it breaks up the sky-lines and renders a distant street-view picturesque.

In stone, the decorative tendencies shown are of quite an encouraging character. Preference is shown for finely finished facing, with ornamentation; and most of the material employed being a soft sandstone, the carvers have been enabled to produce a great deal in a short time. Unfortunately the Cleveland stone, and its like, which is largely used, is at first too soft to carry a sharp edge, and from this cause and from haste some of the design in relief is poor in execution. But wherever delicate forms have been cut in intaglio, on façades of flat, temperate design, the effect is uniformly good. The sandstone will bear little under-cutting, but it holds the edge of intaglio firmly enough, and it is pleasant to see this style of ornament so extensively used, replacing the coarse projections which make our streets so flaunting and tedious. Perhaps one building in every five, certainly one in every ten, shows reaction from the common intent to overload exteriors with gross forms; and in many there is to be observed a true appreciation of refinement and delicacy of design. Though this does not go so far as to indicate study of nature, with the idea of conventionalizing the best forms for stone, it seems to be the next step to it. Sufficient outlay has been made here to give us representations of fitting organic forms, good suggestions of beauty from fields and woods; but Chicago is not Venice, nor are these the "dark" ages of cathedrals and missals, and it was not foreseen that we should get in return much more than the old tedious columns and mouldings and brackets of the Renaissance. Yet when we come to look closely, there *is* much more. The fancies of different architects have had fair play. There was no time for them to copy each other. The result is that the street-fronts show an unexpected individuality, making the new Chicago architecturally our most interesting city. Beyond this, there is a much greater tendency to variety in individual work than has been hitherto shown. There are many buildings where each bit of ornament, every keystone and capital, is of an original design. It would seem that this work, which is so graceful, novel, and varied, might help to abolish the weary repetitions

which have held sway so long. It is true that even in the best instances the forms are too near the architect's patterns and too far from nature. Nevertheless, the better interest is evident and a beginning is made. Some of this original ornament is wrought in a hard limestone, and time to cut it properly has not been allowed; yet the suggestions are good, and the whole effect, even with its roughness, is charming. The same praise cannot be given to the sculptured heads and faces with which some buildings are adorned. They are as ugly as the Norman gargoyles, and probably equally indicative of the spirit of the age, whatever that may be. But if they must be made thus hideous and feeble to represent us, might we not forbear the representation for a time? Perhaps the coming age will not be so dreadfully out of drawing. It seems better to use the simpler forms of nature while the union of architecture with sculpture and painting is still so incomplete. In the newly built Chicago, there are indications that the desired alliance is progressing: the partial rejection of cast-iron and the growing refinement of forms in stone show at least its possibility. It is to be regretted that there are so few instances of the employment of color in decoration; but these, whether produced by the painting and gilding of iron, or the use of different tints in stone, are satisfactory, so far as they go. It is not pleasant to record the fact that the largest and most costly buildings show the least improvement and originality in design, but it is quite true. The more money and space, the more Renaissance and monotonous.

The backward state of the industrial and fine arts in this country has not been altogether owing to public apathy. For some years there has been a wide-spread consciousness of the imperfection in our civilization arising from our neglect of the arts; and the painful spectacle has been exhibited of a nation aware of its deficiency, yet not knowing how to supply it. That we should have found ourselves thus impotent appears less surprising, when we reflect that even in Europe scientific art-education is a thing almost wholly of this century, and that the most of the progress effected there has been made within about twenty-five years. Massachusetts has at last done what a community of sharp-sighted manufacturers deserve perhaps little

praise for not having done before, in the establishment of a thorough means of art-instruction. Though the system set in operation by act of Legislature in 1870 be yet only in germ, that germ is of the right species; and we are now furthermore provided with an invaluable book* discussing the best methods to be employed in its development and future cultivation. Mr. Walter Smith, State Director of the art education of Massachusetts, is a graduate of the South Kensington Training-School, where he took high honors in the three branches of painting, sculpture, and architecture, before entering his profession of art master, in which capacity he has gained great reputation in England. In 1863 he was commissioned by the British government to examine the various systems of art education on the Continent, and made a report of great thoroughness and value. In 1867 he won, over twenty-seven artists and art masters, the prize offered by his government for the best analysis of the Art Educational Section of the Paris International Exhibition of that year. On the application of the State of Massachusetts and city of Boston to the English Society of Arts and Sciences for a competent person to direct the proposed art education of the State, Mr. Smith was at once chosen for the place, a selection which his vigorous administration since being installed here has fully justified. The special reason which he himself assigns for this choice is, that, though acquainted with the art-educational systems of his own and other European countries, he is not committed to any one of them, but believes that "in the construction of a system in a country where the subject is new, we can adapt the good parts of all the old methods to the requirements of this country, and omit all the bad parts." In addition to these various qualifications for his task, we cannot omit mentioning the enthusiasm and hopefulness which pervade the volume under review, and on which we feel disposed to rely for effecting those advances in art which he encourages us to expect.

The scheme of art education described by Mr. Smith, being, with the slight exception that it includes modelling, the same which the act referred to already makes provision for, is a very comprehensive one. It rests on the accepted principle, that the means of refining the industrial and reviv-

* Art Education, by WALTER SMITH. Boston, J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

fying the fine arts is the at least approximate identification of the artist with the artisan. To this end artisans are to receive an enlightened art education, the whole bent of the schools being in their favor, and those who study in them to become professional artists being left to assert themselves by the force of peculiar genius. Thus those who devote themselves to painting will hardly be tempted to do so unless their genius is irrepressible, while all will, in default of capacities for more ideal employment, be fitted to become excellent designers, modellers, etc. The leading thought expressed by Mr. Smith is, "that all kinds of drawing shall be taught as a language, not as an art, and be used as an instrument, not as a plaything." He advocates that drawing precede writing, in the education of the child, as being a more natural and thus a more easily acquired mode of expression.

To give briefly a clear conception of the work which it is proposed to accomplish in the public schools, we extract Mr. Smith's schedule of studies appointed for these:—

"In Primary Schools.—Free-hand, model, and memory drawing, from the blackboard and from copies in books, the objects to be geometrically drawn, i. e. having no perspective effects in them.

"In Grammar Schools.—Model drawing from the blackboard, and from copies showing the principles of perspective, and from real objects; memory drawing; geometrical drawing of plane geometrical problems with instruments; free-hand enlargements and reductions from flat copies of historical and other ornament, in outline, to teach styles of art.

"In High and Normal Schools.—Memory, model, and perspective drawing; shading, coloring; drawing from casts, from natural plants and elementary designs."

This, then, is the solid instruction which it is hoped will, in time, be dispensed to the people of every State, as it is now being dispensed to those of Massachusetts,—the foundation of universal good taste and appreciation of art, on which alone it is safe to build hopes of a great future in art for this country. The art school proper begins its work where that of the common high school ceases; and its object, to which the industrial drawing-classes already organized of course tend also, is described as "the cultivation of the understanding, and increase of knowledge, of the students in the field of

art generally, supplemented by the acquisition of manipulative and technical skill in some branch of art practice." In such a school all students would pursue for a time a common course, branching off from this into either, (1.) scientific instrumental drawing; (2.) artistic work in light and shade, color and design; or (3.) modelling. So that, while all would be united in learning to draw well, without which there can be no good industrial or fine art, the different inclinations of individuals would cause them to become carpenters and architects, machinists and engineers, draughtsmen, lithographers, painters, and sculptors.

The danger of this whole system is one to which all such systems are liable, and that is, that while they provide in perfection the necessary discipline and instruction for producing "original and learned and tasteful work, scholarlike and artistic," the elaborate means provided for this end may be found rather to thwart than to assist the advancement of peculiar and exceptional genius (genius made idle and wayward by the temperament with which it is combined, or from other causes, is not here meant), which is nevertheless capable of wielding a transcendent power. But systems cannot be based on the needs of exceptional persons, and their inutility to these must be compensated by the spirit in which they are directed. Mr. Smith is an enthusiastic disciple of Ruskin, and we cannot think that any one who carries so much of Ruskin's noble purpose into this practical work of art education, can be insensible to the claims of such persons as those we allude to. Indeed, he expressly affirms at one point that "in the adaptation of any scheme of instruction to the development of skill in individual cases, it ought to be possible, and may sometimes be necessary, to turn the whole scheme upside down, beginning at the end, or ending at the beginning, if needs be, any laws or formulæ to the contrary notwithstanding." It is a matter of moment that this necessity should be thoroughly understood by every one who engages in the work which Mr. Smith has begun; and we sincerely hope that his feeling in this regard may be imparted to all present and future assistants. There is sometimes an inherent protestantism in genius which it is criminal to ignore.

The second half of the book appears designed to forward art education in a more indirect way by easy and instructive discus-

sions of ornamental design, surface decoration, modelling, carving, and casting, and symbolism in art and architecture, with many striking suggestions for the coming architecture of this country. It is interesting to observe that Mr. Smith advocates a very general use of terra-cotta in

building. The plates scattered through the volume form an excellent illustration to this as well as the preceding part of the work, and the appendices contain a great store of such information as is now being sought in many parts of the United States.

MUSIC.

AMONG other questions of more or less vital importance to the musical cultivation of our people, there is one which forces itself irresistibly upon our notice, namely, the musical performances at our theatres. There is probably not a theatre in the country that does not boast something in the shape of an orchestra, which, besides furnishing such occasional music as may be required in the course of the drama itself, regales the audience with "choice and varied selections of new and popular music" between the acts. As a subject for æsthetic contemplation, the theatre "orchestra" is at best a dispiriting one; but in spite of the fact that it is, as at present conducted and constituted, in nine cases out of ten an almost unmitigated evil, we are not inclined to look upon it as a wholly hopeless case. The question whether music ought or ought not to be introduced between the acts of plays is an interesting one for abstract æsthetic discussion, but is unfortunately of no practical value. Whatever may be our opinion as to what ought or ought not to be is little to the purpose in this case, as playwrights, managers, and orchestral players have long since settled what *shall be*. Dramatic authors from Shakespeare down to the sensationalists of our own day have introduced music into their dramas; musicians cannot be hired for less than a whole evening, and managers can never be persuaded to support an orchestra without "getting their full money's worth," or, in other words, making them play as much as possible. The theatre orchestra may then be regarded as an unavoidable fact. But it is the vile quality of the thing that we must principally protest against, rather than its possible inappropriateness. With lamentably few exceptions the musical interludes at our theatres are very poor, both as to the music

performed and the manner of performance. To be sure the management of the theatre have, at the outset, little reason to suppose that the audience is of a particularly musical cast. They have not come together with any distinctly musical intent, and whatever of music is introduced during the evening will no doubt be regarded by most listeners as merely a conventional make-weight in the entertainment. But yet it may be fairly supposed that a certain proportion of the audience are in some measure musically cultivated, or, at the very least, musically disposed, and we cannot see how the theatre management would lose by furnishing music that would be enjoyed by the more cultivated portion of the public, instead of more than boring them by such musical trash as is merely tolerated by the unmusical portion to whom good and bad music are equally indifferent. Of all perverted developments in the fine arts, bad music is the most insufferable. We can shut our eyes against bad drawing or false combinations of colors, and can turn away from bad sculpture and architecture with contemptuous indifference; but when bad music comes upon the field, there is nothing for it but patient suffering or ignominious flight. The "music" that the audience is doomed to listen to at many of our best theatres is beyond all doubt a serious drawback to the enjoyment of quite a considerable portion of our theatre-going public. The musical part of the audience constitute indeed a minority, but a cultivated minority have rights that are to be respected, especially where the uncultivated majority are manifestly indifferent.

To look at once at the darkest side of the picture, there is one point in our theatre orchestras about which the many are unfortunately *not* indifferent, and that

is the cornet à pistons. It would be difficult to estimate the harm that has been done the popular musical taste and to musical performances in general by this, we had almost said diabolical, little instrument. Through its great popularity with the masses it has gradually crept from the lowest place in the orchestra up to the first and highest. It dominates the whole orchestra, and everything has to give way before it. A good cornet soloist draws a higher salary at some of our theatres than any but the leading violinist. As a solo instrument, the cornet has the smallest pretensions to anything beyond a certain penetrating brilliancy of tone, fascinating at first, but inexpressive and, after a while, most tediously monotonous. By means of modern mechanism the flexibility and power of rapid execution of the instrument have been greatly increased, but only just enough to tempt the skilful performer to try to push his instrument out of its proper sphere and to do things with it which no composer in his senses ever intended to be done. What the Rev. H. R. Haweis says of the amateur flute and cornet may be applied with equal force and justice to the professional cornet player:—

“There is a composure about the flute and cornet, an unruffled temperament, a philosophical calm, and absolute satisfaction in their respective efforts, which other musicians may envy but cannot hope to rival. Other musicians feel annoyed at not accomplishing what they attempt; the cornet and the flute tell you at once they attempt what cannot be done.”* In listening to some of the difficult variations, full of rapid running passages, *floriture* and prolonged double-tonguing, that are attempted by cornet players, even such masters of the instrument as Levi, Sylvestre, or our own admirable Arbuckle, we cannot help a sympathetic recall of Dr. Johnson's, “Difficult, madam! Would that it were impossible!” Hector Berlioz, in his work on instrumentation, speaks thus of the cornet: “The cornet à pistons is very much the fashion in France to-day, especially in certain musical circles where elevation and purity of style are not considered as very essential qualities; it has thus become the indispensable solo instrument for contra-dances, galops, airs with variations, and other second-rate compositions. Continually hearing it, as we now do in ball-rooms, orchestras, executing

melodies more or less wanting in originality and refinement of style, combined with the character of its *timbre*, which has neither the nobility of the tones of the horn nor the haughty brilliancy of those of the trumpet, renders the introduction of the cornet à pistons into the high, melodic style of considerable difficulty. It can figure there, however, with advantage, but only rarely and on the condition of having only to sing phrases in a broad, slow movement and of an incontestible dignity. . . . Joyous melodies on this instrument will always risk the loss of much of their nobility, if they possess any, and if they are wanting in it, a redoubling of their triviality. A phrase which might seem tolerable when executed by the violins or the wooden wind-instruments, would become odiously insipid and vulgar when thrown out into relief by the pungent, flaunting, unabashed tones of the cornet à pistons.”

If this were the only evil, it might be perhaps bearable; but the cornet having, as we have said, gained almost undivided supremacy over all other instruments in the orchestra, has, very like a prime minister in office, given prominent positions to some of its less lucky relations. When any instrument plays a solo, the rest of the orchestra naturally expects to be thrown into the shade; but human lips are not made of cast-iron, neither are human lungs made of leather, and there is a limit to even a cornet player's powers of endurance, and he cannot play solos all the time. If when not dazzling the public by his lovelorn screaming and pyrotechnic flourishes in a solo, the cornet could only be allowed to repose on his hard-earned laurels, and give the rest of the orchestra a chance! But no. Like the *comprimario* singer in our opera troops, who, “when not required by the business of his part, will please help in the chorus,” the cornet, when not playing solos, must take its natural place in the body of instruments and do duty with the rest. But one cornet in an orchestra of the size we usually find in our theatres, is like Walter Brown pulling a fourteen-foot oar on one side of the boat and half a dozen children paddling with shingles on the other. The equilibrium of forces is destroyed. Thus we find that one cornet cannot exist without a second, and last, but by no means least, a trombone.

We might fill a volume in detailing the various abuses that this latter instrument has been put to, but will content ourselves

* Music and Morals, p. 447, New York edition.

with again quoting from Berlioz: "Gluck, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Spontini, and some others have understood the whole importance of the rôle of the trombone; they have applied with perfect intelligence the various characters of this noble instrument to painting human passions and reproducing the sounds of nature; they have consequently preserved its power, its dignity, and its poetry. But to constrain it, as a crowd of composers do to-day, to howl out in a *credo* brutal phrases, less worthy of the sacred temple than of a tavern, to sound as for the entry of Alexander into Babylon, when there is only question of a dancer's *pirouette*, to strum chords of the tonic and dominant for a little song which a guitar would suffice to accompany, to mingle its Olympian voice in the poverty-stricken melody of a vaudeville duet, or the frivolous noise of a contra-dance, to prepare in the *tutti* of a concerto for the triumphal advent of an oboe or a flute, is to impoverish and degrade a magnificent individuality, to make a slave and buffoon of a hero, to discolorize the orchestra, to render impotent and useless all rational progression of instrumental forces, to undo the past, present, and future of art, to commit a voluntary act of vandalism, or show a want of sentiment and expression that approaches to stupidity." This has more direct reference to the abuse of the trombone in writing for full orchestra, but applies with double force to our small theatre orchestras, where the ridiculously small proportion of strings and reeds gives additional prominence to the brass. But bad as this arrangement of orchestral forces is, many not altogether bad effects might be drawn from it, were the music performed only well arranged for the number and quality of the instruments employed. This, however, is rarely the case. The music performed is generally written for full orchestra, which means an orchestra capable of filling at least eighteen and often twenty-four *instrumental parts*. When such music is played by only twelve or fourteen instruments, it may well be asked, What becomes of the remaining parts? The answer is simple: They must shift for themselves, and the piece do without them as best it can. In some cases music composed for full orchestra, such as light overtures, potpourris, dance music, etc., is published with a view to being performed by a smaller number of instruments than it was originally written for, and some arrangement

has been made by which one instrument can take the place of another when absolutely necessary. But these "arrangements for a small orchestra" are very rarely well done; the only object seeming to be to prevent an awkward silence in the middle of a piece where the absence of some solo instrument would leave a disconcerting gap, little or no attention being paid to restoring the dynamic balance of the harmony which the absence of so many instruments from the orchestra must unavoidably destroy. Exceptional combinations of instruments, which our theatre orchestras most certainly are in the history of orchestration, require exceptional treatment, and where instruments have double duty to do, they cannot be treated as if they were only filling their normal place in the orchestra.

But we have dwelt long enough upon this side of the question, and are in truth rather sick of fault-finding. In spite of the many and great imperfections of our theatre orchestras, we can see even now indications of how great improvements could be made in them with very little trouble, and how the musical part of theatrical entertainments might be made no despicable agent in improving the popular taste in music, instead of being as they now are a mere drag on popular musical education. And here let no enthusiast for "popular music" imagine for a moment that we would preach the playing of Beethoven symphonies, Bach fugues, or Haydn quartettes between the acts at our theatres. We are always glad to hear Strauss waltzes and some of the better class of polkas and mazurkas, many of which can be easily brought within the executive scope of a few instruments. Operatic potpourris we would heartily protest against, as being in the first place an insult to the composer of the opera, and secondly as being perhaps the lowest conceivable form of music, if that can be called a form which has no form or logical development whatever. We have called the operatic potpourri the lowest musical form, but we had almost forgotten those most hideous agglomerations of tunes known as the "medley of popular airs" and the "burlesque overture." The two forms of composition are really one and the same, differing only in name, and are in fact nothing more than the vulgarst popular airs, such as we hear whistled in our streets by bootblacks and newspaper boys, thrown together without rhyme

or reason, and most villainously put upon the orchestra. Far better than these are the German "bouquets of melodies," Conrad's "Melodiensträusse," for instance, which are keenly enjoyable even by cultivated musicians. These "bouquets" consist of bits of different melodies, often not more than four or five bars of each one, thrown together pellmell, and following upon each other's heels in such quick succession that it often requires the closest attention on the part of the listener to detect where one air changes to another. Thus little bits from operas, symphonies, oratorios, national airs, waltzes, sentimental ballads, and Scotch hornpipes are reeled off before the audience in most bewildering confusion and often with irresistibly comic effect. The "bouquet" arranger has of course an eye to the most glaring and ridiculous contrasts in these sudden changes of theme, and the way in which one air merges into another is at times quite startling. We have heard Handel's *Lascia ch'io pianga* followed so closely by Ardi's *Il Bacio* that it was impossible to tell where the one stopped and the other began. Of course these things have no more form than the potpourri, but they are written with manifestly comic intent, and we would no more quarrel with their formlessness than with Artemas Ward's spelling or Hans Breitmann's grammar. That musical wit and humor should be so well appreciated as it actually is by the mass of our audiences is in itself a hopeful sign for the future. Comic variations on any well-known theme are always keenly enjoyed whenever heard. Those astounding bits of musical

humor where the piccolo, flute, and trombone play a theme in alternate bars, where an air is tossed about all over the orchestra from the first violin to the kettle-drums, where the man with the clarinet "quacks" up from a low note to a high one in most sea-sick *portamento*, and the double-bass squeaks in high harmonics, to be answered by an angry growl from the depths of the bassoon,—are cheap means, perhaps, from any high artistic point of view, for raising a laugh, but more grateful to our ears than cornet cavatinas, badly arranged overtures, or vulgar dance-hall music.

When the play performed is of such a nature as to make things of this sort out of place between the acts, the question what to play becomes one of very serious difficulty. Light music of any kind is out of place between the acts of Shakespeare tragedies or in fact of any serious plays, and we shudder at the thought of confiding any really fine music to many of our theatre orchestras. Some of them, to be sure, are capable of producing fine compositions of the simpler sort in quite a passable manner, and they have this advantage over most of the orchestras at our classical concerts, that they are accustomed to play together seven or eight times a week. In some cases it is only a deficiency in numbers that prevents them from being quite good and effective orchestras. The only way that we can see out of the difficulty is, that whatever good music they are called upon to play should be arranged by a competent musician especially for the instruments at his command, with a view to combining those instruments to the best advantage.

POLITICS.

SINCE last month the present shabby Presidential contest can hardly be said to have developed anything novel, so far as ideas or principles are concerned, unless it be the nominations of the Straight-out Democratic Convention at Louisville. These Democrats enter the field under the leadership of the much-refusing Mr. O'Connor, and are understood by disinterested Republicans to exhibit uncommon virtue, as if to the Democrat unchanged by the events of the last ten years any vir-

tue save *hari-kari* were possible. As for other parties, many of us who will vote for General Grant are still not sensible of being animated by any higher motive than the desire of self-preservation; which may be high enough, though the choice of a minor evil does not produce that lift and glow in the chooser which the more exacting might demand. They who are going to vote for Mr. Greeley are as noisily inspired as ever with their grand purpose of reconciliation, and are still busily clasping

hands with a benign figment of their fancy which wears, according to the former relations of each reconciler, now the grief-worn face of what Mr. Greeley poetically calls a broken-hearted people, now the contrite sweetness of a converted Democracy, and now the severely classic yet alluring aspect of office. These stage-embraces, which may be very real to the actors in them, do not persuade the beholder to any vivid faith in their sincerity. We see them; we must allow that they are very energetic; but we think with misgiving that these loving brothers may be still rivals and enemies behind the scenes, as they always have been. Doubtless the millennium will come with a rush when it does come; but *is* this the millennium? The average voter shakes his head and goes away from the tender spectacle more resolved than before to make the best of General Grant, feeling that in him is not immediate chaos.

This at least seems to have been the effect upon the average voter in Maine and Vermont, where the work of reconciliation has only gone so far as to reconcile the Republicans to their triumph, without bringing a corresponding sense of resignation to the coalitionsists. These console themselves as they can with the reflection that Maine is chiefly formed of unintelligent rural communities, and that from Vermont they could not reasonably have expected anything. If it should fall out that Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana follow the New England States, we suppose that the disappointed party will not want reasons besides the majorities against it to account for the result; and if in November it should be totally defeated, we may still expect something ingenious from a party led to ruin by a philosopher.

But in the mean time its candidate has not been idle. It is a few weeks since one of General Grant's numerous deplorable relations attempted to make Greeley capital by a savage and cowardly assault upon an editor; and in the latter part of September Mr. Greeley regularly took the stump for General Grant. We know that this was not his avowed purpose in thus mingling with the people, but we believe that this will be found to have been the effect all the same, at the October elections; and Grant men can have no dispute with him for his action. As for the affair in the abstract, it is a matter of taste whether a Presidential candidate should or should

not ask the voices of the people. There is nothing criminal in it, as there is not in several other unusual things. A lady may ask a gentleman to marry her without violating any command of the decalogue, and in an extreme case it would be cruel to forbid her. So, too, a candidate for the Presidency may propose himself to the nation before popular assemblages, and in an extreme case it would be cruel to forbid *him*. But, on the whole, usage and prejudice are both very much against positive action in either case. It is thought a dignified part in a lady or a candidate in so serious an affair as marriage or the Presidency, to wait till they are asked, and it is believed that they would only hurt their cause by making advances. We think that General Scott is the only modern instance of a candidate soliciting the favor of the people, and his success was really so small that it did not establish a precedent. None of our great men from Washington to Lincoln has done anything to sanction such a course; they have all apparently disapproved it, and

"Assumed a virtue if they had it not,"

modestly remaining in the background. But it may be retorted by his friends that Mr. Greeley is not at all a Washington or a Lincoln, and that he is of too open a nature to assume the virtue of modesty if he has it not. They may add that as to dignity, he is the only man who could do what he has done without loss of dignity, — for an obvious reason. There is a great deal of force in this, and the moderate Grant man, the voter of the minor-evil type, may well leave the point in abeyance. But as to the material of Mr. Greeley's speeches, we do not see how there can be any question. He tells how he means to distribute the offices, denying this and affirming that; he scolds the veteran soldiers who assemble in convention against him; he declares that he will not pay rebel pensions, as if he were master of the party that makes him; he soundly rates the Grant office-holders who go about speech-making; he explains in Ohio what he said in Pennsylvania; he boasts the strength of his party, and brags in one place of the crowd that heard him in another; he disputes what the local newspapers say of him; he pretends that the United States treasury is used to buy votes against him; wherever he has ten minutes, he reconstructs his platform; when he gets home to New York he re-

plies to the insinuation that his people have telegraphed for him, declaring in effect that his escapade was sanctioned by the best authorities in his motley party,—that he did not run off at all, and has not been brought back. His electioneering makes us forget the vulgarity of Johnson; and destroys all lingering hope that if the worst comes to the worst and he is chosen President, the cares of office, will bring gravity and decorum with them. The responsibilities of leadership have brought him nothing of the kind; and there is no reason to suppose that halting wisdom would overtake him by the 4th of March.

As we have intimated, we believe that all this will help to elect General Grant. At any rate it makes him appear in contrast a figure of lofty and dignified excellence. It exaggerates his good points and casts a flattering light upon his bad ones. The chooser of the minor evil may almost exult in the man who is to save us from such a President as we are threatened with in Mr. Greeley. For these reasons we ought perhaps to be grateful to Mr. Greeley, who has not only benefited his enemies, but has helped to enliven one of the dullest canvasses ever known. But for his peculiar gifts, we should have suffered with *ennui*. He is not only amusing in himself, but is the cause of making others amuse us. What leader but he could have brought out Mr. Sumner as a humorist? Or General Banks? Or placed General Butler in the attitude of a friend of civilization? Or won over Mr. Phillips from the advocacy of his favorite political theory of anything for the pulling down of government?

Then think of the vast numbers of editor-people and orator-people whom he has set to beating straw throughout the country,—old straw, musty straw, straw that has scarcely so much as a husk of chaff in it,—at which they thresh away day after day, week after week, with all the zeal of men garnering a harvest! Imagine his so inspiring his strange forces that Liberal Republicans can pretend to believe in the honesty of

Tammany Democrats,—that Tammany Democrats can talk of political reform without so much as winking an eye or thrusting the tongue into the cheek,—that the red-handed Ku-Klux can speak of reconciliation without laughing!

It is a great deal to do, and Mr. Greeley is a great actor and a most efficient stage-manager to boot. These qualities ought not to be passed without some recognition; but after all, we do not covet them in a President. There are some things which his election would effect, possibly very pleasant to see. It would be amusing to behold the rush of the Democratic hordes upon Washington to share in that impartial distribution of places which has been promised them,—the Democrats from Massachusetts and the Democrats from Arkansas, alike lank and fierce with their long fast from office. It would be delightful to contemplate the Liberal Republican civil-service reformers reducing these cormorants to order. It would be inspiring to see the famous placard for resuming specie payment pinned on the Treasury door. It would be charming to receive again as rulers the unrepentant but reconciled rebel leaders and their sympathizers, who tried to destroy us as a people.

But would it be worth the price that we must pay to have all these entertaining novelties? We should not begrudge any ordinary outlay, but we think that Mr. Greeley asks too much for his proposed exhibition, and the people should really deny themselves the indulgence. He cannot complain of unfairness. He has had quite sufficient scope for his talents during the campaign, and he has not neglected his opportunities. He promises he will not seek to repeat his entertainment; but even in so short a time as four years it might pall upon us. Those who think differently may comfort themselves with the fact that Mr. Greeley, even if not elected, is not lost to us. We can still have him as an editor,—perhaps even as a supporter of Grant's second administration.